

"ALL STORIES COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER"

# LIPPINCOTT'S

## MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1907

# "NANCE"

A Complete Novel

By ROBERT ADGER BOWEN

### OTHER CONTRIBUTORS

ANNE WARNER : MARION HILL  
GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER  
CAROLINE LOCKHART : MARVIN DANA  
WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT  
MINNA THOMAS ANTRIM  
RENÉ BACHE : DIXIE WOLCOTT  
GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND AND OTHERS

J. B.  
LIPPINCOTT  
COMPANY  
EAST  
WASHINGTON  
SQUARE  
PHILADELPHIA

LONDON  
5 HENRIETTA  
STREET,  
COVENT  
GARDEN  
PARIS  
BRETAGNO'S  
37 AVENUE  
DE L'OPERA

THE MARCH NOVELETTE—"THE SMUGGLER"  
BY ELLA MIDDLETON TYBOUT

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

*Contents for February, 1907*

ANNOUNCEMENT OF COMING FEATURES ON PAGES 2 AND 3

NANCE . . . . .	Robert Adger Bowen . . . . .	145
A Complete Novel		
SHUFFLING THE DIPLOMATIC COURT-CARDS—A Paper	René Bache . . . . .	214
WHEN THE VALENTINES COME TO TOWN—A Poem . . . . .	Minna Irving . . . . .	223
ANANIAS OF OSHKOSH—A Story . . . . .	George Randolph Chester . . . . .	224
THE OUTCASTS—A Story . . . . .	George Allan England . . . . .	240
TO ONE SERENE—A Poem . . . . .	Edith Brownell . . . . .	244
HER MARITAL RECAPITULATION . . . . .	Anne Warner . . . . .	245
A Story		
IN A LITTLE SHANTY—A Poem . . . . .	Silas X. Floyd . . . . .	251
WHEN THE WORLD LAUGHS—A Paper	Marvin Dana . . . . .	252
SISTERHOOD—A Poem . . . . .	Chester Firkins . . . . .	261
THE WOMAN WHO GAVE NO QUARTER . . . . .	Caroline Lockhart . . . . .	262
A Story		
THE VACUOUSLY VIVACIOUS GIBBS . . . . .	Marion Hill . . . . .	270
A Story		
MUSIC—A Poem . . . . .	Clinton Scollard . . . . .	273
SEÑOR JIM—A Story . . . . .	Will Levington Comfort . . . . .	274
THE QUARREL—A Story . . . . .	Minna Thomas Antrim . . . . .	280
YEE-SANG-HIP—A Poem . . . . .	Alfred Damon Runyon . . . . .	284
FOR POLLY'S SAKE—A Story . . . . .	Dixie Wolcott . . . . .	286
WALNUTS AND WINE		

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE is published monthly. Subscription, \$2.50 a year; 25 cents a number. Booksellers, Postmasters, and Subscription Agencies receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit in Post Office or Express Money-Orders, or in bank checks, drafts, or cash in registered letters. Money forwarded in letters is at the risk of the sender. Current numbers may be obtained from any News-dealer. Back numbers can be secured from the Publishers.

All rights reserved. Copyright, 1907, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.



# LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1907



NANCE *BY ROBERT ADGER BOWEN*

## I.

"I THINK," said Nance Tremayne, leaning forward among the heaped up cushions of the divan, and bending her serious glance upon her broad-shouldered stepson, "that I am as little vindictive as any woman I know; but, perhaps, I should be less than woman if I could forget how bitterly you opposed your father's marriage with me. I have long since come to think the world and all of you, Dick, but there is something—something in me, or not in me—that makes it impossible for me to marry you."

Tremayne winced at this allusion to the marriage between his father and the woman before him. Through all the intervening years of her widowhood he had never been able to reconcile himself to the fact that for a month she had been his father's wife. It had become a subject tabooed between them, and Nance's reference to it now marked an unusual seriousness of purpose upon her part.

"Why do you remind me of that?" he asked, the frown on his brow indicating pain rather than anger.

She shrank from hurting him, for her greatest enemy could never have denied Nance Tremayne's kindness of heart, but she felt that the time had come when she must speak plainly. She could not allow

Copyright, 1907, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY. All rights reserved.

him to go on, year after year, laying his heart at her feet. She had long foreseen this moment, but the expected had come at last unexpectedly. She watched him with grave eyes, gathering her forces. When she spoke, something in her tones stilled the warring emotions in Tremayne's soul.

"In the first place, Dick, as I have said, I do not love you. That of itself is sufficient, is it not?"

"I am a man. I am very selfish. And I love you."

"You are not selfish. You are giving me your life without return from me, and I cannot accept it."

Tremayne paled.

"You do not turn me off?" he asked. "Have I become so bothersome as all that?"

Through the open windows, cut low to the floor, and curtained with a yellow silk that seemed to have caught and held mellow the rays of the sun, sounds and scents of the outer world stole in with the soft wistfulness of the Southern day. Over the intervening tops of the trees on the Battery the waters of the harbor basked in a golden gleam of splendid sunlight. Nance began to speak, her eyes fixed half meditatively upon the wide stretches of the sea.

"I am going to make an appeal to you, Dick—the appeal that a woman makes to a man when he does her the honor to give her his love, and she has no love to give him in return."

Tremayne bowed his head. He had never before felt the touch of finality in Nance's rejection of him. It made him cold to the bone. Nance, too, had become very pale, and her eyes, lustrous and dark, were troubled.

"I am sure you are the last man who would urge a woman to marry without love—the love you would have from the woman whom you wished to become the mother of your children."

"Yet you married," he burst forth, impetuously and with bitterness.

She shook her head. Her voice was very low, but clear.

"It was not marriage. I knew there would be no children. He knew also."

In all the despondency of the moment, Tremayne felt his heart leap. So might one whose sight had long been painfully crossed have welcomed the sudden clearing of his vision. He drew himself up with a sharp intaking of his breath. Nance was not watching him.

"Your father married me because, in the first place, he wished to give me the shelter of his name, and, secondly, because you goaded him to it."

For an instant their glances met.

"That was Marjorie's doing," he muttered. Even now, with the

joy of the recent illumination full upon his mind, he hated to think of that marriage. "Any fellow would have been justified in trying to escape the step-mother she painted you to be."

"Marjorie is a good hater, and gives no quarter. I fear she will never be my friend. It is not alone because I became your father's wife that she cannot forgive me. It is also that I was thus unconsciously the cause of disinheriting you. She can never forgive me that."

"Marjorie is at least without mercenary motives," Tremayne responded, grimly just.

"Marjorie is a fine girl. She has great faults—and great virtues. Have not all the Tremaynes?"

"The Tremaynes are human."

Nance laughed. She began to feel relieved that they had passed the danger point.

Tremayne sat quiet; he was thinking. Nance, silent also, watched him attentively. There was more she wished to say to him, but she hardly dared. Yet her object in speaking to him as she had was only half accomplished unless she could apply the possible salve to the wound she had made. It was because she more than doubted the efficacy of the salve that she hesitated. Yet sometimes when a man's hopes lay most prone were they most likely to be diverted and given new life. At this juncture Tremayne rose.

"I must be going," he said. "I have several patients, no doubt impatient."

"Not yet! Sit down until I can get you a morning julep. Push that button for Ransom. Then I'll take you to your office in my new touring car."

He obeyed her in silence. When he had resumed his seat he spoke.

"What an iconoclast you are! You upset all the laws of the Medes and Persians with perfect *sang froid*. Of course you keep Gotham and Marjorie always shocked."

"I don't know about Marjorie. I begin to think her a veritable heretic herself. Witness the way she permits Thuel Darrell to dance attendance upon her, undeterred by any reverence for the orthodox traditions of this most proper town, which thinks it a sin for me to drive with you in the morning."

Tremayne's brows came together in straight lines, and he made an impatient exclamation.

"It is something very different from her usual self if she does," he said. "I hope she has done nothing imprudent."

Just at that moment the man entered, bearing the juleps upon a silver tray, the glasses tinkling with a delicious suggestion of coolness as he moved. Tremayne took one, and began to sip his straws steadily.

Nance, burying her nose in the fragrant mint, unmindful of the beaded wetness, studied her companion's face from under her arched brows. It was so stern that she spoke her thoughts.

"You take life too tragically yourself, Dick. In spite of all your foreign travel, the provincialism of this place sticks to your mind. I have a real desire to see you happy. Now, if I were a match-making body——"

Tremayne put down his glass abruptly.

"How can you jest about what is so serious to me?" he cried. "Your real kindness of heart and your flippancy are sometimes hard to reconcile."

"Kindness is often but a moral flippancy," Nance returned, stung by his manner.

She tumbled about her beautiful little Pomeranian dog, unmindful that it was tearing the material of her sleeve to bits. Suddenly she rose, an impatient grace in the quickness of the action.

"Talk to Bianca while I go and get into another gown. And I really meant what I said about Marjorie and Darrell. Think it over, will you?"

Passing behind him, she stopped, and let fall, softly, the Pomeranian in his lap, and stood with her elbow on the high back of the chair, looking down upon him. "Do you know I am afraid that you do not do your duty by Marjorie?"

Tremayne, with his head thrown back, raised his eyes inquiringly to the face above him.

"Marjorie is a peculiarly self-reliant young woman. In what way do I fail in my cousinly duty toward her?"

"To begin with," Nance replied, somewhat testily, "if you saw your duty straight, it would not be cousinly. It is n't that, however, about which I meant to speak, but, if I am not very wrong, she is worried about Fairfax."

At her first words Tremayne had tossed the dog aside and risen to his feet, his face white to the lips.

"When will you ever believe in the sincerity of my feeling for you and spare me the impertinence of trying to marry me off elsewhere?"

Nance laughed softly. If taken aback, she did not show it.

"What a temper you have? Can't you forget yourself for a while, and think of what I tell you? Fairfax is playing heavily with Darrell every day, and Marjorie thinks his winning is made easy for him. He always wins, yet he always needs money. He is really cutting something of a swath, is n't he?"

Tremayne stopped in his restless pacing of the floor.

"And what do you expect me to do? Fairfax has always been a

spoiled boy. Marjorie spoils him absurdly. Do you think that I have any influence with him? *You have.*"

"I have given him money"—Nance shrugged her shoulders—"but Marjorie, in a visit which she forced herself to make me, bound me by oath not to do so again. That ends my influence—such as it was."

"Marjorie came to see you!"

"Actually! That marks the seriousness of her anxiety. And it cost her an effort to appeal to me even on Fairfax's behalf; I could see that horribly plainly; but Marjorie is brave and fair-minded."

"I wish she were fair-minded enough to be just to you," the man muttered.

"She judges me no more harshly than others do. But never mind me. You can understand how she feels about Fairfax's high play with Darrell, particularly since she has taken the notion into her head that Darrell lets him win out of a sense of indebtedness to the family."

Tremayne strangled an oath.

"I'll speak to Darrell, then, if that's what you want. He will soon be leaving now, any way."

Nance nodded assent. Having made her point, she turned to go from the room.

But she left Tremayne in no enviable frame of mind. The mood in which he had found Nance that morning was a new one. Her frank good fellowship was a wall against which his passion always fell bleeding, but her insinuation that he should transfer his devotion to Marjorie, and what he felt to be an ill-disguised indifference to his protestations, kindled a dull anger within him.

As he moved about the room now he was conscious also of having undergone a shock of reversion into his past. He had been very remiss in his attentions to his cousin lately, and the suggestion which Nance had given of Marjorie's growing intimacy with Darrell had never before occurred to him. A vague dissatisfaction stirred in his mind, which extended, curiously enough, to the room about him. It was essentially a woman's room, crowded with the costly and meaningless luxuries of a woman who knows that the loveliest things serve but as a foil to her own superior charms. There were many mirrors in rococo gilt frames, and the air was sweet with the fragrance of the bowls of roses that were everywhere. In one corner, in an old Carrara fountain, a mass of white lilies stood in bubbling water. There was no other room like it, he well knew, in the old town—no house, indeed, to compare with the lavish richness of this one.

The pagan abundance about him struck Tremayne disagreeably. Bianca, crouching in front of a superb Persian cat, was making queer little playful noises, which elicited no response, though the big blue



eyes of the cat opened now and then lazily upon a canary in a gilded cage near the window, as it trilled ecstatically to its own image in an opposite mirror.

This large, seaward-looking room at the top of the house had been a playground for him as a boy, when it had been a dismantled storehouse for the relics of other days and fashions. In its changed capacity there was now an incongruous note which he had never caught before. How far he had grown away from the simpler, typical poise of his boyhood! He was surprised that the thought stung him. Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he began to pace nervously up and down the room.

Richard Tremayne had always been antagonistic to his father, and his youth had been marked by many scenes of dissension which his own independence of age and means had replaced by a mutual, if silent, disapproval. The son had gone his way, a self-centred but always an open way, without a deterrent word from his father, while John Tremayne himself had lived rather desolately in the fine old house which Richard, with a voiceless indignation, had heard of his remodelling into a modern palace. It was then that John Tremayne had bethought himself of seeking a new wife, and had shortly after announced his intention of marrying the young housekeeper who had recently come to his enlarged household. It was then, too, that Richard, forgetting the reticence of years, and further incited thereto by his cousin, had been swept by a blind disgust and healthy abhorrence of things abnormal into an impassioned letter to his father to be sensible and decent. The immediate effect of that letter from Paris, where Tremayne was then completing his medical studies, was, as Nance had just reminded him, John Tremayne's defiant marriage to herself. When, a month later, Richard had returned, ignorant of the consummation of his father's plan, it had been to find his young stepmother a widow, and the most fascinating woman he had ever met. Incidentally, also, he discovered, what Nance herself had not known until after her husband's death, that he had been cut off by his father's will with a run-down plantation up the river, and a few pieces of old silver, once his mother's.

All this had been three years ago, and, except to follow Nance Tremayne about Europe in the summer, Tremayne had never cared to leave the old city, where he had opened his office and found himself confronted with the prejudices of people who had known him as a baby, and could not bring themselves to conceive of his ability to treat their matured disorders. The fact had not disturbed him. He had means enough to live upon, and his first passionate love had come upon him so overwhelmingly, so absorbingly, that the perspectives of life had been blurred, and its proportions shattered.

The distant laughter of a lazy negro roused Tremayne from his reverie, and he crossed the room, stepping out through the French window upon the veranda. He leaned his elbows upon the balustrade and watched, unseeing, the garden below. His heart leaped at the rolling away forever of the ugly curtain of shocked abhorrence that had always marred his lover's reverence for Nance when the hideous thought of her ever having been his father's wife obtruded itself. With this sense of relief there came an added spur to his love. It was not without a touch of bitterness against himself and the narrow conservatism of the life of his native place, to whose influence he had at a crucial moment yielded too ready an acquiescence, that he recalled the years of his subsequent devotion to the woman he had at one time so strongly opposed, and the fact that to-day he was farther than ever from the answer he craved at her lips.

He straightened up suddenly, and turned. Nance was standing behind him, pinning upon her white dress a large bunch of violets. There was an unusually grave expression about her eyes and lips. Tremayne knew instinctively that she had been watching him for some moments.

"Are you ready to go back with me into the world?" she asked, dropping her hands, as if bidding unconsciously for his approval.

## II.

As Fairfax Tremayne read the morning paper, Marjorie finished breaking up his corned whiting into tiny bits, and disposing of them daintily over the surface of his hominy. Her own breakfast was as yet untouched.

"Now put down your paper, Fair, and eat your breakfast," she said. "Half of the little time you are with me you give to the papers."

He took absently the plate she held out to him, and, with his eyes still on the paper, picked up his fork and began to eat. "What else do you want me to do?" he asked.

The girl colored and was silent. Her discomfiture seemed out of all proportion to the cause. She watched the negro servitor remove her brother's plate. Fairfax then threw aside his newspaper.

"Meals are a confounded nuisance, any way," he complained. "Can't we have our coffee?"

Marjorie poured him his coffee, and carried it to him herself.

"I am afraid I spoil you terribly," she laughed, placing a hand on his shoulder as she set the cup down beside him.

"Dear old girl," he replied, turning his cheek until it rested on her hand. "Have you seen Darrell lately?"

Marjorie drew herself up; she took her hand from Fairfax's shoulder. As she spoke, she returned to her own seat.

"I see him every day. He walked with me yesterday. He seems to be quite well again."

"Oh, fellows like that always come up to the surface. Why should n't he, with everything in the world he wants?"

Marjorie ate for a moment in silence. She was watching a banana leaf twist heavily in the breeze outside in the garden.

"It does n't seem to me that he has everything that he wants," she responded finally. "For one thing, he is alone in the world."

Fairfax looked up keenly from his waffle.

"I am sure he would like to have you remedy that defect for him."

Marjorie flushed, the lovely color slowly fading from her face. She made no other answer, and when they had finished breakfast Fairfax, linking his arm in hers, led her out upon the wide piazza and down into the garden, yet in the dew-washed freshness of the early morning.

That garden was Marjorie's pride and delight. Though formally laid out in beds of geometrical design, the box borders had grown into a formlessness that scarcely needed the many arbors upon which roses grew in tropical profusion, or the free bushes of cape jessamine, or the tall magnolias, to give it an air of irregularity and individual charm. And Marjorie's roses were wonderful! They were everywhere, upon white-painted arbors that reached across the garden, upon the trellises that screened the house, in the many beds themselves, and then in row upon row at the rear of the long garden, where only the old sun-dial held its own against them. All of the many other flowers were to Marjorie but as handmaidens to her royal roses.

As the brother and sister stepped out now into the perfumed paths the beauty of the morning closed about them as enveloping light. The sky, immeasurably blue, seemed to rest on the rich red tiles of the roofs, while the brilliance of the unclouded sun lit into dazzling points of radiance the white and yellow walls of the nearer houses. There was in the air the scent and softened tang of the warm sea. The sounds of city life scarce penetrated through the surrounding high walls of time-ripened brick.

Marjorie stopped under the cool shade of a palmetto whose freshly opening leaves pierced the sky. About them, around the stands of potted plants in gorgeous bloom, hung several humming-birds, and on the heated wood beautiful green lizards sunned themselves, motionless, as though carved of emerald and jade.

"I wish you would, Marjorie," Fairfax spoke, bridging the intervening minutes of their silence by the continuity of his thought. "We were speaking of Darrell," he reminded her, as she turned frankly questioning eyes upon him.

She shook her head. There was nothing she could say. With the point of his shoe Fairfax rolled over on its back the little fox terrier.

He could say nothing further himself in the direct line of his thought, and the restraining influence irritated him. The current of his desire found its own channel.

"Do you ever see anything of Dick? Are you any better friends with Nance?"

"No," she cried to both questions. "Why do you ask?"

He rose from the bench, and stretched himself before her. Marjorie thought how boyish he looked. He was older than she, but she had mothered him for so long that she was prone to forget this. He knew that the question would stab her, but he put it easily. Fairfax was not likely to be over-squeamish about the pangs of others.

"Are they any nearer marriage?"

Marjorie answered with dignity.

"I am the last one to ask, Fair. Nance Tremayne's plans do not interest me."

Fairfax sat down again.

"Her marriage would mean a cool million to you," he observed.

She was silent. A great burnished bug was droning about them, and she watched its clumsy movements. Even when she spoke, it was slowly.

"It is my belief that that consideration alone—I mean, the fact that if she marries she will lose her fortune—will keep Nance Tremayne a widow. I do not much blame her for that. As she married for money, why should she marry again to lose it?"

"And you think marrying for money so very reprehensible?"

"In a woman I think it a sale," she replied, with calm decision.

"I wish I might make such a purchase, then," he laughed. "I need money horribly."

"Again?" asked Marjorie. It was not reproach, but a thread of disappointment, that made her voice a little sharp. Fairfax resented it.

"You talk as though you thought I liked to be strapped," he said. He flicked a little crimson lady-bug from the sleeve of his coat.

Marjorie seldom pursued a theme which she knew was distasteful to him, but she did so now.

"We were so much happier, and freer, and better off, Fair, before you began to try to make more money. Can't you be satisfied with what we have?"

"A business man never has anything, Marjorie. If he is worth half a million, he schemes on the basis of a million and a half. But I'll pay you back all I borrowed from you."

"That is not kind of you!" she cried. "I was thinking of you more than of myself. You are not as you used to be, Fair; and it makes me wretched."

"Nonsense! I am very busy, but how else can I be changed?"

"You never used to be worried or fretful. Now you are often both."

"I am no longer a boy. I have things to think about. I ought not to be sitting here now."

Marjorie said nothing. She remembered the time when he would always stroll over the garden with her before he left for his office. Now he seldom was with her except at meals. She made no attempt to dissuade him when he got up from the bench. It was not the first time that he had so discouraged her effort to speak with him about his business worries.

When he had gone, she sat still, thinking. Already the day was growing languorous, the perfumes beginning to fall upon the air warm and overpowering. A splendid butterfly clung to the very end of a spray of double spiræa, now and again drowsily opening and closing his gorgeous wings. Like most women of the South, from whom knowledge of business is kept as a thing belonging to that world in which their graces do not enter, Marjorie knew nothing of the ways and means of making money.

Vaguely she felt that something had gone wrong with Fairfax; that, at least, he was departing from the path of easy profit to the quagmires of doubtful gains; and it required no knowledge of the rules of finance to show her that an influence was at work upon his mind which rendered him preoccupied and unlike his usual buoyant self, for, whatever Fairfax Tremayne's shortcomings, he had usually the grace of unfailing good nature. Thus it was that her brother's querulous complaints recently had been of weightier import to Marjorie than the circumstance itself might have seemed to warrant. Fairfax's selfishness was seldom of the ill-natured variety. A loving woman might have gone through life with him and never have realized the fact that his nature pivoted upon self.

Closing her eyes to the sensuous charms of the day, Marjorie gave herself over to the growing tangle of her life.

It had all been so simple until the shock of her uncle's marriage to Nance, followed so closely by her cousin Dick's return from abroad, and his going over to the side of the enemy, had brought her in touch with the clash of warring temperaments. She had never welcomed Nance as her kinswoman. That Nance had first served as John Tremayne's housekeeper had nothing to do with this. But all the traditions of Marjorie's inheritance were at odds with the freedom of Nance's nature, and what the girl had always considered the basely mercenary motives of the elder woman in her marriage to a man old enough to be her father had set an impassable barrier to Marjorie's respect. Nance had never taken pains to disprove the belief.

It had been a further wound to Marjorie's pride when she discovered that her brother also had come under the spell of Nance Tre-



mayne's personality. She had never alluded to this to Fairfax, but when, recently, in an unguarded moment, he had disclosed to her that he had been a recipient of money from Nance, Marjorie had been brought to the humiliation of appealing to Nance herself never to let this thing be again. And as though all this were not enough, through her brother Marjorie had at almost the same time found out about his large winnings at cards from Thuel Darrell.

The manner in which Darrell had come into the lives of the Tremaynes had been almost by way of his death. When he had been overcome by the heat and fallen from his horse as he rode in parade at the head of his command of visiting cavalry in honor of a patriotic reunion of the sons of the North and the South, it had been literally at the open door of Marjorie Tremayne's house; whereupon, not only had she taken him in, but, with a bed-rock prejudice against public hospitals, had insisted that he be left in the cool, spacious chamber to which she had had him carried. There he lay while the fierce attack of brain fever ran its course. Under the care of Doctor Tremayne and the trained nurses he provided, the stranger had fought his way slowly back into the fulness of his young life. If it was to any one cause outside of his own abounding vitality that Darrell owed his return to a sound and sane contemplation of things, it was to the determined zeal with which Dick Tremayne had battled for his life. For not until the guerdon of it lay well within his hands, and all the dangers of the first steps of convalescence had been passed, had Tremayne withdrawn from the field in favor of Marjorie.

So admirably had Marjorie performed her duties as hostess that Darrell had insensibly let his stay prolong itself, snared by the pervasive fineness of the hospitality that entertained him. On his part, there was nothing to cause him to hasten his departure. His only near relative was in Europe, New York was never more treacherous with her climate than in the spring, and the Carolina coast just then was royal in the plenitude of its charms. So he had stayed longer than he needed, but, having no further excuse to continue under the roof of Marjorie and her brother, he had taken rooms at a hotel, sent North for his man and automobile, and announced his intention of remaining in the old city so long as it continued to fulfil its rôle of earthly paradise. Suddenly it had dawned upon Darrell that it possessed more of the qualities of paradise than lay in the marvellous effulgence of its skies and the passion and bloom of its gardens.

It was his step now, coming quickly toward her down the long path from the house, that roused Marjorie from her meditations. His sojourn in her home had given him a tacit sense of semi-proprietorship. He used this sense so nicely and delicately that it became virtually a compliment.

"They told me you were here," he said, as she made room for him on the bench beside her, "but I should have known, any way. I always think of you as among flowers."

"And yet they say that it is the men of the South who have sweet tongues!" She smiled at him. "How are you to-day?—though I see I need not ask."

"Invalidism and I are far asunder—thanks to your care."

She held up a protesting hand. As her eyes rested on him, square-shouldered, lithe, the embodiment of clean, vigorous young manhood, it was difficult to believe that she had but a short time before led him about her house as he felt his way from chair to chair. Such a recovery spoke volumes for his habits.

"I have become, though, thoroughly imbued with the *dolce far niente* of the South. I want to sit long golden days in gardens of color and perfume, and dream dreams."

His eyes said plainly of what he meant those dreams should consist.

"That is such a queer mistake," Marjorie returned. "Not to dream dreams, for, after all, that is philosophy, but to think of the ease in idleness of all things here."

"Yet I find you exemplifying it at this instant. And could one want a fitter setting?"

"My dreams were nearer nightmares; and I had forgotten my surroundings. I suppose that is always the difference between being in the garden and only peeping over its walls from the outside."

"I am a fool at symbolism," he remarked, turning to look into her face. "Do you mean you are not happy, and that I am only a stranger within your gates?"

Marjorie smiled.

"Perhaps you do not need symbols to help you to the truth," she replied. "I should not think you did."

Darrell took off his hat. The slight breeze stirred deliciously over his uncovered head.

"As a matter of fact, I don't, but it has always seemed to me to place me among the beef-eaters rather than among those who sip nectar."

"I should be glad of that. I have a horror of diletanteism in a man."

They had long since passed that milestone in the path of their friendship when it was necessary for them to make talk. Marjorie leaned her head back against the moss-like lining of a cavity of the palmetto trunk, and closed her eyes. It gave Darrell a fine opportunity to imprint the picture of her face upon his mind. Suddenly her eyes opened into his.

"It is drowsy, is n't it?" she asked.

"It is perfect—almost. I am wondering what I have done to deserve it all."

A cardinal bird threw his body like a bleeding wound against the sky. Through the somnolence of the day his sharp, musical notes flashed as vividly. It was like a pennant of lightning. Marjorie, her eyes upon the bird, achieved a little feminine perversity.

"Are you really so bored, then? You must find our days very long and tiresome."

"I might justly tax you with fishing for praise of your beautiful city," he returned; "for you know I've never had a dull moment here since my wits came back from wool-gathering."

"What do you do all the time in your own habitat?" she asked, smiling into his eyes. "Of course you can't sit around in gardens."

"Clubs, perhaps. But I decline to have you class me as an animal of some other order of life."

They both laughed. "Do you know," she said, "that you have never told me anything of your life at home?"

"Have you wanted to know? It is such a humdrum affair."

She lifted incredulous brows and smiled again.

"I know you have horses and an automobile and a yacht—and New York. Humdrum! It must have been the reaction, then, that brought on your serious illness when you came here."

"I had been working up to that illness for a long time," he observed, his gaze upon the changing tints of her face. "I am the most solitary individual in the world. There is nothing more lonely than an unmarried man, or more imprudent."

She checked the obvious retort, but something in the quick turn of her head told him her thought. "An unmarried woman does n't compare with it," he filled in, "because wherever a woman is, is the germ, at least, of a home."

As Marjorie recalled Fairfax's words about the willingness of the man beside her to change his single estate, she stirred uneasily. It was a double nervousness that hurried her into speech.

"I have lost much of my illusion about marriage, and woman, and her home."

"Nonsense!" he rejoined impulsively. "How can you say such a thing when just to look at you perfects a man's dream of them all?"

She faced him at that, a lovely mixture of defiance and trepidation in her eyes.

"I have n't the slightest intention of exchanging pretty speeches with you this morning."

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Do you think it is only the exchange of pretty speeches that I have in mind?"

Under the apparent levity in his tones there had crept a seriousness

that caused Marjorie to flush and turn her glance away. Presently a demure little smile played about her lips.

"If merely looking brings you all that, I have no objection to being looked at," she murmured.

Darrell leaned forward, the better to see her half averted face. He had become very serious, and the pounding of the blood through his veins was making him shiver with a curious sense of cold. His voice shook as he spoke.

"I said looking perfected the dream. Beyond the dream there is the reality."

"And perhaps we had better not look too closely upon that."

"Why?" he asked.

For answer she rose to her feet, standing a moment beside him.

"I think we may go into the house now," she remarked, complacently enough, though her pulses, too, were a-quiver. "Something out here is making me headachy."

Darrell plunged into silent meditation. He had as small conceit as ever goes with large favors from the gods, but it was a new experience to him to have even a pretty woman discount his valuation so far below what he would have had. Moreover, the wholesome fear he possessed of this girl—who had lavished such a fund of hospitable kindness upon him, yet had always checked anything like a warmth of response—made him strangely at a loss for the small coin of conventional politeness. He was very much in love with her, he knew. The very seriousness of his case was making him fearful to hazard too boldly the possible rebuff.

In the sweet, cool dimness of the house she played softly for him on the old piano, which, so it seemed to him, had a peculiar quality that made its music a part of the languor of the day. The beauty of Marjorie's playing lay in her exquisiteness of touch. Her fingers, lovingly caressing the golden keys, suggested to Darrell the fancy that they were lured by the hidden soul of the music into the inevitable harmonies. And as she played he watched her with an ever increasing allurements to the spell of his love. But his heart fell at her apparently perfect unconsciousness of his presence.

### III.

BETWEEN Richard Tremayne and his cousin Fairfax lay a lifetime of antipathy, founded upon a difference in boyish tastes and pursuits, and augmented by a more vital difference in their matured sense of self-respect. Temperamentally virile, Richard frankly despised his self-indulgent and careless cousin. He would have thought long, indeed, before he would have interfered in any way with the younger

man's affairs, even at Nance Tremayne's solicitation, had it not been for consideration of Marjorie's happiness and benefit.

He knew that Darrell had the use of a desk in the bank over which Fairfax, by virtue of inheritance, presided as president and chief owner, and it was there that Richard sought him in furtherance of Nance's injunctions. It so chanced that he met Darrell coming down the steps.

The men greeted each other warmly, with just enough of the interest of the physician on Tremayne's part to deprive his manner of any hint of overwrought friendliness. His glance took in the athletic figure above him approvingly.

"You are quite well again," he asserted, rather than asked. "Yet I must warn you against too much exposure to the sun just at first."

Darrell struck his chest soundly with his clenched fist.

"Thanks to you, and to all the other good treatment I have received," he said, "I never was stronger or better in my life—and I never was a weakling." He laughed. "Why I went down that day as I did remains the one mystery in my career."

"That is a way the strong have of doing," Tremayne returned. "Where your wiry little man bends but does not break, we of bone and muscle drop like a felled ox, and the heat that day put the climax to an upset constitution." He had been looking at Darrell as he spoke, and an expression of abstraction about the latter's eyes had not escaped him. "I came to see you for a moment," he went on. "I should like a word with you before you go."

He led the way to a private room where he knew they would be undisturbed.

"To be entirely frank with you, Darrell," Tremayne said, when he had drawn up two of the heavy morocco chairs to the window, and seen his companion seated, "it was largely about you yourself that I wished to talk, and as I never yet attained anything by going at it slowly, I may as well speak out, now that I am at it."

Darrell, stretching out his legs, made himself comfortable.

"Do," he acquiesced. "I, too, shy from the indirection that finds direction out. Moreover, I'm curious."

If he was also a little apprehensive, there was nothing in the perfect ease of his attitude to betoken it. It struck Tremayne rather sharply that if Marjorie had come to care for this man before him, no one could find any cause to blame her. Under the force of this conviction he was somewhat slow in speaking. Darrell's cool gray eyes recalled him.

"You see," he began, "Mrs. Tremayne—that is, my cousin, Marjorie——" He stopped abruptly. "It isn't an easy thing to say to you, Darrell, and I am bungling it."



At the names of the women Darrell's arms and legs had stiffened, and his glance, which had been wandering about the old walls, came back steadily to Tremayne's face.

"Out with it. 'Wherein have I offended?' Forgive my tendency this morning to quote Shakespeare, but you know your cousin has been putting me through the poets."

"Then, it's simply this." Tremayne got up and moved about. "Every family has its wayward member, you know, Darrell, and, to come straight to the point, we'd rather you would n't let Fairfax have any money."

When the words were out he turned and sat down quite coolly, leaning toward his companion.

Darrell was plainly taken aback.

"I don't know that I understand," he said.

"It is this way—if you will listen to a little family history. Fairfax has a natural aptitude for getting rid of large sums of money without having anything to show in return. His faculty for sending good money after bad amounts to genius. He is the last man in the world to manage a business, and yet his father left him the sole control of this banking-house, which, since the war, had been my uncle's pride and passion. I need not go into details, but in no time the prestige of the house had dwindled and its business fallen off to a shadow. Disaster was averted only by such aid as my own father would give, for he had never approved of Fairfax, and by the willingness of my cousin Marjorie to beggar herself on behalf of her brother—a sacrifice which, I need hardly assure you, was never appreciated by Fairfax. Such sacrifices never are."

Darrell stirred uneasily and Tremayne paused.

"I do not mean to imply," he went on, after a moment's silent struggle, "that my cousin is wholly bad. On the contrary, he can be a charming fellow, and, as you know, he makes friends readily; but he is fertile of schemes that never have any other result than failure, and his latest indulgence bids fair to be more disastrous than all. An expensive race track and stud of racers have brought many a shrewder man to grief, while I have never known of fortunes being recouped in that way. Moreover, the whole thing is an extravagant speculation and luxury on Fairfax's part—on borrowed money, and a good deal of money it must be to enable him to go in for his fad on so extensive a scale. I do not like to think of some of the probable sources of these loans. He has taken you out to his track?"

Darrell nodded. He had, indeed, been surprised how one so pinched for ready funds as he had found Fairfax to be could afford so costly a plaything.

"I must not let you think that your cousin has approached me for

any loan," he said, with some hesitation, "though had he done so, and been unable to return it, I should gladly have counted the money well spent against the debt of my gratitude to his sister and, if I may say it, to yourself."

"Even had not the quality of your friendship, and your good money, fully discounted that debt," Tremayne responded, his face coloring, "we should prefer not to have it lessened in that manner."

Darrell laughed, though he, too, had flushed.

"Money is such a trivial thing, Tremayne, when one has more of it than he knows what to do with, that I sometimes forget the pride that will not take where it would itself freely give."

"It has not been easy for me to speak of all this, and you may have thought it impertinent," the other replied, waiving more direct response; "but, under the circumstances, you can understand the nervous sensitiveness of my cousin, Marjorie, lest Fairfax might impress you with some scheme or other which under his management would result in a dead loss to you."

"I am sorry that Miss Tremayne has had such thoughts to worry her," Darrell said, after some moments. "Has she spoken to you?"

Tremayne did not like the question, spontaneous though it seemed, but he answered frankly enough.

"She has not, but she confided her uneasiness to Mrs. Tremayne—and the fact that her brother had been winning from you at cards."

"A mere trifle!" exclaimed Darrell. "Why, my dear fellow, I assure you it's a mere bagatelle, a matter of a hundred or so."

"Unfortunately, Fairfax has gotten himself where a few hundreds are not a paltry matter to him, and his sister has noticed that he always wins. The want of money breeds strange temptations."

Darrell shot erect in his chair, his whole tense figure a question and a protest. At sight of it, Tremayne's breath caught in his throat.

"Good God, not that!" he cried, shocked at the suggestion his words had conveyed. "But she feared you were letting him win—sugar-coating your benefaction!"

The ensuing pause was awkward. Tremayne felt that too many words had already been said; that he must rely now upon Darrell's instincts to forget the ugly implication he had been led inadvertently to make. And the effect of the shock seemed to fade from Darrell's mind slowly. It was not until a long line of cotton drays rattling over the cobble-stones outside had passed out of hearing, and their noise been succeeded by a silence without as well as within the room, that Darrell rose and laid his hand upon Tremayne's shoulder.

"I'm going crazy for want of a smoke," he said. "Can't we get out of this cheerful old vault? My 'bubble' is outside. Let's take a spin."

Tremayne felt rebuked. This was what he got, he thought gloomily, for following the dictates of a woman. A new resentment against Nance grew within him, and a very active recrudescence of his lifelong antipathy to Fairfax. He rose, however, without any of these emotions showing in his face, and met Darrell's eyes openly.

"Did n't know you had one," he said. "I'm with you, throwing duty and my patients to the winds."

"Don't mention 'em." Darrell lit a cigarette. "Yes, I sent for the old car, partly on its own account, partly to get my man down here. I'm more at home in that barn of a hotel since he came."

"You are finding out the weak places in our armor, I fear," Tremayne responded, laughing. "You must really make my house your lounging place—day or night. We are poor on hotels."

The door opened abruptly, and Fairfax thrust his boyish head into the room.

"Well, if this is n't the limit!" he exclaimed. "Closeted here without even my knowledge." He glanced rather sharply from one to the other. His cousin had swung upon his heel at the first sound of the voice, and stood regarding the intruder coldly. "Know me again, do you think, Dick?" He came into the room, slight but elegant of figure, very youthful except as to certain lines about the eyes and mouth, and faultlessly dressed. Beside him, Darrell and Tremayne seemed to be blocked in, square and free of hand.

"We were just going for a ride in my car—won't you join us?" Darrell asked. It had never occurred to him before that the cousins were not friends.

Fairfax shook his blond head.

"Not for me. Only Dick here is free to take his pleasures as they come. I'm tied down to desks and balance sheets. Where've you been keeping yourself, Dick?"

Tremayne's reply was inaudible as he turned to the open window and stepped out upon the little balcony. Below him, on the sidewalk, a crowd of lazy negroes and small boys had gathered about Darrell's eighty horse-power motor, the huge machine, with its glossy bottle-green sides, its red morocco seats, and its shining brasses, seeming almost conscious of the admiration and awe it was exciting.

He was curiously out of joint. At a breath, as it were, the unrest of the past three years of his life had culminated, and the natural vigor of his nature asserted itself. His resentment against Nance struck deeper root, and the sight of Darrell's motor car, assuring him as it did of the owner's purpose to linger in the city, awoke within him a nervous irritation which he did not seek to analyze. And the affair of the morning, despite Darrell's easy courtesy, rankled. He felt that he had made a fool of himself for the sake of one whose

interests were not worth safeguarding. Hereafter Marjorie could make her own appeals in her brother's behalf. He would never again seek to be Fairfax's keeper.

It was at that moment that the silence of the room behind him became sentient, and through it the low tones of his cousin's voice ran like a pulse.

"If you could, old man," it was saying, "I'd be eternally obliged. Just for sixty days. Before then I shall be sailing in deeper waters again, and can let you have the amount in full, with interest."

It was the familiar plea, and Tremayne sickened. He listened for Darrell's reply, at first hearing nothing. But in a moment the sharp tearing of paper along a perforated line spoke plainer than words.

#### IV.

It was a week later, and the somnolence of summer lay upon the city. The old street, shaded by its elms, and heated just enough to mellow the many fragrances in the air, stretched out gray and deserted to the greenness of the Battery, beyond which lay the sea, palpitantly blue under the sapphire sky. From behind the shutters of a drawing-room embowered by purple wistaria in full bloom came the sweet, thin notes of a piano. Further away the pervasive peace was broken by the lilting song of a negro vender with his tray of fish upon his head.

Marjorie's servants had standing orders against the admission of Nance Tremayne, consequently when the day before, as the girl sat talking with Tremayne, who had called as a result of his instructions from Nance, the latter herself had entered, accompanied by Darrell, Marjorie's resentment at the intrusion had gotten the better of her social instincts, and she had pointedly affronted her unwelcome guest.

It had happened in this way. As Nance had gone up the street in her endeavor to find Tremayne, she had seen his buggy waiting outside Marjorie's door, and had slowly paced up and down in the shadow of the old stone wall until he should come out. There Darrell, intent upon a visit to Marjorie, had come upon her, and it had been easier for Nance to enter the house with him than to explain her reasons for not doing so.

That she should so have forgotten herself seemed now to Marjorie in her regret an incredible thing, and this it was that was stinging her pride to the quick. Of her injustice to Nance she did not think. Even after the passing of many hours the intrusion of Nance made the girl flush with indignation. But against the sin of her inhospitality she could lay no soothing unction. She had sinned against all the instincts of her race, against all the traditions of her heredity. With the passing of each hour the scourging of her self-respect had augmented, until

at last it became unbearable, and she determined to seek Nance and offer her apology.

So difficult was it, however, for her to go through with what she had set herself to do, that when she reached the Battery Marjorie crossed the dazzling stretch of shell road, and seated herself under the thick live-oaks beyond. Before her, the seaward-facing houses were set back deep in gardens of glowing bloom, and among them Nance's, its white walls gleaming in the sun, its gay awnings and red roof pulsing warm color against the blue sky, mocked at Marjorie in her mood of self-rebellion. At that hour she had the beauty of the Battery to herself. In the distance some scantily clad negro boys were fishing with string and cork. A few sweet notes of a bird floated out into the abandon of the day.

She rose, and, without giving herself time to hesitate, crossed the road, and entered Nance's gate. A few moments later she stood in the cool, mosaic-paved hall. Nance had goldfish in a large marble basin, and upon its side lay stretched a splendid Persian cat. Marjorie stood stroking its coat while she awaited the return of the man. She had refused to be seated.

Strangely enough, the unusual character of her surroundings brought back to her a certain calmness of poise. It did not seem so hard a thing to acknowledge her remissness to her ideals in this modern house, so unlike in its effect the sad and stately houses which she knew so well. Her inbred sense of the superiority of her own environment subtly reassured her. As she had expected, Nance sent for her to come up-stairs. Any one else would have come down to her. As she entered the morning-room, Nance came forward to greet her.

"To what am I indebted for this surprise?" she asked, smiling. "Give me your hat and things. Did you walk down?"

Marjorie shook her head in negation of the demand.

"You are not indebted for anything," she said slowly, her face crimsoning, but her eyes steadily fixed on Nance. "I came to apologize to you for my rude behavior yesterday. It was totally unbecoming in one who prides herself on being a lady."

"Dear me, I had forgotten all about it," smiled Nance, good-naturedly mendacious. "I hope you will, too. When people butt in where they know they are not wanted, they must expect to be snubbed. Won't you sit down?"

Marjorie's lips were drawn. It was hardly the way in which she had expected her apology to be met.

"Thank you," she replied coldly, "but that is really all I came to say." Then, as a further penance, she suddenly sat down.

Nance deliberately walked up behind her, and by a deft touch drew out the hat-pins and lifted the girl's hat from her head.



"You look tired," she said. "Besides, I really have something to say to you—two somethings, in fact. I'll put the nicer first. I have wanted to speak of it to you for a long time, but we are not as good friends as I could wish, and I have hesitated—altogether on your account."

Marjorie did not offer her any encouragement. She was not much pleased at the summary dispossession of her hat. Nance settled herself, feet and all, in the corner of the wide settee.

"You don't mind if I lounge?" she asked. "I know you disapprove of informality, but I confess I love to be comfortable."

"Why should you consider my opinion?" Marjorie was aware that her tone was odious, and the knowledge vexed her.

"Besides," Nance went on, her face rippling, "I can always be more friendly when I am sitting on my feet, and I am desirous that we might become better friends." She seemed to await an answer.

"I am afraid that my friendship is not to be had for the wanting. I never have had many friends."

"Why was that?" Nance was determined to be good-natured.

Marjorie hesitated. For a moment her glance rested on a beautiful miniature portrait of Dick Tremayne, standing on the inlaid desk beside a small silver bowl filled with violets.

"Perhaps because I am honest," she responded slowly. "I never learned to hide my feelings. Do you not believe it is a mistake to care too little for what people may think of you?"

She asked the question almost fiercely, as though impelled to it against her will.

"No," said Nance; "not if you are willing to have them know all that you do and are. I rather like to know myself better than some people think me. It goes to the strengthening of self-respect. But if you will let me say so, I had thought you the last one to disregard the opinion of others."

"By training, yes," murmured Marjorie wearily. "Even by instinct; and yet again——" She checked herself, her glance falling anew upon the miniature. Nance followed her look.

"Did I never show you that?" she asked, rising quickly, and handing the portrait to Marjorie. "But of course not. I had it done in Paris last summer. And that reminds me," she resumed, throwing herself upon the couch once more, "I have not said what I had to say. I hope you won't be angry with me, but I want you to go to Europe with me this summer as my guest."

Marjorie sat erect. Not for one instant did she falter.

"If I wrong you at all, I shall be sorry," she said, her eyes holding Nance's gaze, "but you should know better than to insult me in this way. I am no child to have my feelings juggled with and ignored,

and I have never misled you an iota about the nature of my regard for you. You may have heard that I can no longer afford to go away for the summer, and your offer may be based on charity, but you should have learned by this time that charity between my family and you ended when my uncle married you and left you the fortune which should have been another's. If I never go to Europe, I'd not go on your bounty. If I never get on a train again, I'll not go at your expense."

Nance was perfectly calm. Only her eyes burned brightly.

"You do wrong me," she said quickly. "I shall be charitable enough not to remind you just how. But perhaps, although you scorn to receive charity so fiercely, you may be willing to dispense enough of it to let me know why you dislike me so."

"I do not dislike you. I despise you."

Marjorie had risen, and was putting on her hat with trembling fingers. With a sudden shock that affected her with actual nausea had come the remembrance of money given by Nance to Fairfax. She fairly reeled under the humiliation of the thought in the light of her recent words, but the immediate effect upon her was not remorse, but a mad fury against herself and the woman before her. It was this primitive instinct that impelled her to vehement utterance:

"I despise you as a woman should be despised who sells her womanhood for gold."

"Oh!" cried Nance, struggling to her feet. "This is too much, even from you." She crossed quickly to the door, turned the key, and came back, holding it in her hand. Her anger showed in her pallor, and in the flaming of her eyes as they sought and held the girl's. Otherwise she was calm.

"You have offered me a deadly insult," she said, stopping before Marjorie. "It may be that you do not realize the full weight of your words, but you have reminded me that you are not a child, and you have said to me what no man would dare to say. It would take a woman, and a good woman. Now sit down while I say some truths to you—as woman to woman."

Marjorie remained standing. "Go on," she murmured. "You have the advantage of me in that I must listen."

"Yes," returned Nance; "those who presume to judge should at least be informed. For years I have borne your unjust hostility, the only hostility that I regretted among a cityful of unfriendly, good people. I regretted yours, for I always liked you, and wanted you to be my friend, because I was not far from your age and had never had such a friend as I did you the honor to think you might have been, and because by a strange twist of events the riches that had become mine were in any event to become yours when they passed from me."

"Riches," interposed Marjorie, "the gaining of which on your part it is impossible to associate with any thoughts of respect."

"One moment," Nance replied. "I came to this city from a city as rich in tradition and as proud of its past. My people there had been what your people had been here—among the best. We make much of these things in the South, as you know. But they had all gone, and I had found out what it was to be penniless where those of one's name had been prominent, and I wanted to begin life over again where I was not known. I came here in answer to your uncle's advertisement; and because I was not known, and because I worked for wages, and because I had youth and good looks, I was at once anathema. It was not my fault that your uncle happened to have a mind of his own, and thought out of the ruts of tradition and conservatism that had kept others about him mere beautiful echoes of a vanished past. My own father was of that kind. It was not my fault that because your uncle was such a man as he was, and because I was young and good-looking, the dear old ladies of this town, whose own skirts had never brushed a scandal, should scent a scandal in my life. As for your uncle, he alone treated me honorably and manfully. And he was grateful to me. It was not to be wondered at. I had turned the emptiness of his life, in which he had been deserted by his son and all other relatives, into something which centred once more around a home. He cared for me enough to offer me himself in marriage, knowing I did not love him, could not love him, and would grant him none of the perquisites of love. He cared for me enough to think of me unselfishly, and I married him."

Nance paused. Just for an instant her breath came in labored catches.

"I have not often been a fool in my life, but I was a fool then," she went on. "I did not realize how sweet it is for people above reproach to pry into what seems unsavory in the lives of others. But, after all, what you and your friends thought you could not forgive me was not what you considered my lack of virtue, but my lack of birth. It never dawned upon you that I might be equally as clean as yourselves, and even better born."

She went over to the inlaid desk, and from a little locked compartment drew forth a letter. With it, she turned toward Marjorie, who was watching her as she might some actor in a drama of which she herself was only a spectator.

"I have said your uncle cared for me unselfishly. He did. But it was you yourself and Dick who forced him into the precipitancy of his marriage. Listen to the words in which your cousin wrote of the woman he had heard his father intended to marry." She opened the letter with a quick gesture, found the passage she sought, and read:

"If you insist upon your unnatural and revolting intention to marry this adventuress who has grafted herself upon your natural weakness, and are determined to bring her into a family of only honorable connections, I shall——"

She stopped reading. As she slipped the letter into its envelope some of her anger fell from her. A ring of humor came into her voice.

"Never mind what Dick said he'd do. What he really has done has been something very different. I think I am a very good step-mother to forgive a son those unfilial words. But I was talking about being a fool myself, was n't I?"

"They cost him a fortune," said Marjorie, coldly disapproving.

"Which if I ever marry—or die, and I may do either—it will be your privilege to restore to him."

"And I should," Marjorie exclaimed, with vibrating tones. "It is partly because you do not do the same that I cannot respect you."

Nance regarded her closely for a moment's space.

"Have you never thought," she asked, "what Dick would do with this money were I to give it all over to him?"

"What would he do with it?" Marjorie's inquiry was genuine.

"He has sworn that he would at once make every cent of it over to you. You forget that Dick has the Tremayne stubbornness—or pride, if you will. He will never forgive his father."

Marjorie flushed. She had drawn on her gloves, and now rose. Two bright pink spots continued to glow in her cheeks.

"You may be very sure," she said haughtily, "that I shall never again allude to your making restitution. May I go now?"

"I have made you hate me indeed," Nance cried, with swift compunction. "I am very sorry, but you will grant me a little pride, too."

"You have made me hate myself, a thing harder to forgive."

"Sometimes you are very wise, Marjorie."

The girl, on the rug before the door, turned back to Nance, who was following with the key.

"There is one thing I must speak about. I do not know how much money you may at different times have let my brother have. It is torture to me to think that he should have troubled you. I do not know how much it has been, but if I could return it until Fairfax is in smooth water again——"

Nance was smitten with compassion. After all, Marjorie was but a child. She plunged without conscience into a lie.

"They were all business loans, and bring their own interest. I look upon them as investments." The girl's words had reminded her of the second matter of which she had intended to speak, but she had not the heart to do so just then.

Marjorie left the house, and passed to the street, feeling as though

she had but added to her original offense, and received, moreover, humiliating treatment at Nance Tremayne's hands. It was a curious thing that she bore no resentment for the hot blaze of Nance's anger and indignation. She had merited that—at least, she had provoked it; but the cooling so suddenly of Nance's wrath, and her half playful abandonment of any desire for justification in Marjorie's eyes, made the girl bitterly resentful. In truth, Nance's anger, always short-lived, had worn itself out. She would have acted to any one in the same way, but to Marjorie, hurt and sore and racked by a night of self-condemnation, Nance's easy dismissal of the whole subject stung as would have no fierce invective.

As she turned off the Battery into the shaded street, she came face to face with Darrell. He was in his big "Mercedes," and just making the corner. He brought the car to an abrupt standstill, and jumped to the ground.

"I have been searching everywhere for you. Where have you been hiding? I want you to take a ride with me."

She was always having to check Darrell's too free and easy tendencies, his disregard for the conventions which were as the morals of the place. And now she felt unstrung. Humiliated, too, by the recollection of what he must have thought of her rudeness of the preceding day to Nance, it irritated her to be compelled to emphasize a minor custom. But she did not let him see this.

"In the morning!" She smiled. "I should never be forgiven were it known."

"What difference does it make whether you ride with me ante-meridian or post-meridian? Don't you think that's drawing it rather fine? But where have you been? You look tired."

"I've been calling upon Nance Tremayne."

Darrell regarded her attentively. As far up the shaded reach of the street as he could distinguish objects he saw no living creature; nor on the Battery behind them was any one visible. At the moment not even a car was in sight. The city lay under its midday heat withdrawn into itself. He had never before so clearly felt the peculiar influence of the place. Suddenly it seemed to him almost an improper act for him and Marjorie to be standing there in the open street.

"It reminds me of the 'little town . . . emptied of its folk this pious morn,'" he said, and his tones took on a softness of which he was not fully conscious.

Marjorie, glancing at the automobile, smiled again.

"We are set in our customs about as immutably as the figures on a Grecian urn. Your car is an anachronism."

He turned to the machine. "And yet is there, after all, any reason under the sun why you should not go?"



"Yes. It may be only a woman's reason—may be only the reason of a woman of this place—but it seems to me sufficient: no other woman here would do it."

Then Darrell blundered, being, indeed, somewhat amused at what he considered a senseless reserve.

"Not Mrs. Tremayne?"

Marjorie flushed a swift crimson.

"I am utterly incapable of surmising what Mrs. Tremayne might do," she said coldly. "She is not one of us." Against the treachery of her own conscience she held her ground bravely. The words had come instinctively, but for the first time in her life Marjorie's creed was shaken. Could any one have failed more dismally than she had failed? She turned upon Darrell in sudden anger. "Suppose you go and ask her."

Then he blundered the second time.

"I do admire Mrs. Tremayne's nerve. If you really won't go, I believe I shall ask her."

"Do," said Marjorie. "I am afraid I have detained you too long already."

## V.

FOR a moment after she had heard Darrell whir away in his big car, Marjorie walked on, her eyes blinded by a rush of stinging tears. She was a prey to a poignant misery so sharp and sudden as to affect her as a physical blow. She felt bitterly hurt with Darrell, and so overwhelming was the force of her emotion that it crowded entirely from her mind all worry over her interview with Nance.

To avoid meeting an approaching figure, she turned hastily, and retraced her steps. Crossing over to the shade of the Battery, she sat there, giving herself up to the unhappiness of her mood. And there, when the first smart of her hurt had passed, and she asked herself why so slight a thing had caused so great an upheaval of her soul, came to her the knowledge that Darrell had become the most important factor in her life.

She felt the slow color mount to her cheeks and burn there, while her heart for an instant ceased to beat. With the coursing once more of the blood through her veins it seemed to her that every artery was filled with a new purpose, a new meaning, a strange and illusive delight. Her anger vanished as though it had never been. She loved; and with the thought came the remembrance of those surcharged moments with him, when words of love had halted upon Darrell's lips. Yet he had just been able to wound her! Marjorie's lips compressed themselves ominously, and she tried to put her new-found happiness from her.

She remained for several minutes, her face turned seaward, happy and miserable at once. Had she looked the other way, soon after her sitting down, she might have noticed that Darrell had sped away from Nance's gate alone in his car. The knowledge would have saved her some resentful and indignant thoughts. After a time she rose and started homeward, walking very slowly up the empty street.

Looking back upon that hour, it always seemed to Marjorie that she had gone consciously to meet impending disaster, so little surprised was she at the unexpected sight of her cousin awaiting her return in the doorway of her drawing-room.

"What is it, Dick?" she asked, quite calmly, passing by him into the linen-draped room, cool in its exclusion of the outer light, and sweet with the odor of the white matting and the many bowls and vases of flowers.

Tremayne followed her in silence. She had seated herself on an absurdly uncomfortable high-backed chair whose seat under its linen cover had been worked in worsteds by her great-grandmother, and was trying to read his eyes in the darkened room. Tremayne hesitated, and Marjorie repeated her question.

"Are you brave enough, Marjorie, to hear some very bad news?"

"Does very bad news wait on one's bravery?" she returned. "This has been a day of unpleasant disclosures. I am keyed up for one more."

She could see now that her cousin was very pale and painfully nervous. For one of Tremayne's usual self-poise, this was significant.

"What is it, Dick?" Marjorie demanded sharply. She saw him still the motion of his hands and by a sudden action render his figure tense and erect. When his words came they struck her as ill-proportioned to the seriousness of his mien.

"There has been a panic at the bank."

She nodded, waiting.

"It began yesterday," Tremayne's voice steadied. "The bank has been unable to meet its obligations."

Marjorie waited until through the hush of the house the discordant purring of a passing trolley car had died away.

"Just what does that mean?" she then asked, and Tremayne marvelled at her calmness.

"It means bankruptcy, and——"

Marjorie's face whitened. She looked up, mutely questioning.

"Dishonor," he whispered.

"No!" she cried suddenly. "I'll not believe you. Where is Fairfax?"

Tremayne started. He even rose to his feet, and when he sat down again, abruptly, he was trembling.

"You have never been his friend," Marjorie went on quickly. She

was drawing on her gloves with impatient haste. "It is to be expected that you would be among the first to cast suspicion upon him."

"Would to God it were only a case for suspicion!" Tremayne groaned. "Unfortunately, figures do not lie. I have spent a day and a night trying to avert suspicion."

"Where is Fairfax? Is he at the bank?"

"I left him there an hour ago."

Marjorie rose and started for the door, but Tremayne was before her.

"You must not go to him now," he urged. "At least, not until you have heard me out. I would spare you the recital if I could, but it is better you should have it from me than from the papers. Fairfax has squandered upon his own interests every dollar of the invested capital in his bank. When the bubble was pricked yesterday he had nothing with which to meet his creditors. Your own money has been swept away, and some of mine, and the all of many depositors. If I could spare you the least of the disgraceful story, I would gladly do so."

The bluntness of the statement convinced her. Had he struck her at that moment she would not have known it, stunned, though scarcely suffering, under the blow she had received.

Tremayne watched her a moment in silence, and then turned away, that there might be no witness to the sacredness of her grief. That he should be the one by whose hand the idolatry of her brother should be shattered, he knew, would be an added bitterness to Marjorie. After some little time she spoke.

"Is there anything more to tell me, Dick? Is there any way of reparation?"

Tremayne had foreseen the question.

"There are his horses and the track; but Fairfax owns them only in part. There can be practically no restitution."

"And the creditors?" she asked. "Who are they? You said 'the all of many depositors.'"

Tremayne went toward her. He well knew that this would be the sharpest thrust.

"Many of them are people of modest means—up-country people who had implicit faith in the old name of the house. They will be beggared."

Marjorie lifted a horror-stricken face.

"It must not be!" she cried. "There is this house. Oh, Dick, how can I bear the shame of it!"

"Be brave, Marjorie," he comforted, putting his arm about her. "We will find a way to something. It is my name, too, that we must see righted. We must meet this trial together."

His tenderness, and a swift rush of remorse at her treatment of him, drew her first tears. She put her hand up to his shoulder.

"I have been horrid to you, Dick, lately, but I do thank you."

"And I have been neglectful of you," he soothed her, but Marjorie's hand fell at the reminder: the thought of Fairfax again overwhelmed her.

"Oh!" she cried. "I might have foreseen some trouble. Fairfax has been so different of late, so worried and preoccupied. And he would not talk with me or confide in me, and I have been so much taken up with Mr. Darrell during his illness. Dick, has *he* lost any money through Fairfax?"

"If he has, he can well afford it," Tremayne answered. "And, besides, I warned him."

"Warned him? What do you mean?"

Tremayne explained as best he might, but he could not forestall Marjorie's suspicion.

"And you think, then, he loaned money, too?"

"I fear, a little."

Marjorie groaned.

"I could hate him for that!" she exclaimed, with an incomprehensible burst of wrath.

She moved about the large rooms with restless nervousness, and Tremayne waited rather aimlessly. He did not want to leave her in that mood, and he did not know of anything comforting to say. Now that the first moment of her shock was over, and she had somewhat grasped the situation, her attitude of aloofness was returning. Tremayne felt that already she was relegating him to a place outside of her own grief and worry. Then the thought that through her brother's iniquity she was now reduced to poverty struck forcibly upon his sympathy. The old house would have to go. Thanks to Nance's prompt generosity in taking up its mortgage, it was still Marjorie's, but it would be absurd for the girl in her present reduced circumstances to continue to hold it. What was to become of Fairfax he did not care to consider just then. Already there had been heard disquieting rumors about his personal safety, should he attempt to remain in the community. Would Marjorie stay if her brother should be driven forth?

Tremayne watched her now with a curious interest. She had gone into the next room, but he could still see her through the wide open sliding doors. She stood by the bowed shutters of the French window, looking out into the vine-covered veranda, and at her forlornness he felt an acute sense of pity stir within him. Did she care for Darrell, he asked himself? And if so, did Darrell care for her?

At that instant the bell rang violently. Tremayne started, and, obeying an impulse swifter than thought, he stepped across the room and opened the street door himself. Darrell burst in upon him.

"For God's sake, Tremayne," he cried hoarsely, "come with me at once! Your cousin has been shot dead in his office, and Mrs. Tremayne was alone with him at the time."

Tremayne fell back as under a physical blow. It was the horrified expression on Darrell's face that made him turn with a new pang at his heart.

"Marjorie!" he gasped, as the girl, white to the lips, stood before them. "You heard!"

"I shall go, too," she said to Darrell, and her voice rang lifeless in their ears. "If I had gone before, this would not have happened."

They marvelled at her terrible composure. To Tremayne, her last words were crushingly accusing in their reproach. As the motor car tore up the silent street in defiance of all regulations, and swerved recklessly into the more occupied business thoroughfare, men stood aghast at the sight of the girl going to the scene of the tragedy, news of which had already swept from mouth to mouth with the celerity of ill tidings. Neither of the men had attempted to dissuade her from going, but now, as they drew near the bank, Tremayne awoke to the horror of it. He was with Marjorie on the rear seat of the tonneau. He leaned toward her as he spoke, not endeavoring to disguise his meaning.

"You should not go up to him just yet. Will you not let me see him first?"

She shook her head.

"Nothing could be worse than my thoughts, and I shall not faint."

They had to elbow their way through the morbidly curious crowd that hung about the entrance to the bank. Tremayne shrank, as with Marjorie he followed Darrell's lead, to hear the ill-suppressed comments of the people, but if Marjorie understood them she gave no heed. When they entered the guarded private office, she went without faltering up to where the dead man lay. There were no signs of violence about him, but some one had reverently covered the blond head with a napkin. Marjorie took it away. Those in the room drew off to one side as she did so.

She was totally unconscious, however, that she was not alone. Tremayne, watching her unobserved, lest she should need him, saw her composure remain unshaken. In his relief at this, his attention was caught by the whispered words of those in the room. He listened without clearly comprehending their import. He looked about him, asking for Darrell.

"Up-stairs with her," whispered a man, catching his eye. "It seems he followed her here, and found her just after the shot was fired, alone in the room with the body, and then he rushed off for you."

Tremayne's blood froze in his veins. Even then, however, he did



not realize the full significance of the words. It was Marjorie who, coming toward the group of men, still wrapped in her unnatural calm, snapped the poles of his mind together by an electrical question.

"Where is the woman who killed him?" she asked, with ghastly quietness.

## VI.

THE tension that held the room following upon Marjorie's ominous words was broken by the slight sound of the opening of the door to admit Darrell and Nance Tremayne. The latter pushed her way forward to Marjorie.

"Child," she cried, "they should not have brought you here! Let me take you home."

Marjorie dashed the outstretched hand aside. A tremor passed through her, leaving her once more outwardly calm, though now her eyes glowed.

"Why did you kill him?" she demanded. "Were you the one most injured of all those he robbed, that you should want revenge?"

Tremayne stepped forward beside Nance, while Darrell, by a motion, cleared the room and closed the door. Nance, utterly bewildered, turned from one to the other. Tremayne broke the silence.

"Marjorie," he said, "you have spoken and acted with the gravest indiscretion. We are all eager to show our grief with your grief, but you have publicly made a fearful accusation against your kinswoman."

"Speak for yourself about the kinship, Dick," Marjorie interrupted. "And the woman is there to answer to the accusation for herself."

Nance turned to Tremayne.

"Does she know all—I mean, the reason for this?" She pointed to the dead body of young Tremayne. His cousin nodded. Nance then moved closer to the body of Fairfax. For a moment her composure was shaken as she looked down upon the dead boy. Suddenly she turned to Marjorie.

"Before you came to me this morning," she cried, and the vibrant tones of her voice compelled attention, "I knew of the trouble that brought your brother to this. My man had heard of the panic here, and had come to draw his savings, and could not. When you came to see me, I thought at first that you knew, but I found out you were in ignorance. The moment you left I came up here to see if I could help your brother. That is why I was not at home when Mr. Darrell called there for me. I was here, here in this room, alone with your brother. I was talking to him. I was pleading with him. Though I was his largest creditor, I offered him more money; but his nerve was gone. He told me he would kill himself, and I laughed at him. He asked if he should take poison or shoot himself. 'Shoot yourself, by all

means,' I said. 'It takes some courage to do that.' And then—then—before my eyes—so quick that I did not know whether I saw it or not—he shot himself dead, right at my feet. And I stooped and took the pistol from his hand."

Nance shivered. She was far more visibly affected than Marjorie, though Nance had never liked Fairfax, and he had been Marjorie's idol.

"Surely," she cried, "you believe me, Marjorie?"

"No," Marjorie replied. "Only this morning you told me that your loans to him were small, and safe, and brought good interest. Why did you lie to me then?"

"At your pleasure," returned Nance proudly. "You may believe what you are able."

She passed by Tremayne, going to the door. There Darrell, painfully distressed, stopped her.

"I would not go out just yet, Mrs. Tremayne."

Tremayne came up hastily.

"What do you mean?" he thundered.

Darrell spoke in a low tone aside, and as Tremayne listened his face became rigid.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" he demanded. "Let me out, and let no one in until I return."

"Do you mean," asked Nance of Darrell, "that I am suspected of this, and am to be arrested?"

"Tremayne will avert it, I am sure," he answered, more hopefully than he felt. "But I wish to God, Mrs. Tremayne, that you had not touched that pistol!"

Nance sat down weakly. She wanted to laugh, but that silent form forbade. And she was supposed to have been the one whose hand had brought it there! She watched Marjorie, now moving about her brother, the slow tears at last blinding her eyes as she performed little ministrations of love upon the thankless body. Fairfax had always been thankless, thought Nance, as she watched. Darrell, miserable to the soul, stood like a sentinel at the closed door.

It seemed hours before Tremayne returned. He beckoned Darrell from the room.

"I took your car," he said, when he had led the other to a window corner. "There will be no procedure against Mrs. Tremayne until after the inquest. I myself am going to probe for the ball. If I can prove from its direction through the body that it would be impossible for the wound to be other than self-inflicted, all may be well. Of course the charge is preposterous, but my cousin's words were most unfortunate. Are you willing to help me further?"

"Can you ask?"

"At least, I do not doubt. I am turning to you, a comparative stranger, in preference to lifelong acquaintances."

"I hold myself your friend," Darrell said simply. "Even if I did not, there would be my gratitude, and this occasion to prove it."

"Then—if you will take Marjorie home! I have asked Miss Colethorpe, a cousin of ours, to be there with her, though Marjorie would doubtless rather be alone. Nance had better remain in this building—she may be needed, you know; but if you will, come back here to her. I must be in the room at the inquest. I shall never forget your friendliness."

Tremayne turned away. He showed the strain of the shock he had received, and Darrell realized how greatly the pride of the man had been lacerated. But he rightly guessed that the hurt to Tremayne's family honor was as nothing to the outrage offered his love in the suspicion cast upon Nance. To that challenge, indeed, every fibre of Tremayne's being stiffened in response. And, grieved as he was for Marjorie, he bitterly resented her attack upon Nance.

She was very gentle to him as he led her up the stairs to a little room directly over that in which Fairfax lay. Marjorie and Darrell had already gone.

"Don't take it so much to heart, Dick," she said. "It is terrible to me to see you look so wretched." She placed her hand on his own as he stood beside her. Under the touch, and the tenderness in her eyes, the man's fortitude wavered.

"You are very brave," he murmured brokenly. "Do you trust me, Nance?"

"Trust you?" She tightened her pressure upon his arm. "As I would no one more. But I was not thinking of myself, Dick."

"It is all I am thinking of," he broke forth. "The disgrace and the ignominy of all the rest I lose sight of in the danger to you, and even more in the gross indecency of Marjorie's accusation. That we—whose honor is so smirched and befouled—that one of us should cast this reproach upon you!"

"I laugh at the danger, Dick, and the affront—it counts for nothing in the light of your splendid faith in me."

Tremayne quivered. The drawn lines of his face relaxed.

"Do you really mean that?" he asked.

Nance, under the fire in his eyes, released his arm and stepped back. Tremayne's face fell.

"Even if you don't," he said, "my whole soul serves you implicitly. No man will ever love you, Nance, as I do."

"Hush," she whispered, and Tremayne noticed that her face had become very pale. "Do not let us think of that now."

The door opened, and Darrell entered. Some indefinable change

in Nance's face as she saw who it was smote Tremayne as might a blow between the eyes. He turned quickly and left the room.

There was a morocco sofa against the wall of the cheerless little room, and she now sank down upon it. Darrell drew up a chair.

"You are a remarkable woman, Mrs. Tremayne," he said. "May I say that I admire you very much?"

"Thank you," she returned gravely. She was silent for some time, Darrell watching her furtively. It was difficult to believe that she was even at that moment suspected at law of a most serious crime.

"You must feel something like a jailer," she said, with brusque frankness, and the unexpected words, strangely apt to his thoughts, embarrassed Darrell.

"It must be a trying position for you," Nance went on, not unkindly, though some note in her voice hurt him. "You heard all that Marjorie said?"

"And I heard your reply," he answered promptly; "though it was not needed to insure my belief in you, Mrs. Tremayne."

Nance's eyes lighted gratefully.

"There is nothing like the faith of a friend. You love Marjorie."

The words were not a question. Nance made them almost a confidence. The fact that Darrell did not reply in speech made the answer of his eyes the more eloquent.

"I have known it for some time," she continued, and she was very white just then. Darrell thought she was trying to forget the scene which was being enacted below them, and its possible consequences to her. "I want you to know that, whatever may happen, I am always your friend."

Darrell choked. He could only answer by leaning forward, putting out his hand rather futilely, and withdrawing it. When Nance spoke again it was with a deliberate change of suggestion.

"Suppose this ridiculous charge against me should go over the present moment," she asked, "what would it mean?"

"But it won't, Mrs. Tremayne. It can't. As you say, it is palpably absurd."

"I have been held here already several hours," she said, lifting her shoulders comprehensively.

"It is impossible," Darrell urged, miserable.

"It would seem so, but I have been thinking. I wonder how many people are hanged with less apparent reason."

"Please don't," he pleaded. "It makes me wretched to hear you."

But either the strain had begun to tell upon her, or she was in one of her moods of perverse indifference to the effect of her words.

"I have often thought how easy it might be to kill and escape detection, were one cool enough. I never thought how easy it might

be to be suspected falsely and not be able to escape. After all, we live at the mercy of our fellows."

"Life is a curious thing, is it not?" Darrell observed, his nervousness hastening him into banality of expression. "Just look at my own for the past few months. Here I came for a day of pseudo-military display, and it turns out I owe the debt of my life to people I never heard of before. There was surely mercy there."

"Perhaps," murmured Nance, her lip curving slightly. She was wondering if life with Marjorie would be altogether merciful for Darrell.

"The unknown quantity in life," he proceeded, talking to divert her attention from certain muffled sounds that came from the room below, "is what gives it zest."

"It is a pity, then, that love so often solves the unknown quantity for us." She sighed. "It is the great disillusioner."

"It is the great verity, is it not?"

"I forgot that you love."

Suddenly she smiled. Considering all the stress of the day, she looked amazingly fresh and unruffled. The dark shadows that had come upon her eyes alone reflected her emotions. She was going to speak, when the door opened and Tremayne came quickly toward them. His face was very grave. Nance instinctively rose to meet him.

"I tried my best to avoid it," he said, "but they want you downstairs, and, after all, it may be a good thing that they should have you tell the whole story just as it happened. Can you bear it?"

"Anything is preferable to waiting. Of course Mr. Darrell may come?"

Tremayne was right. It was the best thing that could have been done for Nance that she should be given the opportunity to confront the men whose verdict now might so seriously influence public opinion in its attitude toward her. The perfect simplicity with which she explained the nature of her visit to the bank, her graphic portrayal of how the shooting had been done, confirmed Tremayne's contention that the bullet which had caused the death of Fairfax Tremayne could not have been fired by any other hand than his own. With a promptitude that almost negated their previous anxiety, the decision was reached that the deceased had come to his death by violence at his own hands.

"And am I now graciously free to go to my home?" Nance asked Tremayne, as he came up to where she stood by Darrell.

He bowed in silence. The lessening of the tension under which he had been left him weak. He turned to Darrell with almost curtness of demeanor, and asked him to see Nance to her house.

"I wonder," mused Nance, her eyes scanning the room as though



to fix upon her memory the scene of such a momentous hour to her, "what the good people of this town, loving me as they already do, will say to me now that my skirts have so nearly swept a felon's cell. Perhaps it will give me a vogue."

## VII.

IN a large, many-windowed room of one of those noble old mansions with which Marjorie had mentally compared, to its disadvantage, the modern lavishness of Nance Tremayne's house, the Misses De Vaux were seated over their morning occupation. It was a handsome room, with wide mirrors over the two marble mantelpieces, and tall ones between the French windows that opened out upon the second-story veranda. There were chandeliers of many prismatic crystals, and empty sconces with more crystals on the walls, and it was furnished sparsely with mahogany tables and chairs that had depth within depth of mellow richness in their classic forms. It had once been, many years before, the state drawing-room. The two old ladies used it now as their morning-room.

They were rather sad little ladies, exquisite, delicate, yet with some unnamable quality about them that was, for all their soft refinement, invincible. They were dressed in nun-like black, and each wore a white cap of simply fluted tarlatan. At their necks were beautiful cameo brooches.

It was Miss Susan who, laying down her embroidery, and removing her gold-rimmed glasses, broke a long but perfectly intelligible silence.

"We must be careful not to let ourselves forget that the world has changed since our day, Isabella. Perhaps we have been too harsh."

Again there was the tribute of silence to the magnitude of this thought before Miss Isabella replied.

"Yet we should also bear in mind that anything we might do would establish a precedent. We cannot be too careful."

"I was quite shocked at young Richard Tremayne's account of the whole affair," observed Miss Susan more briskly.

Miss Isabella's answer was equally accelerated.

"And yet you must not forget the principles upon which our refusal to know Mrs. John Tremayne all these years has been based—a woman who drives around with a servant on the seat beside her, who goes alone upon the business streets when they are full of men, and who comes from a family we have never known."

"Richard Tremayne seems to approve of her," Miss Susan advanced.

"He is in love with her."

"Perhaps you are right." Miss Susan sighed. "But Marjorie

evidently behaved very shockingly. I shudder when I think of what might have been the result of her accusation."

Miss Isabella took some stitches in the napkin she was hemming.

"Do you think it was quite right in Richard to tell you all that story?" she asked.

A fine smile lit the elder lady's patrician face.

"I made him do so. I very much fear that Marjorie is the daughter of her mother. I always believed that she drove poor Robert Tremayne into his grave, and then went after him to see that he did n't lie quiet."

They laughed softly. Their consciences did not absolve them from certain remembered occasions upon which they had encouraged the girl in her attitude toward Nance before the days of her marriage had crystallized disapproval into denouncement. As though stirred by a common impulse, they regarded each other with comprehensive gaze.

"I fear we are," remarked Miss Isabella finally.

"If so, we owe it to Mrs. Tremayne, to Marjorie, and to ourselves to be the first to acknowledge our——" She hesitated.

"More kindly feelings," suggested Miss Isabella. "But how is it to be done?"

Miss Susan took up her handiwork from the little mahogany work-table and resumed her embroidery before she replied. Even then the words seemed to come with difficulty.

"There is only one way. We must call."

Miss Isabella made a slow remonstrance.

"It will mean the letting down of the bars to one who is not one of us."

"Yet maybe, after all, she is a lady."

"Remember her vulgar automobiles," Miss Isabella demurred, serious doubt in her eyes. "Still, it may be as you say. The times are sadly changed."

It was as the result of this conversation that, some hours later, the cards of the two ladies were handed to Nance. She turned to Tremayne, who was with her at the time, with a comical look of blended amusement and surprise.

"Either the golden gates are being opened unto me, or I am being served with a notice from headquarters to move on," she said.

"It is the gates, Nance. They are dear old souls, really. I have been expecting something like this from a remark Miss Susan made to me."

"They come at a dear hour, at least," returned Nance. "I feel like a paper novel with the cover bent back. Will you stretch out there until they go, Dick? I'd like to report."

Tremayne saw that she was tremulous. She had not been her usual self since the day of Fairfax's death.

"Be yourself," he called after her now, as she left the room. "You are lovely in that dress."

With this praise in her ears—and it was the praise of a lover, Nance knew—she entered her drawing-room. She was surprised to find herself nervous. It was a trying moment for the old ladies also.

"Mrs. Tremayne," Miss Susan began, taking Nance's cool hand; then, becoming aware that Miss Isabella was waiting just behind her, she stepped aside.

"This is very good of you," murmured Nance. "Perhaps I appreciate it all the more for coming so unexpectedly, after so long a time."

Before she sat down she went to a window and adjusted the hangings to exclude a shaft of sunlight. The long skirts of her gown, embroidered with purple and crimson morning-glories, trailed upon the floor behind her as she moved. The ladies looked at each other.

"I have so often heard of you," Nance was saying, as she came back, "from Richard Tremayne."

"And we have heard of you. We can hardly consider ourselves strangers, after all."

Nance murmured something, and, following upon a silence, Miss Susan spoke.

"My sister and I hope, Mrs. Tremayne, that you will find it your pleasure to call upon us very soon. We should be glad to have you meet a few of our particular friends next Friday afternoon—very informally. You know we are ourselves distantly connected with the Tremaynes, and so share their mourning."

"Thank you," said Nance, her eyes falling upon the glory of her own gown. Yet she was really touched. She wondered a little why this should be.

"I may say," went on Miss Susan, somewhat nervously, "that we have not been as neighborly as we now wish we had been. We all make mistakes, Mrs. Tremayne."

Nance rightly gauged the effort it had cost to say the words. She had heard of the pride of these old ladies, but suddenly the remembrance of her years of ostracism swept over her.

"It is one thing to make a mistake," she said slowly, "and another to persist in it year after year with increasing determination."

"That is just it," returned Miss Susan warmly. "It takes a stiff backbone to acknowledge a long mistake, and I may say, my dear Mrs. Tremayne, that neither my sister nor I had any intention of admitting a mistake when we came here."

Nance smiled.

"I think we shall be friends, at any rate," she said.

"My sister and I always come to think alike in the end," Miss

Isabella remarked, turning to Nance. "I hope you will be able to include me in your friendly feeling."

When they had gone, Nance went slowly up the stairs. She could not have explained the emotion that was making her tremble, and she wondered if she should despise herself for it. She entered the room where Tremayne awaited her.

"The doors are open wide, Dick. It has pleased Miss Susan to convert my disgrace into a triumph." She went up to him, her hand outstretched. "Oh, Dick, I believe I am going to cry."

Tremayne turned toward her.

"You are overwrought, that is all. Were the old ladies decent to you?"

"Lovely."

"Then, what is it?"

He went close to her. The sight of her in tears took his senses away.

"What is it?" he asked again, huskily.

Nance put both hands on his strong shoulders, and bowed her head on her outstretched arms.

"I believe I'm happy over it!" she cried. "Is n't that strange?"

Tremayne was trembling in every fibre, but she did not notice him. To have her thus close to him in the abandon of her emotion made his love leap within him.

"Nance," he breathed.

She started. Already his breath stirred the hair upon her forehead, and she felt his rounded muscles quiver and become tense under her touch. As she drew hastily back, he turned from her without speaking, and unsteadily left the room.

When his footsteps had quite died away, Nance raised her head.

"I should n't have done it," she whispered to herself. "I should n't have done it. It was cruel."

She threw herself in the chair in which Tremayne had been sitting, and allowed her arms to fall limply over its sides. Why could she not love Dick Tremayne? She let her mind recall him, feature by feature, line by line of his figure, his devotion, his many charms, his real worth. Had she been called upon to select a lover for her dearest friend, she could have asked no more in a man than Tremayne possessed.

And he loved her! Nance knew in her soul that never had she been loved by another as Tremayne loved her. Had she doubted this before, the circumstances attendant upon Fairfax Tremayne's death would have made it clear. Had the whole world gone against her then, Tremayne, she knew, would have stood by her, and believed in her, and, what went deeper with her than all else, have suffered with

her. Darrell, too, had believed in her, but Darrell had not really suffered. His thoughts had been of Marjorie—that she also knew.

She rose, and, going to her desk, took from it a glove—a man's glove. It had been Darrell's, and one day he had dropped it in her hall after a visit he had made her. She went back to her chair, carrying it with her.

"And against all of that in Dick," she thought, "I have this of his!"

She ran her hand into the glove, thrilling at its touch as she had not done a moment before at Tremayne's suppressed yet masterful passion.

"Of such fools are women," she murmured, with self-scorn.

Suddenly she rose, throwing the glove upon the table, and began walking the room. Her many birds chirruped at her as she passed, her dog followed her, leaping up to reach her hand, the Persian cat brushed against her, and, with an unexpected flare of fun, slapped at a purple morning glory as it trailed before its paw; but Nance was unheeding of all.

She was aware that in a moment of thoughtlessness she had undone the effect of her efforts to discourage Tremayne's love. She was aware that he had gone from her loving her more than ever. She realized now that in her endeavor to impress upon him the finality of her refusal she had used but half measures. She saw that there was but one thing which she might say to him that would bring home the futility of his hopes. But could she tell him of her own unsought love for Darrell? Why was it, she asked herself, that man was free to acknowledge his love where it was not returned, and even to press it, while to woman was denied even so much as the admission?

Her thoughts turned suddenly, unbidden, to Marjorie.

In the first days following the tragic end of Fairfax Tremayne, Nance had not been able to think forgivingly of Marjorie, and she had, accordingly, made no pretense of mourning for Fairfax, whose death she felt to be a natural sequence to a cowardly life. Now, however, there began to awake within her a sympathy with the girl. Even in the heat of her indignation, Nance had instructed her representative to buy in the house which, owing to her own lifting of the mortgage, it had remained to Marjorie to sell—though of all this the girl was in ignorance. Marjorie had, indeed, at once turned over the money thus received to the much encumbered estate of her brother, but this was a thing Nance had been unable to prevent. Marjorie was now living temporarily with her cousin, Miss Colethorpe, in a tiny little box of a house far up-town, in one of those curious side streets that no one ever thinks of entering unless occasion calls him there. In other days Marjorie had been in the habit of sending turkeys and



plum-puddings to this cousin. She was thankful now to go herself in the hour of her blank despair.

A sudden compassion for the girl came over Nance, and it was strangely blended with other emotions which she could not understand. She bore Marjorie no resentment for her persistent enmity, and yet Nance felt a pang that Marjorie should possess Darrell's love. From Tremayne she had learned that the girl was denying herself to every one, Darrell included, though the latter still lingered in his darkened paradise.

Nance turned at the sound of a step on the stairs. Oddly enough, the card which Ransom presented a moment later bore Darrell's name.

She greeted him with easy grace as he entered.

"I live, and move, and have my being, in this room," she told him, as he looked about. "Up here I have earth below me, sky around me, and the sea lying in between. Look out there at the ocean now."

She followed him to the window, and as he looked seaward, his eyes catching the flash of the sun on the beacon of the grim fort far out in the bay, she watched him, the unconscious grace of his person revealed against the clear blue of the sky. She held him so a while, pointing out to him the gleaming crescent of the island, the several forts in the bay, and the thin trail of smoke lying close to the horizon that marked the trace of an ocean-going steamer.

"Mrs. Tremayne," he said, as they found chairs, "I have come to talk to you about Marjorie."

"Marjorie!"

"She is Marjorie to me."

Nance smiled. Her eyes fell on the glove lying on the table.

"I meant no rebuke," she hastened to say. "I was just thinking of Marjorie before you came. Of course you have had abundant evidence that Marjorie does not like me."

"I have never understood why."

"There are several reasons. Marjorie would rather not have had me marry her uncle. She has been taught to look with suspicion upon those whose antecedents she does not know."

"Good Lord!" Darrell exclaimed. "Perhaps she doubts mine."

Nance laughed. "I don't believe she does, but were you a woman, and marrying into the Tremayne family——"

She dropped her sentence, and lifted her eyes. She had said more than she had meant to say.

"But suppose I want to marry into the Tremayne family—for I do, Mrs. Tremayne."

Nance might have made a flippant reply, but apart from the fact that she knew Darrell to be in earnest, she was very serious herself. She imagined that he was a man who had been used to having his way, both

by force of his nature and by the power of his money. She admired masterful men, but it struck her suddenly that Darrell might be a little selfish. Why did he not go away and leave Marjorie alone just at this first hour of her sorrow?

"What is the trouble?" she asked. "Is it because Marjorie will not see you? Remember she is crushed with grief, and shame, and wounded pride. Just at present her only thought is to redeem her brother's honor. And after that she will have to face some problems of ways and means."

Darrell struck his hands together.

"I know it!" he cried. "I have guessed all that. I could lighten her grief, and banish her shame, and soothe her wounded pride. And I could make the world bright for her with all that money could buy. It is terrible, Mrs. Tremayne, to feel that I might do all this for her if she would only let me. Would you think it so hopeless a proposition that I should win her love?"

"I can conceive of a woman loving you," replied Nance slowly. Her handkerchief was a tight ball in one hand, but neither of them noticed this, nor that her beautiful mouth had lost something of its pliant curves.

It was after a little lapse that Darrell threw his head back with a quick gesture.

"I am sure I don't know why I should come to you with this, but I was getting desperate, and a man can't go to a man about such things, and, besides, I knew you knew. But I have annoyed you. You are tired."

"No," Nance replied; "I am not." She sat up, her elbow on the arm of her chair. "Why should you not come to me? You stood by me when I was in trouble, and, besides, there is no one of us who at one time or another in his life, if a stone had been thrown at him, would not have cried out: 'I am in love.' But I do not see what I can do for you. Marjorie would resent any action on my part. Indeed, it is absurdly impossible."

"Has Marjorie ever been in love?" he asked abruptly.

"I have never possessed Marjorie's confidence," returned Nance. "I was speaking of the one touch of nature that makes us all kin."

"Any way, I suppose I should n't have asked, but you give one such a comfortable feeling of having known you always, Mrs. Tremayne."

For a moment anger leaped to Nance's eyes—anger with him and with herself for being angry that he should so easily throw to her stones for bread. Then she laughed.

"I must be getting old, or it may be that you recognize the stamp of authority upon me. Did you know that I had been admitted within

the pale at last? Taken up by respectability? Don't you remember I said I should be?" She reached out, and picked up his glove. "You must relieve me of this. It might prove compromising now, and I suppose I must stop receiving you and Dick Tremayne up here in my eyrie." She handed Darrell his glove. How should he know that the careless act was accompanied by a spasm of pain at her heart that made her welcome his rising to leave her?

"And about Marjorie?" he asked.

"Will you be guided by my advice?" Her voice was unusually sharp and tense, and Darrell nodded, wondering.

"Then pack up your things, and clear out to New York, or Hong-kong, or 'Greenland's icy mountains.' Let her think you have forgotten her, or have never begun to think about her. The more she is indignant over your going, the more she thinks you 'like all the others,' deserting her in her misfortune, the better your chances. Now, there's my advice, stringent but true."

Darrell pondered her words, his brows drawn in a slight frown. Suddenly he looked up, his eyes clearing.

"I'll take it, Mrs. Tremayne, though of course it's easy enough for you to give it, and hard enough for me to take. Shall I see you again, or shall this be good-by?"

She hesitated just a moment, then smiled brightly upon him.

"No. Let this be good-by, and good luck. *Au revoir.*"

### VIII.

IN the coolness of the late afternoon, Tremayne sat in his office. It was as unlike the usual office as he had been able to compass. Its two front windows on the street opened over a tiny plot of grass, and as one entered the street door, the French windows on the side of the room were open to the little yellow marble piazza, on the other side of which lay the small garden. As one sat in the room it was almost as though he were in a garden, whose many perfumes stole in, cool and subdued. The low wall, separating the flowers from the street, was covered with a profusion of Cloth of Gold roses. The room itself was suggestive of a study rather than of a physician's office.

Sitting there now, Tremayne let his senses still to the marvellous quietude of the dying day. Though so near the street, sounds from it were in themselves lulling, the voices of those who passed being the soft accents of women strolling toward the coolness of the Battery, or, if a man's tones were heard, they carried the lilt of that easy deference which the Southerner accords his women. The twitter of sleepy birds among the branches of the sweet olive bushes sounded the note of the brooding night.

Through Tremayne's mind there ran a vague, new dissonance with

regard to Nance. It was not the repeated sense of discouragement which her long-continued refusal of his suit had often caused him. It was a more active unrest, something that called for resistance, and for a time Tremayne could not lay the finger of his consciousness upon it. Then, suddenly, the baleful flame of the hideous fire leaped up and vanished, flared red and was gone, leaped again, and burned steadily.

He dropped his head in his hands. He was a proud man, and he hated to have an ignoble passion claim him, but even as he despised himself for it, the forked flame of his jealousy grew and consumed. Against Darrell his animosity did not stir. It would not have done so even had Darrell loved Nance, and this Tremayne did not suppose. But against Nance herself his resentment grew by leaps and bounds.

He recalled with a painful precision the many instances when Nance had sought to reestablish between himself and Marjorie the more intimate quality of their earlier relations. He hated himself for the persistency of the thought that her object in this was to convey to Darrell the impression that Marjorie was not free. Again and again the light that had shone in Nance's face upon the day of Fairfax's death, when Darrell had come to her, smote him as a blinding flame.

It was long that Tremayne yielded to the horror that had crept upon him, sitting there still, heavy as lead, it seemed, in his chair. That his love itself should turn to hate was the cruel thing. That against Nance herself this jealous rage should consume him made him groan aloud. When he rose, there had been added to the hopelessness of his love the bitter sting of jealous suspicion. A few moments later he was walking with determined strides toward her house, where he had promised to dine, that she might tell him of her afternoon with the Misses De Vaux.

Flushed with the triumph of her afternoon among her erstwhile enemies, Nance, in a gown of white and silver, awaited Tremayne on her front veranda. She was screened by the shrubbery of her garden from the view of the street, and, moreover, the purple hues of twilight were beginning to make objects soft and indistinct. Over the fading waters a thin crescent of moon became visible, while the stars, warm and multi-colored, burned their way into the pulsing night.

As Tremayne clicked the iron gate behind him, Nance went down into the breathing garden to meet him, holding the light draperies of her trailing skirt over her arm. She seemed to him like some embodiment of the white perfumed flowers about them, gleaming wax-like in the night. All of his tremor and ugly passions stilled at the first note of her voice.

"How late you are, Dick! And I've been dying to tell you all

about it." Her eyes were on him in the dusk. "What is it?" she asked softly.

"I have bad news for you," he responded, remembering another cause for his worryment that day. "Marjorie is very ill."

"I am sorry," she said simply; "but from what you have told me about her, I am not surprised. I shall go up there to-morrow."

"I fear she will not know you," Tremayne returned gravely. "She is quite out of her head. I have seen this break-down coming on for some time, but I could not induce her to rest, or to go away. For weeks all of her natural emotions have been denied in her insistent desire to make complete restitution to Fairfax's creditors. Night and day she has pored over his papers and books."

"Poor child," Nance said, sighing. "If I had known she was ill, I would not have gone out to-day."

Tremayne looked into her face wonderingly. "Do you know," he remarked, "if you were not so very honest a woman, I should think you a very subtle one! But tell me about your afternoon. Were they good to you?"

She laughed softly.

"I think they felt they were entertaining Beelzebub, Dick, but they enjoyed it, surreptitiously. Have you ever noticed how the really virtuous love contact with what they consider the horribly vicious? It's like a moral tabasco to them, a caviare for the soul."

"Only, I could never think of you as 'horribly vicious.'"

She shook her head, turning her face to his as she did so.

"At least, Dick, I should always have a loyal believer in you. I am sure of that."

Tremayne started at her words, an uncomfortable sense of being unworthy of them oppressing him. It was strange, he thought, how completely, for the moment, at least, all his fierce suspicion of her had vanished. The mere sight of her had driven it from his blood.

She led him slowly back toward the house, placing her hand lightly upon his arm as they went up the wide stone stairway. The touch sent delicious thrills through every fibre of the man's strong body. As they went on, across the marble hall with its fountains, and into the dining-room, large, cool, shining with its mahogany and silver under the light of many candles, Nance was speaking.

"I believe, Dick, I shall not go away this summer—that is, not farther than the Island. I shall open the house."

"You will find it very dull there, and, I am afraid, not especially comfortable."

"I've a plan. I shall take Marjorie and Julia Colethorpe down there. Marjorie will need a change after this illness."

Tremayne looked at her over the roses.



"But she won't go, of course," he said. There were times when he did not approve of Nance's subjecting herself to Marjorie's persistent rebuffs.

Nance smiled brightly.

"I've known a serious illness to bring about great changes. I have reason to believe that Marjorie has for a long time been rebelling against her own conduct. Oh, I know she's stubborn, but she's proud, too, and that kind of mental indigestion gives an ugly pain. Somehow, I feel hopeful."

They were alone at the moment, so Tremayne spoke.

"It is just a little incomprehensible to me, your devotion to Marjorie."

"I should like to see her happy. Is that so incomprehensible?"

The servant returned. Once more Tremayne's suspicions stirred sharply.

"Have you heard from Darrell since he left?" He scarcely knew why he put the sudden question. It was done as at the malign suggestion of a power that held him in thrall, and whose motive he did not grasp.

The very abruptness of the words disconcerted Nance. There was, moreover, an intensity in Tremayne's regard that made her feel that he awaited her answer with more interest than pertained solely to his desire for information about Darrell. She felt the little silence.

"Twice," she answered, sipping her Madeira. "He wrote about Marjorie, of course."

It was the concluding words that fanned Tremayne's alarm. With them in his ears, he came nearer to the motive of his former question. Of course it was about Marjorie that Darrell wrote, but why need Nance seek to emphasize it? And her slight confusion at his question had not been lost upon him. He said no more upon the subject, however, and they presently went out upon the cool veranda. There he proved obdurate to Nance's most energetic efforts to draw him out of the moodiness that had come upon him. Finally she desisted. Her intuition told her that the more she strove to please him just then, the more morose he would become. She sought refuge in silence.

"Will you walk with me out there—by the water?" he asked her, after a long time, during which Nance had grown wistful under the soft beauty of the night.

"If you can find a tongue, yes."

"It is because I wish to speak to you. I am stifling under this roof."

She rose and followed him without a word. Something in his manner assured her that it was not merely another proposal that she should marry him that he wished to make. She wondered if Marjorie

could be more seriously ill than he had led her to suppose. Was it possible, she asked herself, that he could be jealous of Darrell's love for Marjorie? That he should be suspicious of her own regard for Darrell never for a moment occurred to her.

She walked beside him evenly. Nance was a good walker, and her tall figure made a man feel that he need not mince his steps to suit hers. If there were restrained excitement in Tremayne's manner, in that of Nance there was a purposeful calm.

They crossed the Battery, and by the bounding wall Tremayne stopped her. Almost at their feet the ocean in full tide lapped softly against the stones that held it back. The lights of the harbor lay around like nearer stars, jewels flung upon the bosom of the sea. The far away song of negro fishermen, bound outward for their night's trolling, drifted in, mellowed and sweet with the double mystery of the sea's spaces and the weird sadness of the music. Behind them, the old city, silent, wrapped in the brooding charm of the languorous night, cast its perpetual spell of tragic revery. All at once Nance became aware that Tremayne was gripping the railing by which they stood with a strong hand that trembled. She faced him with silent inquiry, her eyes not falling before the fire in his own.

"Do you know what it is to have a fearful doubt, growing each moment into a more fearful certainty—doubt and certainty alike making a raging hell in you—Nance," he cried, maddened by the impotence of speech, "tell me whether you have refused my love because you love another man?"

She fell away from him under the surprise of his demand, shocked at what she saw of baser passions in his face. Even had she willed, no words would have come in that moment. At sight of her shrinking, Tremayne stepped back himself.

"You do!" he groaned. "My God! I can see it in your face, in your avoidance of me."

He moved yet farther from her. To Nance it was as though he had cleared the ground away at her feet.

"No, no!" she cried. "It was not that."

"But you do love him?" The words fell with the dread finality of a challenge to her honor. She threw back her head.

"Yes," she whispered; "I love him."

Tremayne put out his arm and touched the rail. He drew himself up against it, his head bent forward, his whole body huddled to half its height. Nance's breath caught at the sound of a sob that was more a groan.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, "I would have spared you this if I could! I would have spared myself."

## IX.

As Marjorie gradually grew again in health and strength through the long weeks, Tremayne noted a certain brooding intensity of mood in her that puzzled him. It was so unlike Marjorie to be silent under stress of her thought.

At first he had been troubled by an uneasy fear lest it was his presence that distressed her. He was, indeed, beating his way rather sightlessly through the world during these days, feeling the crushing weight of his disappointment the more inasmuch as his hopes had been buoyant for so long a time. Even more, however, than the pang of his disappointment did the recurrent impulses of rage against Nance strike cold terror to his heart. He could not have borne to meet her just then. He had not been near her since her avowal of her love for Darrell. With all the force of his nature, he strove to banish her from his life.

It was the morning when he had himself helped Marjorie across the hall and into the little morning-room, bright with the summer sunshine, and fragrant with the wild-wood smell of the yellow jessamine that filled bowls on tables and mantelpiece, that she put to Tremayne a sudden question:

"Who has paid, Dick, for the expenses of my illness?"

Tremayne settled her among the cool linen-covered pillows. Miss Colethorpe, who had been hovering about, fled at the question.

"Don't worry about that, Marjorie. You know I am a doctor, and I am your doctor."

She was very pale from weakness, and the unwonted exertion had left her tremulous. The slight frown that drew together her brows lay like an actual shadow on her face.

"There were nurses—two of them—and medicines, and, since I have been better, fruit and flowers. Have you done all this?"

Tremayne hesitated. He knew it was futile to dodge the issue.

"I happen to know that Nance drove into the country to get you this jessamine," he said, motioning to the bowls. He wondered if she would notice how difficult it was for him to mention Nance's name. "As for the other things, she and Julia Colethorpe put their heads together. I brought the nurses, of course."

"A kind of 'all to the rescue' party! I wonder if it was worth while!"

Tremayne did not reply, thinking it best to let this mood die down of itself. He sat regarding her until her own eyes lifted and met his gaze.

"Did she come here at all?" Marjorie asked.

"Every day, I think."

His slight hesitancy was not lost upon her.

"You were not wont to be uncertain about the movements of Nance Tremayne." All at once she noticed his worn look, and was silent. After a moment, she spoke more softly. "I want to see her, Dick, if she is willing."

Tremayne roused himself.

"She deserves only the truest gratitude at your hands, Marjorie. If you cannot give that, I should not see her, if I were you."

"I want to see her"—the girl sighed wearily. "Do not make me weigh my motives, Dick. Can't you take the fact as significant of my altered feelings?"

"I shall get a message to her, then," he answered, and again Marjorie was struck by the palpable meaning of his words and manner. To her surprise, it gave her no sensation of pleasure to think that his long relations of intimacy with Nance might have been ruptured. On the contrary, a vague regret for it troubled her. She wondered as she watched him what might have caused the break.

When, as the result of this conversation, Nance called the next morning, Marjorie was again lying in the same room, expecting her. Nance entered with her usual breeziness of motion.

"I need not tell you how glad I am to see you up once more," she said, placing in Marjorie's lap a splendid handful of roses.

In her actual presence, Marjorie felt her old enmity combatting against her new resolves of justice. She forced herself to say the words that came slowly to her lips.

"Thank you. I have wanted to see you, to tell you how good you have been to me, now and always, even when I have not wished you to be. I fear, also, that I have wronged you often. Before my illness, I had begun to feel the weight of my injustice to you, and it went with me through all the burden of my other vain regrets and sorrow, but I would not—I could not—say this to you then. As to my great offense against you, I believe the remorse I had for that helped to make me ill. I don't ask your forgiveness—I can't speak of that just yet. I have wronged you fearfully, I know."

She broke into gentle weeping, and Nance, distressed and alarmed, soothed her by touch and word.

"Never mind that now," she returned. "I am utterly devoid of proper backbone to resent even actual injuries; yours have been only imaginary ones."

"On my side, perhaps. I do not want you to try to make my repentance easy for me."

Nance threw aside her hat and gloves. The action implied, more than any number of words might have done, that she had come to

stay, and was glad of it. She saw that Marjorie was overwrought and trembling.

"I shan't be a bit regretful for your illness if because of it we are to become better friends," she said gently.

All that day Nance remained. It delighted her to find that Marjorie grew less constrained and evinced a desire to atone for past offenses in other ways than by words alone. With Miss Colethorpe, they lunched together, Nance arranging things on a little table in the room where Marjorie lay. After all, the barrier that had separated them had been the unjust prejudice of Marjorie alone, and, that once thrown down by the girl's own choice, the friendship that Nance had always felt and that Marjorie had no longer been able to ignore worked wonders in the way of bringing them together. To their mutual surprise, they found the road to reconciliation easy and swift.

"It is very strange"—Marjorie smiled with a wistful nervousness—"but it is as though my illness had made me different in my mind, as they say some illnesses do in the body. I do not seem to be just the same as I was before the fever came upon me. It must have burned away a part of me."

"Have you heard of my plans for the summer?" Nance asked brightly. "I must have felt it in my bones that you were going to send for me, for I have opened the Island house, and am not going anywhere else this year—unless you do not get well there fast enough."

"I!" Marjorie confronted her guest. "What have I to do with it?"

"You are to be there as my chief reason for being there myself—you and my pleasure." At sight of the girl's obdurate face, Nance hurried on. "You know that I am no longer a pariah in the town. I'm the fashion, even, now. Do you think I shall allow you to be the only one to resist me—you who are the only one I really care to have take me up?"

By this appeal, the flippancy of which did not hide the underlying seriousness of purpose, Marjorie was curiously touched. She yielded to a swift impulse of blunt candor that rang as admiration.

"How could you ever bring yourself to your marriage?" she cried. "I can't forgive you that yet, though I have tried these past weeks. I have tried."

"I could not do so now," said Nance, with a proud humility. "Will you believe that?"

Their glances met. A subtle sympathy, deeper than knowledge and beyond the reach of speech, flashed like a white light between their souls. When it had passed there were strange tears in the eyes of both.

It was not until after Nance had gone, late in the afternoon, that it occurred to Marjorie that Tremayne's name had not been mentioned



by either of them. The fact that she herself had scarcely so much as thought of him struck her as no less strange than that Nance had never spoken of him, or, as she lay there thinking, that Tremayne never spoke to her now of Nance. What did it all mean? Had his long devotion to Nance at length changed?

Tremayne, coming in for a late call, found Marjorie in the soft, sad twilight. Instinctively she knew that the lateness of his visit was due to a desire to escape any possibility of meeting Nance.

"Nance Tremayne has been with me all day, Dick. Would you be pleased to know that we have become better friends?"

Tremayne's face brightened.

"I should be heartily delighted."

He took her temperature, and as she watched him, while he waited silently, she realized afresh that he was a man whom any woman might love. Her eyes questioned his fearlessly in the semi-dusk of the room.

"It is good to have you well again, Margie," he said kindly, in response to her calm gaze.

She nodded.

"I have wanted you to know that things are looking brighter in the bank," he told her, "and that my own practice is growing finely. I am even thinking of buying back your old house."

"Oh, Dick, if you would!" she cried. "I did so hate to have it go to strangers."

He looked at her keenly.

"Have you no idea who bought it?"

He watched the certainty grow in her face, and was glad that the knowledge as it came seemed even to please her.

"I never suspected it," she cried softly. "Nance has been persistently good to me, has she not?"

"As you have been persistently unjust to her," he reminded, somewhat sternly.

"You are still her friend, then?" she flashed at him, rather than questioned.

"I am so much more than her friend that I am less."

The long silence of his misery broke into the words. Marjorie watched the wave of passion sweep over him, leaving him very pale. She reached out and put her hand on his.

"I have not been nice to you, either, have I, Dick? I fear I have been very selfish and self-willed and self-everything except self-sacrificing, but there was a time when I could not bear to think of your caring in that way for Nance Tremayne. And now that I could better understand your doing so—could entirely understand your doing so, or any man's doing so—it seems something gets in the way. I'm awfully sorry, Dick."

"That sounds like the Marjorie of old," he exclaimed, "when you were the first to wish me well in all things."

She shook her head.

"I think I am a very different Marjorie. I have come to be a friend of Nance Tremayne's."

"I knew you would some day. I knew that what was big in her would come to be recognized by what was big in you."

"Yet even now," sighed Marjorie, "the one real thing that held me back is still there—not so insuperable, but still there."

"Has she never explained that to you? If either, it was my father who was to blame."

"The woman is always to blame," Marjorie returned, with a woman's judgment, "who lays herself open to misconstruction of her acts."

"At any rate, she is always made to suffer for it. The judgment of mankind is self-righteous."

Marjorie held out her hand in entreaty.

"Hush, Dick. You don't know how I have suffered, and regretted. Have you never been stung by remorse?"

His answer startled her. The repression in his voice terrified her more than any outcry.

"I am devoured by it, flayed by it, every hour, every minute!"

"You, Dick!"

"But there is worse than remorse. The torture of the thing that has caused the remorse, that stabs out the remorse, poor, futile remorse, just as the pounding of a greater pain consumes the smarting of a lesser. What is remorse to the persistence of the fury that causes it?"

"It is n't," said Marjorie, frightened and incoherent—"that is n't remorse; that's revenge."

"How do you know?" he cried sharply.

Her face gleamed at him white and drawn in the gloom. "Did I not have hatred in my heart for Nance?" she whispered.

"And I!" he responded, as one dazed.

They watched each other in the dim light, the familiar outlines of the room forgotten, their own personalities lost in the glimpse each had of the other's soul. It was the silence of the room speaking as she whispered the one word:

"You!"

Tremayne laughed with jarring mirth.

"It is the way some men love, you know. 'Capacity for joy admits temptation.' Extremes meet. I knew a man once—a clergyman, by the way—who cut his bride's throat on their marriage night. And I never heard that she loved another man either."

"Dick!" Marjorie cried, aghast; for Tremayne had risen as he

spoke, and the suppressed bitterness in his tones made the words seem to pelt her in the face. Also a meaning in them, just beyond her ken, ran through her with a chill, nameless sense of further unhappiness for some one.

She rose, too, and went toward him where he stood by the open window, through which the last rays of the twilight came in, scented from the little garden below. She put her hand, white and shaken, upon his arm.

"Tell me, dear," she pleaded, "what you meant by what you said last. Does *she* love another? And whom? Do not try to spare me."

Tremayne stood away from her at the words. For a long moment their faces were turned to each other. There was no need of speech.

"Good God!" he then muttered. "And we speak of the law of life!"

## X.

ON the wide, jalousied veranda of her island house Nance was sitting with Marjorie, awaiting the reappearance of her other guests. It was the hour following upon that of the afternoon siesta, and, the greater heat of the day gone, the sea began to stir under inconstant puffs of wind that cooled the perfumed flowers of the oleanders before the house, and rustled the lofty tops of the majestic palmettos near the old fort. Nance had thrown back the double slatted-doors at the head of the steps leading down to the sandy ground, so that the whole sweep of the exquisite bay stretched before them, with the many-spired city lying in a tender haze of purple and blue upon the breast of the waters, or gleaming like a carbuncle when struck by the slanting rays of the sun.

In the weeks intervening since Marjorie's convalescence, the two women had become far more companionable than Nance had ever dared hope. The winning of Marjorie's consent to leave the city and join the household on the Island had been accomplished with an ease that had surprised Nance. She had, however, made this consent less difficult by having in her party only those whom she knew the girl would care to meet at this period of her mourning. It was a small party at most, for Nance had dedicated this summer to two purposes: the winning of Marjorie's complete regard, and the bringing about of the girl's engagement to Thuel Darrell.

With this latter object in view, she had entered into communication with Darrell to the effect that upon any day he chose after a certain date his yacht was to steam into the harbor and drop anchor somewhere opposite the flag—a large crimson one with a golden N—which it was the duty of one of her servants to keep flying, and which returned the occasional salutes of passing steamers. Of this mild plot Marjorie knew nothing, and as the time had come when at any hour

a strange yacht might steam up and stop before the house, Nance could not restrain a twofold nervousness from assailing her. Not only was she uncertain of Marjorie's attitude towards Darrell; she was even more uncertain of the treachery of her own heart under the ordeal she had imposed upon it.

It had not been until her unbidden love had made the possible construction which Darrell might put upon her previous marriage a repellent thing to Nance, and so showed her through the swift illumination of a poignant sympathy how the world at large might have viewed that act, that thought of anything like atonement for the outcome of that unfortunate marriage had definitely possessed her. Moreover, it had always been a source of regret to Nance that the will by which she had become rich had excluded from their share in that wealth the two whom she most gladly would have had benefit by it. To deflect any of it to Tremayne, his indignant father had made impossible. It was only by Nance's death or marriage that Marjorie could inherit. There was to her in the thought of gaining Darrell's love for Marjorie, at whatever cost of pain to herself, something of an act of restitution that went as a balm to the sore places of her heart.

Marjorie's complete surrender of her former attitude of dislike and distrust had somewhat amazed Nance. Not even her knowledge of the impetuosity of the girl's character could fully explain it; still less could it explain a subtle reserve of tenderness, an intangible hint of an underlying instinct of protection, which Nance felt in Marjorie's bearing. She wondered whether it was possible that with the need for the exercise of her maternal instinct for Fairfax no longer existent, Marjorie's nature should have shifted this trait to include her. Whatever the quality was, it interposed a little touch of mystery about the girl that baffled Nance.

It was of this thing that Nance was thinking as they sat together on the shaded veranda. Before them the sun, its gold already taking on the copper hue that would turn to vermilion a little later, threw the heavy beams of its light as a mantle upon the emerald waters. The hard, wide beach was suddenly becoming filled with the afternoon crowd in vehicles and afoot, out for the air in the brief hour before the twilight should fall, sensuous and soft, from the warm sky. So long had the silence between them lasted, that Nance started as Marjorie spoke.

"Why do you never see Dick Tremayne?"

Nance pondered her answer a moment. Their present friendship, based on so flagrant an enmity as the girl's feelings for her had been, admitted of no subterfuge in serious things and none of the cheapnesses of conventional politeness.

"It is of his own wish," she replied, meeting her questioner's look frankly.

"Dick was always one to want the whole loaf or nothing at all," said Marjorie, with a comprehensive sententiousness.

"Most men are, don't you think?"

"It all seems so far from me, this summer—all thoughts of men, I mean," Marjorie returned, palpable reserve in her manner. It was not the first time that she had attempted to give the impression that her fancies did not include any attachment in her life greater than her present friendship for Nance herself.

Puzzled now more by the expression in Marjorie's eyes than by the words she had said, Nance made no reply. Her secret weighed upon her at the moment heavily. If the girl really spoke her true mind, Darrell's appearance upon the scene might prove anything but to his advantage. Just while these thoughts possessed her, however, others of her guests joined them, and Nance turned her attention to the tea tray.

Marjorie's manner would have been clear enough to Nance had she known of that half-hour of surcharged emotion between the girl and Tremayne when he had so inadvertently disclosed the secret of the true nature of Nance's regard for Darrell. From the instant of her realization of this, Marjorie had unhesitatingly chosen her course. In her present state of mind it appeared to her as a God-given opportunity for her redemption from the sin of her former hatred for Nance and its narrow escape from dire consequences that she should now immolate her love on the altar of her gratitude and repentance. How she was to succeed in doing this in any active manner, she could not yet foresee, but she had mentally renounced her love for Darrell from the moment that she knew Nance loved him, and it was her ever-present desire to be active in this self-sacrifice that lent to her manner the touch of brooding gentleness that had so puzzled Nance.

When Darrell arrived, however, three days later, Marjorie left no doubt in Nance's mind as to the difficulty he was to experience in his suit with the girl. She was not perverse. She was frankly equable. She was also impenetrable. His being there as Nance's guest relieved Marjorie of all personal responsibility for his entertainment, and it was then that she began to cultivate so assiduously the companionship of Miss Isabella and Miss Susan De Vaux, whose house lay just beyond Nance's own.

Nance was at a loss, and provoked. She read in Marjorie's actions a determined plan to avoid Darrell, and she was the more annoyed by this inasmuch as she did not desire to be thrown so much with him herself. It was one thing to bring herself to the consummation of a heroic deed; it was quite another thing to have the strength of her love fed by the influence of intimate contact with its object. For Darrell, cheated of his desires, and his longing fanned into more ardent flame



by the counter-current of Marjorie's aloofness, made large and constant draughts upon Nance's sympathy and friendliness.

At first this appeal and the consequent stirring of her tenderness for him distressed Nance. With all the youthful virility of his nature, Darrell was possessed of qualities of boyishness which made him at times the kind of man that women delight in influencing, and for a little while Nance found it hard to relegate into the oblivion where she sought to keep it the real sentiment of her regard for him. The irony of the situation, however, struck her with a saving sense of humor, and Darrell's complete unconsciousness of the rôle he was exacting of her gave her an unforeseen source of strength. Almost imperceptibly her task grew easy.

The checkmate which Marjorie had called against him was, in fact, one of the few great refusals which Darrell's will had ever known, and as he had never been so seriously in love before, the intensity of his disappointment was very real. He could think and talk of nothing else when alone with Nance. One day, as they rode along the beach, he said:

"It is not that I should be afraid to put my chances to the test, but she makes one feel so vividly that he has no chances to put. Yet at one time I could have thought she liked me."

"So she did," laughed Nance, leaning over her horse's side to watch the sharp impression the hoofs made on the hard sand. "I think, though, Marjory has more than the usual amount of feminine perversity. Just see how she resisted me, for instance!"

"Do you think it's Tremayne?" Darrell asked miserably. It was early in the morning, and they had the first fresh beauty of the day to themselves. The sea lay beside them like a sheet of chrysolite, touched to gold in its distant stretches by the pale glory of the early sun.

"No," returned Nance, with prompt decision; "I think it is only herself. I do not understand Marjorie."

But had Nance been able to see the queer, pained little smile that contracted Marjorie's face for an instant before she was able to banish it, as she watched the two ride up half an hour later, she might have understood better.

Things were in this condition when, late one afternoon, Marjorie, having dodged the party made up by Nance for a visit to the fort, had gone instead to call on Miss Susan De Vaux. Not finding the old lady at home, however, she had returned to Nance's deserted house. Its silence, the speechlessness that lay upon the rooms as something positive, impressed her almost with a touch of the uncanny. She noticed that a silver-winged butterfly had strayed into the main hall, hovering with lazy motions of its wings over a vase of crimson oleanders. And then, as though the silence were resolved into it, she became conscious of the persistent booming of the sea.

With a despairing movement, she passed through the great hall and out on the veranda. As she did so, coming toward her up the front walk with his purposeful stride was Darrell.

"It is not coincidence," he greeted her. "I knew you would be here alone, and I came for you."

"How did you know it?" Marjorie asked. She was trembling at the unexpected sight of him. The conflict of her emotions lent a sharp tang of acidity to her words. Darrell did not seem to notice it.

"I might say by intuition, by the certainty of the uncertain, by reason of my desire that if I came here for you I should find you here. As a matter of fact, we met the old ladies out driving with their reverend guest, the bishop, and so I knew you had missed them. Don't tell me that I am intruding upon your peaceful solitude, for I know it already. At the same time, I am glad."

Even had she not loved him, it would have been hard to meet with rebuff such wholesome candor of word and expression. Yet Marjorie tried to be disagreeable.

"I was horribly lonely and bored, I admit, but that is no reason why you should be, or miss your visit to the fort in pleasant company."

"I could n't be the former *now*," he asserted, "and as for the pleasant company, I hoped you would go back with me."

"The fort always makes me gloomy."

"Then, will you walk with me? The beach is perfect this afternoon."

A shade of genuine annoyance flitted across her face. She was dressed in the Southern girl's costume of simple white mull, the only sign of mourning about her being the string of dull black beads that lay against her bare throat. Darrell was watching her minutely.

"Why do you always ask me things I must refuse?" she demanded, the annoyance also in her voice.

"Why must you always refuse?"

She had no answer for that, and slowly a faint color crept into her cheeks and up to her brow, tingeing the beauty of her ear. The look of admiration in his eyes threw her into a frightened petulance.

"I hate persistency," she cried, "and questions."

"So long as you do not hate me——" he returned, audacious.

"And how do you know I don't?" and there was enough vehemence in the tones to give him pause. Then he spoke, the banter all gone from his voice.

"Because you have no reason. Because we were once good friends. Because I've done nothing—nothing that I am aware of—to make us otherwise. Because I hold you too true a woman to give a man scorn in return for his——"

Marjorie rose hurriedly.

"If we are going to talk here all afternoon we might as well be walking," she said, startled and ungracious. "Let us go toward the fort. We might meet some of the others returning."

Big as he was, and looking bigger in the yachting flannels he wore, Darrell felt rather boyish under the sting of her apparent contempt.

"Don't you think you are a bit unjust to me?" he asked, after they had passed down the walk, and picked their steps over the loose sand to the firmness of the beach, and he had come up alongside of her. "Possibly I did come down here too soon again, or was a fool to imagine that I should be desired at all at any time, but you had made me feel I was a friend, at least, and, of course, you know I came solely to see you."

Marjorie felt the sting of tears, but she opened her eyes wide on a shaded belt of the sea. To have him think her ungrateful for his friendship in the day of her trouble, or forgetful of it, was more than she could endure. And he had come to see her! She could not restrain a throb of joy to hear him say that. Her heart was beating thickly, but she clung to her armor of unkindness in a quick terror of her love for him.

"You are unjust to me to think I have forgotten," she cried. "I shall never forget your kindness."

"I shall never forget you."

"We have a right to our memories," she emphasized. "They belong to our past."

Darrell would not accept her rebuff.

"We are our past," he said gravely.

"In a sense. And yet is there anything more dead than our past emotions?"

She saw the dull color mount under the tan of his skin, and she knew by his silence that she had dealt him a cruel thrust. With her own heart aching within her, she felt surge through her a savage anger, a blind lust to hurt where she loved. She turned to him so abruptly that he stood still, his body squarely outlined against the background of the darkening sea.

"You remind me of the most bitter days of my life," she said, "and you come back into my life when what I thought was going to be the light of day has become black night again. There is nothing beautiful to me in my past. I cannot see anything beautiful in the future. When one loses faith and hope, what is there left?"

Unconsciously her upbraiding had fallen into a plea to him.

"Love," he whispered in answer.

"For some, perhaps." There was terror in her eyes.

"Surely for you!"

She turned away, and in silence they resumed their walk. A great desire pursued Marjorie to be able to end the bitterness of her active

struggle against him and his hovering love, which she knew drew closer to its full declaration with every passing hour and with every apparent rebuff. She sought for a positive way in which to make him believe that she could never care for him, but against such treachery to her soul her whole being rebelled. Yet she could not let him offer her his love. She dared not let him do this thing. Hurriedly she began to speak, blindly, not stopping to choose either words or thoughts.

"When you knew me first I was a very different person. I had faith. You know how strong it was. You saw it shattered, horribly shattered. And, like a poisonous thing, I sought to strike at the very hand that had done most to shield my poor faith from the deadening truth. You know how I hated Nance Tremayne. You know how wonderful was her care for me. You know what I sought to bring upon her. I think I was mad during those days, for Fairfax had been my hope and my pride, and to see him dead in dishonor broke my heart. Then came my illness. It was just like a snake sloughing its skin. It seemed to purge me, and I began life anew—or thought I did. What had been tangled before, some power outside of me seemed to have straightened. There were fresh springs in my heart, and I thought that out of the old frustration and mistake and disappointment there would come a new life of agreement. But it did not. It was all another tangle. The course that would have been clear in the past became as blocked as the old course had been. It was only a difference of perspective, after all. And it is not only my way that is twisted, but Nance Tremayne's is also, and Dick's, and of course your own, too. We all want what we can't get, and won't give what is wanted of us."

She stopped at the sight of the expression on his face.

"What do you want? What do you want of me, Marjorie?"

For an instant the rush of her temptation staggered her. Then her brain cleared, and she deliberately hushed the siren voice of her soul's desire. The moment was such as comes to the drowning, hovering between the infinities of life and eternity. With her name sweet in her ears as his tongue had called it, she knew that she could have his love at the fall of an eyelid. And she yearned for his love, knowing that it was hers, and that her own heart quickened within her at the mere thought of his bodily nearness. Then she remembered Nance—the relentlessness of her own enmity against her, Nance's long-suffering and many deeds of unselfish devotion, and, greatest of all, Nance's resolution to renounce in her favor this man who stood before her now, awaiting his answer. It was her moment, she knew, the moment for which she had schooled herself, which she had even an instant before sought to compass. It had come, yet Marjorie hesitated.

She heard Darrell repeat his question, as he stepped nearer to her. Just the breathing of their souls seemed to lie between them.

"What do you want of me, Marjorie?" he murmured, and she knew—of such minor need are words in the greater potency of the sweep of the spirit—that the question was not a question, but an affirmation.

She raised her eyes to his. In his she saw the full intensity of the love that waited her breath for the mastery of them both. Fearlessly she looked. Then, as he drew nearer, her words came.

"Make Nance Tremayne happy with your love," she cried, and turned and left him, dazed and wondering at the light of triumph that had flashed through the dark misery in her eyes.

## XI.

STANDING on the bridge of the *Nedra*, dressed in a yachting suit of white flannel, Nance Tremayne let her eye follow the receding familiar lines of the bay as the boat sped seaward. Darrell stood beside her.

There was something in the silence that they maintained for several moments which made it pregnant with meaning. The glance of the woman, at first roving, had settled itself unseeing upon a certain spire of the distant city. As it dipped suddenly behind the grim mass of the fortress in middle view, she turned to her companion. His eyes, too, had been resting, without discernment, on the billowing wake of the yacht.

"The more I think of it, the surer I am," said Nance. "You do Marjorie a great injustice to think she was actuated by a petty jealousy. Whatever her motive, however quixotic, I have reason to know she was sincere."

"But——" exclaimed Darrell, and stopped. Nance went on speaking. There was a calm repose about her manner that in some way impressed Darrell with a sense of the wisdom of her words.

"I insisted upon your telling me just what she had said to you, for I know that Marjorie has been through a mental crisis that has left her perhaps not quite clear as to her responsibilities and obligation, or what she considers such. She may have misconstrued our friendliness. I am sure that if she thought she had any reason at all for supposing that you and I were not merely the best of good friends, she would never show you her real feelings for you."

As she spoke, Nance compelled her eyes to hold his own. She was surprised to find that it required less heroic effort than she had feared. There was not so much as the tremor of a muscle, and her voice sounded deliciously cool and even. In her own mind there was not a shadow of doubt now as to the meaning of Marjorie's puzzling behavior for some weeks past. The girl's instinct, Nance knew with unerring instinct of her own, had divined the secret of her love for Darrell. Possibly—and at the thought Nance drew her breath quicker—Tremayne had disclosed the truth to Marjorie. The next moment she had acquitted him



of any intentional betrayal. The thought, however, once in her mind, established itself there more firmly with amazing swiftness. She could now understand Marjorie's touch of aloofness amid all the new-found affection of the girl's manner. She could understand her proud refusal to encourage Darrell's suit.

When Marjorie had declined to accompany the party Darrell had invited for a short cruise on the *Nedra*, Nance had gone direct to him for an explanation. What she had learned from him made many things clear to her which had been inexplicable before. Startled at first lest Darrell might have been led to suspect the true nature of her regard for him, by her very daring in thus dealing with him in plain words she had succeeded in keeping any such suspicion from entering his mind. His frequent attendance upon Nance as a result of Marjorie's avoidance of him had given color, so Darrell believed, to the girl's hurt suspicion. He reproached himself remorsefully for this, but Nance by her ease of demeanor had banished his remorse, and his sense of relief was great that, whatever Marjorie might have thought, Nance had never misunderstood his feeling toward her.

That she might have now a moment to herself to consider the part Tremayne had played in this tangle of purposes, Nance asked Darrell to go in search of a wrap for her. Left alone, she turned her face to the wind, and drew a long breath.

A strange sensation of freedom was upon her. From what it really came she did not yet know. Out of the dim, wide reaches of the sea, out of the sapphire sky against which the slight rising of the boat seemed to lift her, out of the hopelessness of her love for Darrell, which was a thing so little dreamed of by him that not even the calling of his attention to it served to make him recognize it—out of what came this strange sense of exhilaration born even in the moment of her humiliation?

Thoughts of Tremayne had been absent from her mind of late. At first in the adjustment of her new relations with Marjorie she had had full scope for her mind and heart, and, once that adjustment had taken place, Darrell had come upon the scene. Her sense of humor had early been enlisted in the rôle she had had to enact, and almost against her will Nance had found that little by little she had come to regard her sentiment for Darrell from an impersonal point of view. She was not a woman whose nature would for long be capable of bestowing its deeper emotions where they were unrecognized. The latest move in the game of her self-abnegation had pushed her, in her proper person, entirely from the boards. Curiously enough, while waiting for Darrell's return with her coat, she found herself thinking not of him, but of Dick Tremayne.

She was amazed at the flood of tenderness that overflowed her h

as she recalled his devotion and his present discouragement. She realized how she would miss him once her life resumed its wonted tenor, realized by the force of her recurrent thought of him now how she missed him already. And how must he be missing her! She was aware that for him there would be no compensation for her absence from his life. No matter how long it might be before she turned to him, he would wait, she knew, for the day when she might need him. Had that day already come?

Nance stood very erect in the teeth of the wind. Every mental cobweb, she felt, it had blown from her brain. The yacht was now well out to sea, and rose over the long swell with the easy motion of a bird upon the wing. Nance knew that her soul had also passed out upon a wider sea of being. So this was the way one grew into the light! Without thought of being taken, without the pangs of growth, easily as a ship is wafted to the open sea! It all seemed so clear to her now—and so inevitable! The moment had brought her nothing that the past years had not lavished at her feet—nothing except her own awakened vision. Had love for Tremayne run through the inner fibres of her being, as some stream deep under the surface of the earth, to break forth the stronger for the long repression?

She turned to greet Darrell with a brilliant smile and a word of thanks. He had brought another of his guests, and Nance was glad. It relieved her of the necessity of much speech.

## XII.

UNDER the light of a moon so splendid that all but the most brilliant stars had gone out, the beach gleamed like a sheet of molten silver stretching between the silent white sand and the heaving mystery of the phosphorescent sea. The night, soft and steeped in nameless perfumes, pulsed audibly in its own vast stillness.

The two women had not spoken for many minutes. No one who saw them in the close intimacy of their silence would have supposed that but a few months previous an enmity almost tragic had existed between them.

Marjorie, indeed, was dumb with surprise at what the other woman had just told her, and under her surprise moved a deep joy, as yet but dimly comprehended, but which she felt might at any instant overflow and fill the centres of her soul with a wonderful new life.

For if Nance loved Richard Tremayne, then she was free to let her love go out to the man of her choice. She dared not as yet give her love full wings. It was well, she whispered to her heart, that sympathy with Nance tempered the joy of this revelation that had been made to her.

"And so, you see," said Nance, breaking the long silence, "I do not

know what I can do. I think I must have loved him ever since that moment when he made me wound him so cruelly by telling him that I loved another, and I think I ceased to love that other as I said those words. We women are such strange creatures, Marjorie. But just because I love Dick now beyond all shadow of a doubt, I cannot, as once I might have done, go to him. And he will not come to me."

She turned her face aside quickly, but not so quickly that Marjorie had not seen that her eyes were filled with tears.

"But you have not asked him to come," cried the girl, in sudden pity.

Nance nodded her head affirmatively.

"I have, dear. That is just what is troubling me. Before he turned from me in his wounded anger, he often told me to let him know if I ever needed him, and he would come to me. A week ago I telegraphed for him—just as soon as my heart had told me I needed him above all others—but he has paid no attention to me. You say you saw him while we were on the yacht, so he must have received my message."

Marjorie was thinking. Of course if her cousin had heard of Darrell's arrival on the Island—and she knew he had—he would have thought it a confirmation of Nance's avowal of her love. She knew Tremayne's disposition, and she knew, too, that his anger against Nance would not be soothed by the presence of Darrell in her home. She was about to speak when Nance interrupted.

"Never mind," she sighed. "It serves me right, I suppose, for not knowing my own mind. When I could I would n't, and now I need n't expect when I would that I can. Besides, I guess he'll keep, and he will be obliged to meet me sooner or later. Even if he came down here, I could not propose to him"—with a rueful laugh.

She led the way to a breakwater which extended its rugged line out into the sea. The ocean lay so still under the fullness of the moon and in the might of its own flood tide that the rocks were dry, and they found seats on the extreme point, where the waters lapped and broke with scarce more than the force of an artificial lake. Yet Nance knew that just at their feet swept the most deadly current along the beach.

"What a world of contradictions it is?" she observed musingly. "Now, there"—she nodded to the brilliant waters where the white sails of a ship bound seaward could be traced in the ghostlike glimmer of light—"is that boat. It is tacking one way in order to go another. And I had to go wrong for years in order to get right—if I ever do get right, which is to say Dick, who is now all wrong."

She laughed again, letting fall from her fingers a bit of rock into the sightless depths of the sea.

"And I," said Marjorie, "have muddled things horribly, too."

Nance turned to her quickly.

"Your course now is as plain as the nose on your face, my dear. For goodness' sake, be direct when he comes to you, and say yes at once. As a matter of fact, both of the men have known from the first whom they wanted, but no greater goose ever waddled than the average woman in love."

She rose reluctantly, lingering as loath to go.

"The old ladies are coming over for a rubber of whist," she explained. "I wish they'd play bridge, but they won't. Do you care to play?"

Marjorie did not.

"Don't drag me in," she pleaded. "I want to be alone for a while."

"Make the most of your opportunity," advised Nance, gathering up her trailing skirts in one hand as she turned away, "for I think you are approaching the days of *solitude à deux*."

She went slowly over the uneven rocks, stopping from time to time to drink in the gorgeous beauty of the night. Abruptly through the silence about her ran the sound of the bells on Darrell's yacht, ringing the change of watch. The Island itself slept an enchanted sleep.

The mood of unusual despondency that had been upon her for days lifted as by the touch of a magic wand. Once more her love, as when first it revealed itself to her on board the yacht, possessed her to the exclusion of all doubt or uncertainty. All her fears vanished. She realized with a new prescience that Tremayne's very silence and refusal to come to her meant only that he loved her with a power to which he dared not yield. She broke into song as she moved slowly up her front walk, soft, low, full-throated notes such as a bird sings in its dreams to its mate.

At the foot of the stairs Darrell met her.

"Where is Marjorie?" he asked.

Nance pointed to the dark back of the breakwater.

"She does n't know it," she said, "but she is really waiting out there for you. She thinks she wants to be alone, but I know better, and you could n't have a lovelier night."

She saw him color darkly, but his eyes, glowing, looked steadily into her own.

"You have been awfully good to me, Mrs. Tremayne," he murmured. "I'll never forget it."

"Nonsense!" returned Nance. Her lips quivered into a quick-smile. "You owe your good fortune entirely to your own singleness of purpose."

She watched him swing down the walk, through the gateway, over the white sand to the gleaming beach beyond. Smiling still, she turned

as she saw his white-clad figure outlined against the dark stretch of the breakwater. A moment later she went in to her guests.

Marjorie had risen, and stood very near the edge of the masonry wall. Almost at her feet the mass of the ocean lifted and fell, breaking in the dark crevices of the rocks into sparks of fire that ran like living serpents until spent. There was scarcely enough breeze to flutter the light draperies of the white gown she wore.

She had not heard the sound of Darrell's approach, and now he stood a little distance behind her, watching, his love quickening within him. It was not hesitancy that held him still. Indeed, the primal fire ran coursing through his veins, and he lingered only because sure that the moment was his own. Then, as he saw a sigh lift the girl's bosom, he stepped nearer to her.

"Marjorie," he whispered, and it seemed to her that the word and the tones of his voice took form out of the splendors of the night about them. "Marjorie," he whispered again, lower, more vibrantly still.

She trembled, but for a soundless instant did not move. The next moment she turned toward him with a glad little cry in her throat, holding out to him her hands. And, leaning toward her, Darrell gathered her in his arms.

### XIII.

WHEN Nance's summons reached him, Tremayne had just learned of Darrell's presence as a guest at her house, and coupled with this information had come the rumor of her engagement. He had thrown the telegram aside with an overpowering sense of revulsion, but gradually as the days had gone by there grew a pain at his heart over his neglect of her appeal. Though he believed her motive in sending for him was to get purely practical advice of some sort, she had nevertheless taken him at his word, and called upon him in terms of his own allegiance.

To respond to the summons now that ten days had elapsed would, he was aware, be but the fulfilling of the letter of his pledge to her, but because of the fact that his going was by this time shorn of all sentiment and possibly of all practical result, Tremayne welcomed it the more as a mental castigation.

He chose a boat that would get him to the Island at an hour when he was quite sure Nance would be at home. But when he reached the house at last, it was to find it occupied only by the servants. They told him that Mrs. Tremayne and the others were lunching on the *Nedra*.

"I shall wait, then," he said. "Or perhaps you can get word to your mistress that I am here."

The man bowed, and Tremayne made his way into the darkened



sitting-room. There were no parlors in this summer house, but the large hall formed at one end a larger room, and here was the great fireplace which was used in late autumn evenings or when Nance gave a winter picnic.

Tremayne knew the place well, and the memories he had of it made him hate it now. On the table, now heaped with the latest books and magazines, he remembered ladling out punch for Nance's guests.

It seemed to him years ago since all this had been. Then he had always been Nance's champion by universal consent, her chevalier among the men who were her good friends. And now he had ceased to be in her life at all. His mind turned to Darrell. What might have been the reward of his own years of devotion, had Darrell never appeared? And he had been the one to give Darrell back his life—he and Marjorie! And it had been done that they both might suffer.

He turned at the sound of a step crossing the wide veranda beyond, and Nance was before him. In the instant, at sight of her, the blood reeled to Tremayne's brain. He spoke without volition.

"I come in obedience to your summons."

He had never seen her look just as she did then. He was dimly aware that she wore a brown linen yachting suit, that her face and neck and beautiful arms were slightly tanned, and that her hair, a little loosened, supported jauntily the visored cap that gave her a very boyish look. He could not see the full expression in her eyes, but her lips curved into a cool smile.

"I believe I summoned you by telegram, Dick. You seem to have come by slow default of anything else to do."

"I should apologize," he returned stiffly, her manner baffling him. "I am aware that I have failed you as well as myself."

"And you are doing penance—it sticks out all over you. And to come at this hour of the day! Why did you?"

"Perhaps I am incommoding you," he replied. "If you will tell me in what way I may be permitted to serve you, you may then rejoice your friends."

"I have no desire to be with my friends. They do not need me."

"At the same time——" he began.

"You have no desire to be with me. Your conduct, past and present, shows that absolutely."

He attempted no answer. That he was deeply annoyed, Nance knew. His manner hinted to her strongly of his jealous passion as she had once before seen him exhibit it. Watching him closely, she knew that she understood aright the meaning of his ignoring her call upon her services, that he had heard of Darrell's presence at the Island and had put the perhaps obvious construction on it.

She rose from her chair to meet the man bringing in on a salver

certain glasses and bottles and a bowl of cracked ice, with pungent limes. Putting these things on the table, she made the drink, measuring the ingredients carefully. Without a word, she handed the sparkling glass to Tremayne. Then she went back to her chair, and waited for him to drink.

Tremayne hesitated, the glass in his hand, uncertain whether the ease of her manner was not tinged with contempt. As he had watched her prepare the drink, he had tingled to the subtle flattery of her memory as to his taste, but at this other thought the blood fled from his veins. He was about to replace the untouched glass upon the table when Nance spoke.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Dick? Did you not wish to keep your promise to me, that you should be angry with me for reminding you of it?"

Tremayne set his glass down untasted.

"My promise was, of course, contingent on circumstances," he returned, his voice strained and shaken.

"My need of you, I thought."

He bowed his head in stern acquiescence.

"Well!"

She could see that he was bitterly angry. His hands gripped the chair he sat in, and he was silent only because he dared not give way to speech. Nance understood why she felt no anger at being so misjudged, why she was conscious of no particular emotion of resentment beyond a certain strange judicial desire to bring him to a sense of his own unreason. She determined, however, that she would not allow Tremayne to humor his morbid impulse for self-persecution.

It was not so easy to select her words, and she sat regarding him with a scrutiny that revealed to her the traces of the weeks of mental suffering through which he had passed. A swift sympathy ran through her. She realized that even his anger was a gauge of his love for her; that if it was ungenerous, it crucified itself the more. She was smitten with a quick compassion for the human weakness of his strength. Abruptly, as she watched him, he rose.

"It seems that we have both misunderstood," he said unsteadily. "Doubtless your reason for wanting me has been gainsaid by my neglect to come sooner, and my tardy object in coming has been utterly frustrated. If there is nothing which I may do for you, will you let me go now?"

"There is much that you may do for me," she replied softly.

Tremayne turned to her with unchecked eagerness.

"Then let me know, and let me go. I cannot stand this. If I may be of active use to you, I shall be so much the more pleased."

The conventional courtesy of his last words was a triumph of self-

mastery, as Nance knew. How dearly bought a triumph, the set lines of his face, the veins that stood out upon his temples, showed clearly. Her compassion deepened.

"I sent for you to stay—not to go," she told him, looking up to him as he stood before her, his face averted. She saw his muscles contract under the words, which he understood only in their narrow sense.

"I cannot," he muttered. "I can tear you out of my life. I cannot—I will not—endure the torture of seeing you as I must."

He did not notice her face illumed by the glow of a joy that seemed to light even the softness of her hair, but at her glad words he turned upon her fiercely.

"Then you do love me still, Dick!"

"I hate you! God knows I'd have it otherwise, if I could, but I am not one to love lightly and lightly have my love denied."

"Thank God you are not!" Nance cried, rising to her feet and moving toward him. "Will you marry me, Dick, for a love to match your own?"

She held out her arms to him, but Tremayne stood still. His laugh was not pleasant to hear, but Nance did not heed it.

"That is why I sent for you, Dick, because I suddenly knew that you had been right through all these years; that even when I did not know it I must have been loving you; that I could not do without you, Dick; that because I had denied your love so often, I owed it to you to tell you now that I loved you."

Tremayne stood dazed.

"And he—Darrell?" he muttered brokenly.

"I do not love him."

Tremayne laughed again.

"I know it sounds shallow and feeble," Nance went on—she had thrown aside her cap, and the beauty of her hair restored to her all of her seriousness of mien—"and I cannot explain it. I suppose it must be that love, like life, turns toward the light, and my feeling for him fell from me like a dry chrysalis under my knowledge that he held me as nothing in his life, while you held me as all."

"You had known that I had done so for years," he said.

"Ah, but I had never really loved!"

He took bitter thought of her words.

"Perhaps there are natures in whom love develops by degrees of practice."

"It does in most women."

"And after it has developed?" he asked, his tone still tinged with cynicism.

"No man's can surpass it for steadfastness."

He was trembling from head to foot now, and his lips twitched

painfully. There was not a trace of blood in the pallor of his face. She waited for him to speak—waited, it seemed to her, an eternity.

"And you mean to say that, after all, you love me, and want my love?"

"I mean to say that *before* and *above* all I love you, and must have your love."

"My God!" he murmured, and as he turned to her, tears that seared blinded his eyes.

Some three hours later Nance again stood before Tremayne, delicately flushed, tremulous, but very resolute withal. She had discarded her yachting costume, and now in simplest white, even to her hat and shoes, yet with some indefinable significance of touch about her dress and bearing that would have marked her apart in a crowd of women, she waited for his approval.

"You are beautiful," he said simply.

The color in her face deepened. Her eyes, dark with emotion, sought his.

"I am happy, and I am ready."

He approached her closer, taking both of her hands in his. For a long moment they stood so, without words, their eyes eloquent beyond the power of speech. Then he stooped and put his lips on hers.

"Come," he whispered. "They will be waiting for us."

Outside, the day, blazing in its afternoon splendor, greeted them with a silence of air and sea. Lying at her moorings, white and gleaming, was the *Nedra*, her brilliant awnings drawn against the glare of the sunlit waters, which stretched, burgeoned gold, to the shimmering of the azure sky.

It was but a short walk to the De Vaux cottage, and neither Nance nor Tremayne spoke on the way. Miss Susan, straightening her lace cap, met them at the door. She was deliciously mysterious, and actually held up her finger as Nance spoke.

"It is lovely of you to lend us your bishop, and your room, and your countenance, dear Miss Susan. I fear we have spoiled your afternoon nap, but I had kept Dick waiting for so many years I had to let him come to you to help us out now. Besides, we might not have been left alone again as we were this afternoon, and I want my marriage to be a wedding present to Marjorie."

"My dear," the old lady whispered, laying a hand each on Tremayne and Nance, "Isabella and I would gladly have given you a whole year of our beauty sleep—not that you need a wink of it, however. You are lovely. It was providential that the bishop was here, was it not? He and Isabella are inside. Now go right in. I'll follow. You won't mind if I'm a little tearful? I always am at weddings."

## SHUFFLING THE DIPLO- MATIC COURT-CARDS

*By René Bache*

THAT the movement for reform in our diplomatic service, which the Administration is pushing so hard, should encounter a good deal of opposition in Congress, and especially in the House of Representatives, is inevitable, inasmuch as it is proposed to take away from the politicians all the patronage of appointments to salaried places abroad, and to establish a merit system practically guaranteeing life-tenure in office to the faithful and efficient. There is nothing that a legislator in Washington balks at so obstinately as the creation of a government position to be held for life; for he knows that his constituents look upon anything of the kind as a robbery perpetrated at their expense.

Nevertheless, it is only by placing the service on some sort of permanent basis, with a proper system of promotion and a guarantee of continuous employment, that it can possibly be cleared of the incompetents who now encumber it, and supplied with the capable, energetic, and ambitious young men whose abilities it so urgently requires. Up to the present time, unfortunately, the minor diplomatic appointments have been controlled to a great extent by social influences. If, for example, a great lady asked the President—or it might be the Secretary of State—to give her nephew a secretaryship at one of our legations abroad, it was not always easy to refuse the favor. The capacity of the candidate was not taken into consideration; and, indeed, the more brainless and good-for-nothing the scion of a wealthy and fashionable family, the more likely he was to be pushed into the service, as a means of getting rid of him.

As a first step in the direction of excluding such incompetents, the President recently issued an order requiring that in future applicants for minor diplomatic positions shall, as a preliminary to appointment, pass a rigid examination in international law and the usages of diplomacy. They must also be familiar with at least one foreign language. It is provided that such examinations shall be held from time to time at the Department of State, in Washington, upon due notice given to candidates.



It is believed that by guaranteeing permanence of employment (conditioned, of course, upon satisfactory work and behavior), with opportunity for earning promotion, a sufficient inducement would be offered to attract clever men, whose brains might be turned to practical account for the advancement of the nation's interests. None but capable candidates being admitted, those who entered would advance steadily upward through merit. A young man, newly appointed, would begin as a subordinate secretary to a legation of lesser importance, perhaps at some South American capital. Thence, if he did well, he would be transferred to a more desirable place, and in the course of time he would rise to the grade of first secretary in an embassy. Next he would become chargé d'affaires somewhere, then minister resident, and finally minister plenipotentiary, if his efforts were sufficiently meritorious. Indeed, there is no reason why he might not in occasional instances reach the rank of ambassador.

Such things, in fact, have already happened. In the diplomatic service of this country to-day are several men who have risen out of the ranks to high places. For example, Henry White, our ambassador to Italy, was formerly a secretary of legation at Vienna and at London. W. Woodville Rockhill, our minister to China, was a secretary at Peking, and afterwards chief clerk of the Department of State at Washington. Edwin V. Morgan, our minister to Cuba, has had a somewhat varied experience in the consular service and as secretary and minister at Seoul, Korea; and Richmond Pearson, our minister to Persia, was formerly consul at Liège and at Genoa.



The Administration's plan of reform, it is understood, contemplates the creation of a corps of perhaps twenty-five young men, who will be attached to the Diplomatic Bureau in the Department of State while undergoing instruction and training for secretaryships—that is to say, for entering the lowest grade of the service. At the end of two years they will be sent abroad, and their places taken by fresh appointees. After four years' work in the legations they will come back to spend a year or two in the department. Then they will have another tour of foreign duty, followed by a term at home, and so on, the idea being that they shall give to the department the benefit of the fresh knowledge they gather in foreign capitals, while keeping in touch with it and preserving its thoroughly American point of view.

It is very important to our national interests that the men who represent our government in foreign countries shall be not only clever and well-educated, but thoroughly acquainted with the tech-

nical details of the business of diplomacy. They should have a working knowledge of the usages of the Department of State, its chosen documentary forms, and the style of its correspondence, which is to-day exactly what it was a century ago. Incidentally, of course, they should know how to write treaties. A tariff treaty, for instance, requires in its production a good deal of expert information, and the young secretary ought to be able to give substantial and valuable help to his chief in the preparation of such a paper.

Usually it happens that a newly appointed envoy arrives on the scene of his labors entirely unacquainted with the duties that are before him. The chances are that he cannot even speak the language of the country, and that the rules of diplomatic etiquette are a mystery to him. How necessary, then, is it that the subordinates he finds in charge shall be able to instruct him in such matters, and, if requisite, to act as interpreters! Only a short time ago, at our embassy in Berlin, an amusing illustration in point was afforded, Field Marshal von Waldersee having arrived, for dinner, with several young German officers. At the last moment, when dinner had been announced, one of the officers whispered to our military attaché: "For heaven's sake, request our host to ask the old boy to take off his sword! Otherwise all of us must retain ours." The attaché, of course, at once gave the hint, the mighty warrior relinquished his sword, and thus the entertainment was relieved of an otherwise unavoidable stiffness.



It is often of great importance to the Administration to obtain confidential information on one subject or another, and for such purposes clever and well-trained men are needed. Suppose, for instance, that the President wants to find out about something that is going on in a South American capital. He does not wish to use the mails or the telegraph, because neither medium is safe. In the practice of diplomacy there are few honorable scruples, and governments, as a rule, do not hesitate to open other folk's dispatches with a tea-kettle, while the business of deciphering the cipher messages of friendly countries is part of the regular routine of foreign chancelleries. But Mr. Roosevelt can send a trusted messenger (if he has one handy), who, assisted by the minister at the capital in question, will get the facts, and bring them back to Washington, without committing a word to paper.

The recent executive order to which reference has been made will be a sad blow to the fashionable people who have been accustomed to billet their idle sons and brothers upon the diplomatic service. Quite a good deal of social prestige attaches to such

employment, and partly on this account, as well as for the sake of enjoying a residence abroad under circumstances otherwise agreeable, young men of the leisure class have hitherto monopolized to a great extent the secretaryships at our foreign legations. Well paid for doing little or nothing, they have had neither the industry nor the ambition to fit them for conducting important international affairs, and it is chiefly for this reason that they have not been regarded as eligible for promotion to higher places.



While it is proposed to give to our diplomatic service a more permanent and stable character, places of the highest importance, particularly ambassadorships, will always be kept open for appointments to be made by the President from outside. In this way, it is believed, the best men can be obtained. For (paradoxical though the statement may seem) the professionally-trained diplomat does not, as a rule, make the most capable envoy. The sort of education that he obtains incidentally to such a career does not encourage the development of business acumen and alertness of mind. In our own generation Great Britain has sent to us only one trained diplomat, Lord Sackville, and everybody remembers what happened to him. He was thrown out of Washington for foolishly venturing to interfere with our political affairs.

With the incoming of a new administration it has been customary to replace all our ambassadors and ministers with fresh appointees—a plan that works disadvantageously, inasmuch as men who have scarce had time to become familiar with the duties of their posts often find themselves, under such circumstances, discharged and superseded by others who have everything yet to learn. Such a way of doing things ought not to be perpetuated, of course; but, on the other hand, it is not considered desirable that our diplomatic representatives of high rank abroad should hold their places permanently. European governments, generally speaking, do not permit their envoys to remain at foreign capitals for more than eight years at the most; and Thomas Jefferson long ago laid down the principle that the holder of such a position should be recalled, or transferred, before he has had time to absorb too much of the spirit of alien institutions.



At the present time we are represented in European countries by seven ambassadors, of whom six are very wealthy—the exception being Henry White, our envoy at Rome. Whitelaw Reid, as everybody knows, is a multi-millionaire; so likewise is Robert S.

McCormick, at Paris; and the same may be said of George V. L. Meyer, at St. Petersburg. Charlemagne Tower, at Berlin; Charles S. Francis, at Vienna; and John G. H. Leishman, at Constantinople, are all three rich men.

Unfortunately, under present conditions, the highest appointments in our diplomatic service are of necessity almost restricted to millionaires, simply because men of moderate means cannot afford to accept them. It is a fact well known that John C. New refused the English mission a few years ago, on the ground that it would ruin him financially, accepting instead the place of consul-general at London, which paid him thirty-five thousand dollars a year, with no incidental obligation to entertain expensively. To show honor to Alice Roosevelt Longworth and her husband, a few months ago, Whitelaw Reid spent a sum equal to his salary for a twelvemonth (\$17,500) on festivities covering two days. It was an exceptional case, of course, but even the ordinary social demands upon an ambassador make a frightful drain upon his purse.

The situation is especially to be lamented because we have in this country no orders of knighthood, no nobiliary titles, and not even any decorations which may be conferred upon persons eminent in letters or science, or who have done something noteworthy for the state—for which reason it is most desirable that the chief executive should be able to bestow ambassadorships, or other high diplomatic appointments, in such cases, as expressions of approval and esteem by the people, without reference to the wealth or poverty of the deserving recipient of the honor.



There is, happily, a very simple and easy way out of the difficulty, which the Administration is anxious to persuade Congress to adopt. If permanent homes were provided for our ambassadors and ministers at foreign capitals—the plan customarily pursued by other governments—they could live very comfortably on their pay, being no longer required to meet the huge expense of rent for houses suitably located, handsomely equipped, large enough for entertaining on a considerable scale, and appropriate in other respects to the dignity and importance of personages of their official calibre. That they should be obliged, under present circumstances, to liquidate such a charge out of their private purses is an obvious absurdity.

Congress is strongly opposed to raising the pay of our envoys abroad; and to do so, indeed, would not necessarily operate as a cure for the trouble in question. For, in the natural order of things, a liberal man, who spent all of his salary, would be more or less likely to be followed by a thrifty one, who would save every possible

penny—thus rendering frequent the spectacle of peripatetic American legations, handsomely housed and affluent one year and poverty-stricken and obscure the next. But the end sought would be achieved satisfactorily by providing a permanent home for the ambassador or minister—an arrangement which would fix the establishment of the occupant, whoever he might be, on a certain definite scale, to which his expenditure in a general way would have to conform.

To provide permanent homes for our embassies in foreign parts would not cost so very great a sum. A proper house in London, in an eligible location, could be purchased and suitably equipped for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Put down an equal sum for an establishment in Paris, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars more for an American headquarters in St. Petersburg, two hundred thousand dollars for a mansion in Berlin, two hundred thousand dollars for Vienna, and an equal amount for Rome and Constantinople, and the whole of Europe is provided for, so far as missions of the first class are concerned. Our only Asiatic embassy is at Tokio, where we already own the building which it occupies—a structure picturesquely Japanese in the style of its architecture. We are also represented by ambassadors at the City of Mexico and at Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil; but three hundred thousand dollars would be enough to cover both of those places, making a grand total of \$1,850,000—not much, surely, for so rich a government as ours to pay for so important an object.

It would be desirable that homes should be provided for our ministers plenipotentiary at capitals of minor importance, but in these cases there is not the same necessity—though Uncle Sam ought certainly to maintain a permanent establishment at Madrid. The suggested embassy house at Constantinople is especially important because of the regard which the Turks, in common with other Orientals, have for all things relating to outward show. It was in recognition of this weakness that Prince Rennin, Russian ambassador to the Porte in 1875, caused thirty-three houses to be furnished for the occupancy of himself and his suite.



A piece of land acquired for legation purposes by our government in a foreign capital becomes as much a part of the United States as if it were located in New York or Chicago. The domiciliary premises of the legation are inviolable, and may not be invaded by the police or other authority of the country in which they are situated without threatening the preservation of peace between the nations concerned. Even the furniture (which we should doubtless supply



in case we came to own such diplomatic headquarters abroad) is sacred. And in this connection it is a fact worth mentioning that foreign governments owning their own legation property in Washington have commonly sent over the furnishings required. Thus the French Foreign Office has provided for its embassy quantities of the most exquisite tapestries, among other things; and all of the equipments of the British embassy at the American court are of English manufacture—imported, of course, free of duty, under the rule by which, as a matter of international courtesy, such privileges are granted to diplomatic representatives. Only a few years ago, Lord Pauncefoot received in this way, as an official gift from Queen Victoria, a solid silver set for the dining-room weighing half a ton, which was duly “christened” by a formal feast attended by the entire diplomatic corps.



Whatever reforms in our diplomatic service are brought about, there will be no interference with the regulations governing the dress of our ambassadors and ministers. The question of costume, which has caused more trouble and irritation than any other problem arising in connection with the management of our foreign relations, has at length settled itself in a highly satisfactory manner. Congress has expressly forbidden the wearing of a uniform, except in cases where the envoy happens to hold, or to have held, rank in the army or navy—gold lace and all such “flummery” having been bitterly and eloquently denounced on many occasions in the legislative halls of the nation—and the orders on the subject promulgated by the Department of State are strict. But a diplomatic uniform is one thing, and a court dress is quite another. Wherefore our representatives abroad do commonly appear in very elaborate “togs” on ceremonial occasions—a practice perfectly understood, but winked at, by the authorities in Washington.

Curiously enough, it is, in a literal sense, against the law for our diplomats abroad (unless officers of the army or navy) to wear any clothing whatsoever. In 1867 a legislative order was passed forbidding any such official “to wear any uniform or costume not previously authorized by Congress.” But Congress had never authorized any costume except the military or naval uniforms; and so it appears that Ambassador Reid, for example, is acting unlawfully when he appears on public occasions in England otherwise than in natural and unostentatious buff.

Now, in regard to court dress, it should be realized that the American embassy at London—and the same remark applies to our legations at other capitals—is a part of the British court, and

therefore subject to its rules and regulations. If, for instance, the court goes into mourning, all the foreign envoys are expected to wear black. When (to cite a typical example) "Poker" Schenck, at that time our minister to England, was invited on a certain occasion to breakfast with the Prince of Wales, he found that the costume he must wear was specified in details. Consequently, he went in silk stockings and knee-breeches, realizing that otherwise he would be obliged to stay away. But in doing so he did not disobey the orders of his home government, because what he wore was not a uniform, but a court costume.

Many of our diplomats abroad now adopt this satisfactory method of "beating the devil around the stump," wearing on ceremonial occasions the dress prescribed by the court to which they are accredited. Thus our ambassador at St. Petersburg, Mr. Meyer, attires himself in a dark blue swallow-tail coat with velvet collar and gold buttons, a white or dark blue waistcoat, and dark blue trousers. This is the costume required by the etiquette of the Russian court, "to be worn by all persons not otherwise entitled to array themselves in uniform." There is nothing gaudy about it; in fact, the wearer attracts much less attention at a public function than if he were clad in ordinary evening dress. When Mr. Meyer goes driving, he is always accompanied by a chasseur, resplendent in frogged coat and chapeau, who sits on the box of the carriage. The man is a sign identifying the occupant of the vehicle as a diplomatic officer, and enabling him to go anywhere he pleases, even into the precincts of the imperial palace.



It costs a little less than a million dollars per annum to maintain our diplomatic service, the appropriation made by Congress for the current fiscal year embracing the following items:

Pay of ambassadors .....	\$175,000
Pay of ministers plenipotentiary .....	198,000
Pay of <i>chargés ad interim</i> .....	40,000
Pay of secretaries of legation .....	109,725
Pay of clerks at legations .....	65,000
Pay of interpreters .....	13,000
Pay of student interpreters .....	16,000
Tuition for student interpreters .....	2,000
Launch at Constantinople .....	1,800
Emergency fund .....	90,000
Contingent fund .....	225,000
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$935,525</b>

Some of these items need explanation. For instance, our minister at Constantinople must be provided with the exceptional luxury of a steam launch for the reason that the diplomats and government officials at the Porte mostly reside outside of the city, the travel done in paying business and ceremonial visits being accomplished mainly by water.

The "contingent fund" covers all sorts of odds and ends of expenses in connection with the legations, including the pay of kavasses (policemen), dragomans (interpreters), guards, and porters in Oriental countries. It also provides for the payment of five cents for every mile travelled by any person in the diplomatic service going to or returning from his post. This allowance, by the way, is something entirely new, appointees having been obliged hitherto to pay their own travelling expenses.

The "emergency fund" is a sum of money placed to the credit of the President of the United States, who is free to do with it exactly as he sees fit. He is not obliged to account for its expenditure, and not even Congress would venture to ask him what he has done with any part of it. The accounts relating to it are kept in a safe at the department of State, and when Mr. Roosevelt wishes to draw upon the fund he simply makes out a draft, which, endorsed by the Secretary of State, is negotiable at the Treasury like a check. Some of this money is spent from time to time for the entertainment of royal or official visitors, but there are many other purposes to which it is put—more especially such as involve transactions in international affairs which could not wisely be made public.

Finally, it should be explained that the bill (now the law) which made the appropriations above-mentioned incidentally created a corps of so-called "student interpreters," ten of whom will be assigned to the legation at Peking, and six to the embassy at Tokio. This is an entirely new departure, the object in view being to provide American-born experts in Oriental languages for legations and consulates in the East. Hitherto the interpreters employed have been natives—a most undesirable arrangement, inasmuch as they are more than likely to be spies in the secret pay of their own government. All such foreigners are soon to be replaced, however, by promising young men from the United States, who will receive one thousand dollars a year apiece while studying—the sole condition imposed being that they shall sign an agreement to remain in the service for at least ten years.

In concluding these brief suggestions in regard to desirable or contemplated reforms in one of the most important branches of the government service, the matter may be summed up in a nutshell by saying that, in the proposed reorganization, the chief

objects sought will be to secure men of ambition and talent, to bar out incompetents, and to encourage good work by prospect of promotion, while keeping the high places open to appointment from outside. This last proviso, however, will by no means exclude exceptionally capable individuals in the ranks, who may rise to be ministers and even ambassadors. It is intended, in a word, to put the entire diplomatic system on a business basis, and to manage it in the future in accordance with principles of sound common sense.



## WHEN THE VALENTINES COME TO TOWN

BY MINNA IRVING

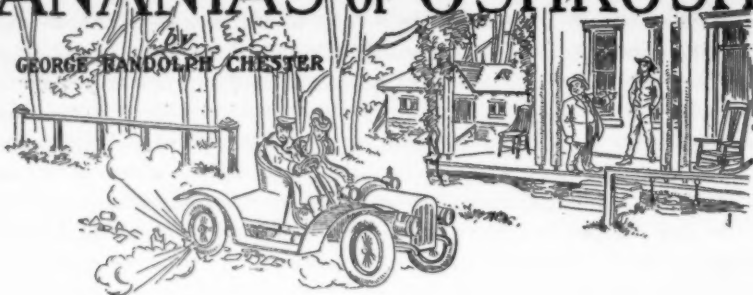
WITH spangles and bangles and hearts and triangles  
Of silver and crystal and gold;  
With laces as fine as the frost-fairy traces  
When mornings are bitterly cold;  
In the daintiest hues of the pinks and the blues  
That summer weaves into her crown;  
All sprinkled with posies and love-knots and roses,  
The valentines come to town.

All puffy and fluffy and tinkling and twinkling,  
With fringes of tinsel and pearl,  
They tell us the story of love and its glory  
In the hearts of a boy and a girl.  
And those who display in their tresses the gray  
Entwined with the black and the brown  
Go back to the playtime of youth and its Maytime  
When the valentines come to town.

There's a ghost in the street, and its garments are sweet  
With the lavender gathered and dried  
In a garden of youth, where the lilies of truth  
Were worn by a maiden who died;  
And the man who has made on the highways of trade  
The mark of his wealth and renown,  
In fancy once more is the lover of yore  
When the valentines come to town.

# ANANIAS OF OSHKOSH

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER



“**Y**ES, and from Oshkosh! Now grin!”

Uncle Billy Tutt did so. The upper part of his face puckered and wrinkled up until his eyes became the centres of a double spider web as he glanced again at the flimsy Tutt House “register” and read: “Dr. Ananias, Oshkosh.”

The fat man surveyed Uncle Billy with indignation tempered by charity.

“There’s three Ananiases in the Bible,” he loftily informed the landlord: “the liar, the disciple that healed Saul, and the high priest. Don’t believe me. I don’t ask it. See Acts, five, one; Acts, nine, ten; Acts, twenty-two, thirty. I don’t know which branch I belong to, but it couldn’t have been the liar’s, for he was struck dead and didn’t leave any family. And about Oshkosh, now. Oshkosh ain’t a joke. It’s a good, big, hustling town—thirty thousand. Don’t take my word. I’ve got a railroad guide I’ll show you. It’s the greatest sash and blind centre in the world, with four railroads, six newspapers, two——”

“Did you want to put that autymoble in th’ barn?” calmly interrupted Uncle Billy. “You better, because it looks like a spell o’ weather, an’ if ye do it’ll cost ye extry.”

“I was a pirate myself before I got religion, an’ you ought to make rates to the profession,” protested the doctor. “Why extra?”

“We-e-e-ell, it takes up as much room as a hoss. I’d git pay fer feedin’ a hoss. I’ll hev t’ charge ye jes’ th’ same.”

“Then, I want th’ feed!” declared the doctor, smiting his puffy fist upon the book. Uncle Billy began to feel respect for the man. “And another thing I want, in a hurry. I want fifty cents’ worth of broken glassware, old nails, sharp pieces of iron hoops—anything nice and jagged. And say—I never got left in my life. Here’s your half a dollar.”

“Gosh!” said Uncle Billy, scratching his head. “What’s them things wuth a pound, now?”



"Never mind," said the doctor. "We'll lump 'em. But hurry, hurry, hurry!"

Uncle Billy cracked his finger-joints in perplexity. As a good, safe preliminary to further action, however, he put the money in his pocket and hunted up Aunt Margaret.

The fat man waddled to the front porch. Outside was a long-nosed, pea-green automobile. On the front seat sat the chauffeur, perfectly motionless, his chin stuck forward and all his hands and feet resting on levers and brakes and pedals. He looked as if he had been fastened into place and had never been moved nor dusted since the day he had been goggled and screwed fast to the seat.

The chauffeur, however, had no present control over the motive power. To the front of the machine was hitched a team of horses, and astride one of these sat a farmer in a flopping straw hat and wondrously wrinkled boots.

"François," said the fat man, addressing the chauffeur, "polly oh skagally de boomaloom. Skoozle."

"Wee!" said François, in a phenomenally hoarse voice.

"You see," the doctor condescendingly explained to the farmer, "I was just telling him to go down to the barn with you and see that the machine was put away right. He's French, you know. Don't understand a word of English. Try him yourself if you don't believe me."

"It wasn't into the bargain fer me to haul this here traction buggy into no barn," objected the farmer.

"Go right along and I'll allow you extra," said the fat man airily. "I'll make it all right with you."

The farmer fixed on him a long, suspicious stare, and then he flourished his whip.

"Gid ap!" he cried, and the horses drew the big load around to the barn, with the chauffeur still rigidly in his place.

The fat man sat in one of the big rustic chairs on the wide porch and mopped his brow as he looked restfully across at the green waving woods, into the midst of which the Tutt House had been set down in the prosperous stage-coaching days. He was a particularly round fat man. His head and body, his feet and legs and hands and arms, his eyes and nose and mouth, were all perfectly circular or cylindrical or spherical, as the case might be, and there was not an angle about him anywhere.

Presently the farmer came jingling back on his horses, and the doctor gravely counted out ninety cents to him. The other glared in speechless indignation.

"Five cents!" he finally ejaculated. "A nickel! You stingy cuss!"

"The bargain was eighty-five cents——"

"Jewed down from a dollar! You stingy cuss!"

"And I promised you extra for taking it into the barn," the fat man calmly went on. "I paid you the eighty-five cents, and I paid you extra for the extra work. Go home."

The fat man turned and waddled into the house with a placid smile. The farmer gazed at the door in stupefaction for two minutes, then he straightened up in ferocity.

"*You stingy cuss!*" he howled at the top of his voice, and then he rode away. Later Dr. Ananias came out on the porch and sat down. It was perhaps ten minutes afterwards when Uncle Billy came out with a basket full of assorted junk.

"There's fifty-three pound here," he announced. "I reckon a cent a pound'll be about right, an' there's three pound throwed in—— Well, I'll be blamed!"

This last exclamation was called forth by the strange action of the fat man, who, without waiting to listen, had snatched the basket, carried it out into the road, and was now scattering the contents along the highway, endeavoring to conceal the component bits of jaggedness by kicking dust over them. Uncle Billy stopped him.

"Looky here," he expostulated. "I don't know what kind of a craziness you got, but I hain't agoin' t' hev no good hosses lamed in front o' my place."

"Hush, friend! Oh, hush!" said the doctor, mopping his brow and laying his hand on Uncle Billy's arm. There was the faint sound of a distant "chug-chug," and the doctor gently smiled. "I never got left in my life," he observed. "It's an automobile, not a horse, that I'm after. I don't ask you to believe me. Listen for yourself. You can hear it coming."

"Go ahead an' bust 'em, then," said Uncle Billy, relieved. "I hate them durned things, anyways;" and he walked back to the porch.

The fat man finished his work and waddled back after him to moisten another handkerchief. It was not long until a maroon-red automobile, carrying a man and a woman, puffed up the hill and appeared in the tree-bordered road. It was coming at a pretty good clip, and Dr. Ananias groaned as it ploughed its way unharmed through the maze of tire killers. Broken bottles, barbed wires, crooked harrow teeth, even the head of a rusted garden rake, failed of their purpose, and the doctor was just giving up in despair when the handle of a water pitcher did the business. There was a crack like a pistol shot, a piercing scream, a volley of lurid language, a rattle and whir of driving gear, a red automobile dancing a tarantelle in the dust, and then the machine took a run for the woods and came to a halt just as it was getting ready to climb a tree.

"He's mighty smart fer a fat man," mused Uncle Billy, as the doctor waddled swiftly out to the puffing and trembling machine, where a little man with an aggressive beard was already on the ground, examining the gashed tire and talking to it in no very soothing or complimentary tone.

"May I be of any service?" asked the doctor, approaching them with his hat in his hand.

"Service, sir! Service!" exclaimed the little man, springing to his feet with the lightness and agility of a cat. "I'll have the law on somebody for this! If I can find the scoundrel who left that piece of crockery in the road, I'll thrash him to within an inch of Hades, and sue him for all he's got when he gets well. I will—by the Eternal, I will! I will! Who owns that house?"

"The landlord, I think; but I wouldn't want you to take my bare statement for it. You can see the gentleman now, standing back there on his porch."

"I'll have the law on him!" shrieked the little man, dancing in rage. "I will, sir! I will!"

"Now, now, brotheh Christopheh," cautioned the lady—and giggled.

"I will!" defiantly exploded the little man.

"I don't blame you," sympathetically said the doctor. "In the meantime, madam, may I help you to alight?"

"If you please, seh," replied the lady, after a moment of coy hesitation; and then she giggled.

The doctor placed his round hand over his heart, bent over with all the grace of his two hundred odd pounds, and took the proffered hand in his round fist. For a moment the lady poised on the step, and then floated lightly to the ground. The float was perfectly successful until she lit, but at that moment she lurched against the doctor, who, in turn, lurched backward.

"You—you stuffed elephant!" roared the aggressive little man, hopping on one leg. "You stepped on my foot! I'll—I'll——"

"Now, now, brotheh Christopheh," warned the lady.

"I will!" he shouted. "I will!"

"Why, Christopheh," remonstrated the lady, "don't you remembreh ouah friend, Docteh—Docteh Judas, whom we met at the convention?"

"Ananias, madam, Ananias," corrected the doctor. "See Acts, chapters five, nine, and twenty-two."

"Oh, yes, I remember him," said brother Christopher. "We lunched at the lake with him and your other friend, the living skeleton major with the freak mustache. I remember them all right. The Major smoked cigarettes and blew the infernal smoke in my face, and I had a bottle of ale spilled in my lap by your friend Munchausen, here."

"Ananias, please—of Oshkosh. Grin if you like," firmly corrected the doctor. "And you knocked the ale over yourself."

"I did *not*!" retorted the other.

"Christopher!" interposed the lady.

"Christopher, woman, Christopher!" snorted the little man, turning on her. "Thunder and ages, Sophy, call me once by my name!"

"Seh," said the lady, with freezing dignity, "I do not heah you when you aah wude. Docteh, you may escawt me to the inn."

The doctor bowed like the tilting of a prize pumpkin, and gallantly led her toward the Tutt House. As they were nearing the porch, brother Christopher brushed past them, flourishing a monkey-wrench and an oil-can.

"I'm going to have the law on *you*!" declared brother Christopher to Uncle Billy. "First you've got to board us free until I can mend this tire or get another one from the city, and then I'm going to sue you. I'll break you up. I will! How dared you leave murderous rubbish like that in front of your property?"

"Ef you stay here it'll be strickly cash in advance," Uncle Billy coldly informed him. "Two dollars a day apiece fer you an' th' lady, an' one dollar fer autymoble feed, beddin', an' stall room. That water pitcher handle wa'n't on my property nohow. Yore dog-goned sausage tire hit trouble a yard beyond that white palin' fence, an' th' man that owns that strip o' woods lives out in Californy. Go out there an' sue 'im. Five dollars, please."

The aggressive little man gasped and danced and fumed and declared that he wouldn't and he wouldn't and he wouldn't—but he did, and went up-stairs to wash, breathing white hot vengeance all the way. The lady of the giggle followed Aunt Margaret, and the fat man was left grinning at Uncle Billy.

"That's her," said he. "That's her. Widow. Age thirty-eight. Worth sixty thousand in her own name, and crazy for a man. I reckon I persuaded her to tarry a while and listen to my woo, eh? I guess I'm no slouch if I *did* come from Oshkosh—and, say, I never got left in my life! I assist Providence, I do."

Uncle Billy was totally unresponsive.

"It'll cost ye jes' one dollar t' hev my hired han' clear that trash out'n th' road," he announced. "An' it'll hev t' be did in a hurry."

The doctor meditated.

"Tell you what I'll do," he finally offered. "That collection of bric-à-brac's worth half a dollar. I know, because I just paid that for it. Let your man pick 'em up and he can have 'em. I'll pay the rest in money."

"No goods exchanged or took back," said Uncle Billy firmly.

"Strickly cash. You bought them things, an' you got to carry 'em away. You'll find 'em in yore autymobile."

"You ought to allow me a commission on these new customers," protested the doctor. "I got you that five spot."

"Dollar!" demanded Uncle Billy, holding out his hand.

The doctor groaned and perspired, but he had to stand and deliver. Uncle Billy looked up from biting the dollar to shake his fist at the stage-coach which just then came rattling past. This was a daily ceremony with him since the railroad had come through Utica and made the trip only a twelve-mile transfer. The coach went right on through now, either before or after dinner, according to the varying train schedule. This time it was empty, save for one tall, thin, yellow-faced man with a remarkable mustache. At sight of this solitary passenger the doctor sank into his chair with a groan.

"Dang my luck!" he exclaimed. "Can't I ever get rid of that human lath? Four days, now, he's tried to cut me out of my meal ticket. He's my deadly rival. They call him a major on account of his mustache. If he'd ever shave it off he'd look like a miner. Joke. See dictionary. I hope *he* don't bust a tire. I want *him* to move on. On your way, confound you, on your way!"

At first it really seemed as if the Major would pass by, all unconscious of whom the Tutt House sheltered, but as he caught sight of the dark red machine by the roadside he grabbed the bell strap and the stage came to a sudden stop, very much to the doctor's distress. Ananias of Oshkosh feared those mustaches. Slowly the Major pondered the red automobile, and slowly he pondered the fat man sitting in front of the Tutt House, then he unfolded himself from the coach like a pair of telescopes, one lean leg after the other. He had not a single curve about him, and he had all the angles that had been left out of the doctor's make-up. The coach waited while he swung back to the hotel, balanced by two big grips.

"Fried chicken?" inquired the Major solemnly.

"Extry," said Uncle Billy, ready for any emergency, though he knew that two fat young hens were at that very moment being made ready for the fire. "Reg'lar meals, fifty cents. Special orders, double."

The Major slowly studied the matter.

"Real fried chicken?" he wanted to know. "Country style? Kind mother used to make? Skin slip off and flesh tender and yellow and sweet? All the meat flake right off the bone, and no stringy pieces?"

"That's th' kind," said Uncle Billy. "With baked sweet 'taters an' hot corn pone an' roastin' ears an' succotash an' sliced tomaters an' cucumbers right out'n th' garden. No dinky little sample dishes. All heaped up, an' help yerself till ye grunt. Floatin' islan' fer *dessert*."



The Major dropped his grips with a thud and waved his hand at the driver.

"Drive on!" he shouted, and sat down on one of the porch chairs to smoke a cigarette, with his feet on the porch rail. The fat man lit a short, thick cigar. The aggressive little man came out presently and lit a pugnacious looking square pipe. The chauffeur came up from the barn, smoking a long, thin stogie. He was a young man with a heavy face, and he had exchanged his goggles for a mask of impenetrable gloom. Uncle Billy put away the grips, took a fresh chew of tobacco, and came out to sit down with the others. Solemnly the five men sat in a row, looking across at the woods and not exchanging a word. Why should they? It was nearing dinner time, and the tantalizing odor of fried chicken was stealing through the open hall door. In such a moment, men make no conversation, lest they quarrel.

"Natuah! What a chawming display of natuah! How I do adoah naychur!"

Four men turned to gaze upon Mrs. Sprite standing in the doorway. Brother Christopher alone did not turn his head. Instead, he snorted. Uncle Billy openly grinned. The gloom of François deepened. The fat man and the Major jerked their feet from the porch railing, and their chairs came down with a simultaneous thud. As one man they hastened to her side. The Major, with his long stride, reached her the sooner, but the doctor was the quicker in getting his tongue unlimbered.

"Delightful spot, isn't it?" he observed. "Any quantity of nature here. Stacks of it. Woods over yonder just full of trees and bushes and birds and beasts and things. Don't believe me. I'll show them to you after dinner."

"Madam," said the Major, "I had myself meant to have the pleasure of showing you over the estate after lunch. I stopped off here for the purpose."

He smoothed down those long, silken, wavy mustaches, and the heart of the doctor sank within him. He felt the handicap keenly.

The lady giggled.

"Delighted, I'm suah," she said coyly. "I shall be so flattehed to have two such gallant escawts, but you must both promise to be quite, quite good, and not be inhawmonious enough to quawwel."

Brother Christopher suddenly snorted again. Uncle Billy chuckled. It was as good as a play to him. Better. There was no admission fee. François looked positively murderous. The fat man and the Major glared at each other, but the fat man saw with despair that the undulating mustaches were already getting in their deadly work. He had an inspiration.

"François," he commanded, "hookydi de peeley weeley o parallally pingaree."

"Wee!" said François expectantly.

"You see, madam," explained the doctor apologetically, "I was just ordering him to set a chair for you. French, you know. Don't understand a word of English."

"Wee!" said François, and set forth a chair for the lady with all the blithe winsomeness of a man about to brain his poor old mother.

It was a master stroke. The lady was visibly impressed. The Major, however, was rude enough to guffaw, and stroked his mustaches with a conscious knowledge of their power that was maddening to Ananias.

"François!" said the Major with sudden directness, and then, in good French that gurgled as smoothly as oily old port out of a dusty bottle, he informed the chauffeur that his master was the most brazenly clumsy faker that ever broke into jail on a petit larceny charge.

François looked puzzled, but the fat man, though having no idea whatever of the drift of the Major's polite remarks, was cheerfully equal to the occasion.

"I reckon what you say is mighty right, but you're using regular French, I judge," he said, with gentle forbearance. "François don't talk that kind. All he speaks is Boskabooly French. Come from Boskabooly, you know, up there in the French mountains."

"How absorbing!" breathed the lady, looking at the doctor with soulful eyes.

The fat man chirked up. The Major's mustaches looked rather scrawny and ragged to him at that moment, particularly as the Major was gnawing them.

"Dinner's ready," mildly announced Aunt Margaret, she of the famous cooking, appearing in the doorway and wiping her hands on her apron.

Uncle Billy sprang to his feet, rushed inside, and jangled a big bell for fully two minutes, thus making the meal his own exclusive function. The Major was no less prompt. He and the doctor had the same idea, but the doctor had more difficulty in getting out of the chair into which he had just spread. The Major secured the lady and took her in to dinner, wedging her in between the gloomy François and himself, and rolled talk off the tip of his tongue like the pulling of ribbons from a magician's hat.

From that moment on, the doctor's luck seemed to change. After dinner the lady retired to "take her beauty nap." Uncle Billy assured Aunt Margaret that the woman certainly needed it. She ought to sleep about two years, he said. The doctor and the Major went out on the porch to wait for her. Alas! The doctor also had that after-dinner habit. He tried his best to keep awake, but, being a fat man, what could he do?

The watchful Major was smoking his sixth cigarette when Mrs. Sprite came hovering on the doorstep, as much like a startled fawn as she could manage. The Major immediately called attention to the round chins resting on the round chest of the hapless doctor, to the round mouth gaping open, and to the round, round snore escaping from beneath the round nose.

"Hush," he warned. "See how sweetly he sleeps."

It was a dastardly trick. No man is pretty when he sleeps, but a fat man——! The lady grinned.

"Come," said the Major. "The birds and the trees await you down the whispering paths where the daisies and the—the—the other things are blooming."

"How delightfully poetic!" she murmured. "Natuah! How I do adoah naychur—eh—eh—natuah! Do you suppose, Majah, that you could catch me a deah little squiwel?"

"Maybe," said the Major doubtfully, and they crossed the road and plunged into the wood, while the defrauded doctor snored on and on and on.

It was perhaps half an hour later when brother Christopher bounced out on the porch and gazed around him with a snort. The doctor was the only breathing thing in sight, and the little man rudely shook his shoulder.

"Ananias of Oshkosh," murmured the doctor. "Grin if you like."

"Where are they?" demanded the little man. "Where are they? Hey?"

"Huh?" asked the doctor, sitting up and rubbing his closed eyes once more into circles. "Where's who?"

"Them. My sister and that flagstaff with the yellow streamers. Where are they?"

The doctor was now fully awake.

"Gone for that walk in the woods, shrivel his yellow hide!" he exclaimed, scrambling to his feet and waddling up and down the porch in the deepest agitation.

"I'll break every sliver in his ossified carcass! I will!" exploded brother Christopher. "I will!"

"Friend, I'll help you," earnestly offered the doctor. "I hate a man with a mustache that droops below his chin, but a woman will follow a pair of 'em seven miles and never stop for coal or water."

"My sister's an idiot—a screaming idiot!" confided the little man as they crossed the road. "If I'd leave her alone with a marriage license and a wooden Indian she'd be married before I got back. She ought to be locked up. Why, half of my factory is run with her money. Do you suppose I want my business ruined by a long-legged fool like that Major?"

"I should say not!" heartily agreed the doctor. "Now, what you want——"

"I don't want a short-legged fool either," snapped brother Christopher, and they, too, plunged into the wood.

The skies were swiftly blackening for rain when the lady and the Major walked leisurely up the road and seated themselves on the Tutt House porch. They had not captured a dear little squirrel, but the Major was laden with enough loose nature to make him look like a travelling greenhouse. And he was highly complacent. The mustache, he felt, had done its work, and he had only to speak.

Presently it began to pour. The water came from the skies in torrents. The lady felt the natural curl coming out of her hair, and excused herself. The Major had his own reasons for seeking the privacy of his room. It would never do to let that mustache weaken at this tide in his fortunes.

Right at the height of the shower two disconsolate and bedraggled figures emerged from among the whipping trees and came across the road with a dash. The smaller figure dripped his sulphurous way up-stairs at top speed, but the fat figure dropped into a big chair on the porch and panted for fifteen straight minutes.

The doctor was discouraged. He had tried his best to assist Providence, but Providence was giving him an unmerciful snubbing for interfering in her affairs. He sneezed as he finally puffed his way up to his room, and that was his principal occupation for the rest of the evening. At the supper table he and brother Christopher sneezed a duet. Out on the porch the Major got the lady in a corner after the evening meal, and left the others to compare sneezes while he and the Sprite discussed the joys of rural existence. It was nearing bedtime when brother Christopher turned dolefully to his partner in affliction.

"Doc," said he, with a sneeze, "you'll have to give me some medicine. I'm catching an awful cold. I'll get even with somebody for this. I will!"

The doctor also sneezed, and seemed a bit taken aback.

"Why, I—well, I'll tell you how it is. You see, I don't—well, all right. Go to your room, and I'll be right up."

Left alone, the doctor picked his teeth in deep thoughtfulness for a long time, but finally he went back to the kitchen, where he had Aunt Margaret empty the ketchup out of a beer bottle and wash it for him. With this and a little black case he went into brother Christopher's room. In the case he had some powders in paper bags and some liquids in odds and ends of bottles. From these he stirred and mixed until he had about a cupful of yellowish brown compound, which he poured into the bottle. He filled the bottle about half way

with water and shook it vigorously, standing then in perplexity before his patient for a moment, holding his thumb over the mouth of the bottle.

Brother Christopher noted the perplexity and promptly pulled out his pocketbook.

"How much?" he asked.

"That's a good idea, too," said the doctor. "You might not feel so much like paying me when you—— Two dollars, please."

The doctor pocketed the money, but still he wore his troubled frown.

"Hold up your chin and open your mouth," he finally commanded.

Brother Christopher, succumbing to the universal awe of the medicine man, did as he was directed. The doctor hesitated and shook his head.

"It won't do," he muttered. "I wish he had on a halter or something, so I could—— I've got it! Come here."

He climbed on the bed and stood on the edge of it until the other came wonderingly up to him. The doctor carefully turned the little man until he faced the other way, stooped over and passed one arm firmly around the little man's neck and under his chin, and held the bottle to the little man's lips.

"Open your mouth and down with it," he directed.

Brother Christopher took one swallow, then he gurgled and spluttered and tried to get away. The doctor was inexorable. With a deft motion he had inserted the neck of the bottle between the teeth of his victim, and kept on pouring.

"Steady now, boy," he said in reassuring tones. "Down with it. Whoa, boy! Hold up, there! Steady now, boy, steady! Steady!"

The little man gulped and strangled and wriggled and stamped and curvetted and pranced, but all to no avail. He had to swallow the whole dose. There is no doubt that he had the will, and possibly the intent, to rend the doctor limb from limb and cylinder from sphere, but he had not the power left to do anything but sit on the edge of the bed and hold his stomach and groan, while the tears of strangulation streamed from his eyes.

"Now, never you mind," said the doctor breezily. "You just blanket yourself good, and in the morning you'll want to pay me more."

The doctor went out and gently closed the door behind him. Down in the kitchen he found Aunt Margaret.

"I've got a terrible cold coming on, Mrs. Tutt," he complained. "What can a man do for it?"

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed. "I thought you was a doctor your own self."



"So I am, so I am," he hastily assured her. "But don't breathe this to a soul. Just keep it for a little secret between you and me. I'm a horse doctor. Now, how about this cold?"

"We-e-e-ell, you won't hardly need t' do anything at all. I'll put on a pot o' yarb tea an' leave a kittle o' water on th' stove fer ye, an' lay th' rest o' th' things on th' table here. When ye git ready t' go up-stairs jes' stop in here an' git 'em. You take a hot foot bath, an' rub yore chest with goose grease, an' bind a piece o' bacon aroun' yore neck with a flannel rag, an' drink three or four cups o' yarb tea, an' pop in bed. Yore cold 'll go right away afore mornin'."

"And serve it right," said the doctor in an awe-struck tone. "I'd go myself if I was a cold. But I'll take the whole dose, ma'am. Thank you. But say—I reckon I give brother Christopher too easy a mess. Good night, ma'am."

He bowed himself out and hurried to the porch to put a spoke in the Major's wheel, if possible. He arrived just in time to hear the Sprite bidding the man of the conquering mustaches a gay good-night.

"Remembah," she was reminding the Major. "Hawlf pawst five in the mawning faw a stroll with natuah and the little buhds befoah breakfawst."

She giggled girlishly and was gone.

The Major swaggered in past the forlorn fat man, smoothing down his mustaches most insolently, and went into the "office," where Uncle Billy was mending a set of harness.

"Landlord," said he in calm triumph, "a call for five o'clock."

"I'll git ye out," Uncle Billy assured him, and the Major retired.

The doctor was crushed. He dropped into a chair opposite the landlord and thought tragic thoughts.

"I never got left in my life," he presently muttered in weak-voiced self-reassurance.

"That's what ye said before," doubtingly observed Uncle Billy. Again the doctor communed with himself for a spell.

"I never *did* get left," he said by and by, a little more cheerfully.

"I believe in assisting Providence, I do."

Uncle Billy, with a chilling lack of interest, got up and locked the front door. While he was gone the doctor was visited with the inspiration he had been inviting.

"Say," he began when the landlord came back, "that walking mustache left a call for five o'clock. Now, I got a two dollar bill——"

"Where?" asked Uncle Billy.

"Here." The doctor produced it. "It's yours if you'll just——"

"Fergit to call 'im?" interrupted Uncle Billy sternly. "No, sirree! Not by a long chalk! I promised to call that man at five o'clock, an' I'll do it. A bargain's a bargain with me. Right there's

the clock I'll call 'im by, that an' no other." Uncle Billy abstractedly plucked the two dollar bill from the doctor's fingers and stuffed it in his own pocket. "I'm agoin' out t' lock th' back door now, an' ef ye don't mind doin' me a favor ye kin wind th' clock fer me."

The fat man gazed after the retreating figure of Uncle Billy almost with veneration, then he wound the clock, closed one eye in ecstasy as he set it back one hour, and hugged himself all the way up-stairs to bed. The doctor himself trusted to no calls. He carried his own alarm clock, and to-night he set it to five and wound the alarm, chuckling all the while.

"Oh, I never got left in my life," he gloated as he dropped off to sleep. "Anybody that won't take my word for it, just watch me. Ananias of Oshkosh. Grin if you like."

Poor Ananias! He awoke in the morning with the bright sun gilding the rotundities of his countenance, to find that it was only half past two. He rolled out of bed and looked at his watch. Twenty minutes to six! He had wound the alarm too gleefully, and had thereby forgotten to wind the clock itself. Hastily scrubbing his face and hands and throwing on his clothes, he hurried out into the hall.

He was giving his luck the most gaudy cursing it had ever had in its life as he passed the Major's room. The door stood slightly ajar, and he listened with a relieved countenance. All was not yet lost, for a peaceful snore came from within. Gently he pushed the door still further agape and peeped. The gaunt head of the Major emerged, as on the scrawny neck of an overgrown turkey gobbler, from the folds of a green and yellow checked outing-flannel night-gown. But the wonderful mustaches! They were carefully done up in curl papers to give them that irresistible undulation. The wild light of genius and daring came into the doctor's eyes as his chubby fingers instinctively sought in his vest pocket. A moment, only, he hesitated, and then he tiptoed in to the bedside.

Snip! Snip! With two deft clips of his veterinary shears he severed those two precious knots of grayish yellow whisker, and then, in a fright and horror at his own fell work, he fled from that dreadful, gaunt, and denuded countenance as from a hobgoblin, just as the Major awoke with the slowly dawning impression that mosquitoes had been stinging his lip.

A fat man in a real rush has a tremendous momentum. Uncle Billy met this one unexpectedly just as the doctor turned the corner of the hall to go down-stairs, and both landed on the floor in a breathless heap.

"Git off 'n my wind!" demanded Uncle Billy.

"Excuse me," panted the doctor, rolling to his feet. "I was in a hurry."

"Well, th' nex' time, you jes' ring a bell er toot a whistle, an' I'll climb a tree," remonstrated Mr. Tutt. "I was jes' comin' up t' wake th' Major, accordin' t' orders."

Dr. Ananias looked dreamily down the stairway, while a joyous grin claimed his spherical face as its own.

"Is Mrs. Sprite up yet?" he asked.

It was Uncle Billy's turn to grin.

"Bright an' kittenish as ever. She's over in th' woods with that young shuffer o' your'n, t' ketch a dear little squiwwel befoah break-fas'"; and Uncle Billy leaned back against the wall to give his own grin a better chance to enjoy itself.

"When I find that François, I'll kick him till he's all scrambled," threatened the doctor angrily, and hurried down-stairs to attempt the job.

Uncle Billy had scarcely recovered his gravity when he met with a second collision. A tremendously lank figure, with a green and yellow night-robe flapping about its legs, and surmounted by an awful head that seemed mostly nose, cheek bones, and upper lip, flung itself into his arms.

"Where is he?" screamed the frenzied Major, struggling to get past. "Where is he? I want to kill him!"

"Not in that rigin'," objected Uncle Billy, thrusting him back. "It's ag'in th' law in these parts. Put on yore clothes an' then come out an' slice 'im, whoever it is. An' put on yore mustache ag'in. It hain't decent t' let a face like yore'n go aroun' naked that a-way."

While the Major was dressing, his despoiler was searching the woods for François and the Sprite, and at last he suddenly came upon them, close enough to touch them almost, in a little clearing. He stopped in astonishment. François, gloomy, sullen François, was actually smiling. With one of the Sprite's hands in his and with his other hand firmly spanning her sylph-like waist, he was helping her to walk a fallen log, while she delightedly talked and talked and talked, with occasional girlish giggles for punctuation. Suddenly she stiffened and pointed.

"There it is!" she tensely whispered, quite forgetting her acquired accent. "There's my dear little squirrel!"

François could not at first locate the little animal, but the doctor saw it at once, against the roots of a tree where it had stopped dead still in the hope of not being seen. It was quite a large squirrel, too, and black, with a beautiful, long, bushy tail spread flat along its back.

"Allow me to get it for you, my dear Mrs. Sprite," volunteered the doctor, seeing his opportunity and gallantly advancing. He had determined to capture that squirrel if he had to outrun it or flit gracefully from bough to bough in pursuit.

Mrs. Sprite screamed slightly, but giggled immediately afterward.

"Come, squirley, come, squirley," coaxed the doctor, advancing with his arms invitingly outstretched and doing an airy toe dance from side to side.

François suddenly plucked the Sprite by the wrist, dragged her off the log, and started headlong with her. It is easier to start a panic in the woods than at a theatre fire. Mrs. Sprite didn't know why she was scared, but she picked up her skirts to gain speed, and François had difficulty in stopping her at the agonized command of the doctor.

"François!" screamed the fat man. "François! Oh, scissors!"

They turned. The doctor was alone. The dear little squirrel was gone, and in its place was a pungent, indescribable, awful odor. The dear little squirrel had turned out to be—not a squirrel.

"François!" shrieked the doctor. "Come back here! François!" He all at once remembered about the Boskabooly French, and made an attempt at it. "Googelly googelly—oh, Great Jehosephat!" he wailed. "Ogalally gogelly gagelly gig——"

"Talk United States, you!" yelled François defiantly. "You owe me money, and my name's Frank, and this fake French gives me the pip." And he added directions where the doctor could go.

Possibly Mrs. Sprite was terribly shocked, but she giggled. They were hurrying away arm in arm when the Major came striding through the woods like an avenging fury on stilts. The Sprite gave a gasp of horror as her eyes rested on that lumpy expanse of shocking, mustacheless face, but he paid no attention to her.

"Where is he?" he demanded. "Where is he?"

Inquiringly they pointed out the doctor. There was no doubt, from what followed, that Ananias was the man the Major had been seeking.

It was a peculiar fight, and most interesting, made more so by the fact that each antagonist, for some reason or other, used one hand to hold his nostrils shut. The fat man was valiant, but nature had never intended him as an antagonist of the Major's. He bounced up like a rubber ball and tried to reach the Major anywhere with feet or fist, but he always fell about a yard short. On the other hand, the Major side-stepped and pranced about like a crane until just the right opportunities revealed themselves, when he would bring his fist down perpendicularly somewhere or other on the doctor's pudgy anatomy and let it bounce off. They were still at it, like jerky automata run by a toy engine, when François and the Sprite tired of the sport and turned from the scene arm in arm.

It was a long, long time after the Major had come streaking out of the woods that the doctor emerged. He seemed unutterably sad and weary. One eye was puffed shut, one corner of his lower lip was

a bright navy blue, three teeth were loose, and he had little raw places on both cheeks. He found his landlord at the edge of the roadway, waiting for him with his luggage.

"Stand down there a ways in th' wind," directed Uncle Billy. "A little piece further on there's a creek. Go up that creek, take off all your duds, an' throw 'em away, then bury yourself in th' mud till dark. It's th' only way. Then wash up in th' creek, dress up in t'other suit ye got here, an' travel on. I brung some coffee in this bucket, an' breakfas', dinner, an' supper in th' basket. Six dollars ye owe me."

The doctor had no heart even for dickering. He merely paid.

"I've got just ten dollars left," he sadly observed.

"You'd really ort to stay here five days an' rest up," said Uncle Billy, longingly considering the ten dollars, "but I don't want no bloodshed in my house. Yore certainly afflicted sore, an' that's a fac'. That shuffer o' yore'n an' th' widder run off in yore autymoble. Her brother wanted t' stop 'em, but he's too sick. As soon's he k'n git out o' bed he's goin' t' shoot you's full o' holes's a kittle o' doughnuts."

"Is—is his cold cured?" asked the doctor anxiously.

"Plumb cured, but——"

Zing! There was a loud report, a whistling through the air, and a *spat!* as something struck the tree trunk just beyond them. Uncle Billy put several yards between himself and the doctor. The window of the centre room on the second floor was open, and the face of brother Christopher was framed in it. The sun gleamed on a pistol.

"Hey, you bucket of blubber!" shrieked brother Christopher, making a megaphone of his hands. "You stay there until I get the range, and I'll make a Port Arthur of you. I will, by George, I will!"

The window suddenly slammed shut.

"Well, I guess I'd better be going," said the doctor wearily.

"Hurry all you want," said Uncle Billy. "Brother Christopher's powerful narvous this mornin'. But say. Didn't you say you was th' man that never got lef'?"

The doctor dried his brow, not by any mopping process, but by gently dabbing in between the bumps.

"Don't you believe one word I ever said to you, even if I proved it," groaned the doctor in deep humility. "My name's Ananias!"

Zang! The bullet flew far overhead this time. They looked up to see the window slamming shut again, and figured that brother Christopher was lying down to rest between shots. With a deep, deep sigh the crestfallen doctor picked up his luggage.

"Gosh!" said he, looking dolefully down the road. "It's a terrible long ways to Oshkosh!"



# THE OUTCASTS

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND



RABINOWICZ crouched down in the filthy steerage bunk, coughed, hid his thin face between his claw-like hands.

"Ruchul, woman," he murmured in corrupt Yiddish, "hear that? The noise, it is the machinery noise. It is that the ship is moving. It is that we are started back again from America, after everything; back to Odessa, to——"

"Hush, Aaron! Speak not so!" The woman crooned over him as though to shelter him with her own thin arms. "Hush! *Dus is' baschirt fin Gott*—the will of God—who can do no wrong; and, beside, if you talk you may wake up little Habakkuk, and then he will cry, and it will be hard times getting him to sleep again, and the steward man will be very angry. There will be curses, maybe blows. They are all angry with us, any way, for that we are sent back at such a cheap rate; wherefore let us keep still, and not——"

"Keep still? Keep still? Yes, Ruchul, woman, always that, always the same thing: 'Dog! *Hase!* Jew! Christ-seller! Lie down and be kicked, or else get killed!' Just the same as at home in Kherson. We drank that with the mother's-milk—'Keep still!' We grew up to it, ate it, breathed it—'Keep still!' Or else the Black Hundred, the Cossacks, all the other Christians, would gouge out eyes, smash skulls, pitch us out the window. Yes, yes—'Keep still!' Just to get away from that——"

"Hush!"

"No, no, let me say it!" Rabinowicz coughed again, lifting his head. His curly, uncombed beard trembled, and his hollow eyes brightened preternaturally. "To get away from *that*, what did we not leave? The house, the little shop, the friends, even old Father Yoseph, who would not come—all, everything. Have you forgotten that night, that long night of wallowing in the snow; then the river, the leaking boat, the *chinovnyiks* [officials] who robbed us and kept us back so long, the hiding? Have you forgotten the long voyage, the sea-sickness, the blasphemies, the cold, the starving

like rats in a cage, eh? But ahead of us always liberty, perhaps a chance to work, to live! So we kept still——”

“Let us be still now, Aaron!”

“I make no noise. Let me speak! Think of the Eden we came to, where people are free; but no, there were angels there—did I say angels? No! Dogs! Devils with flaming swords of the law to keep us out! They let the others in, but they kept us out. ‘Ah, consumptive!’” (He mimicked the inspector’s voice.) “‘Invalid father, scrofulous child? Mmmmm—rejected!’ That was our death sentence, that ‘rejected’ was. Turned back! And so near to Eden! Now, when we get to Odessa, to Kherson, what then, Ruchul, woman? Just imagine as we walk back through those slushy streets! ‘Ah ha! Fugitive Jews! Runaway curs! Sent back, eh? Well, now, we’ll see to *them!*’ Then the Eye will be upon us, everywhere; we can’t escape, you or the little Habakkuk or me. No, no, the good Christians will see to that; the *pops* [priests] will see to that. It will be a merry breaking of bones, tearing of flesh, smashing of skulls—but keep still! Don’t talk! Don’t fight! Kneel! Lie down in the mud! Now bring the knives and pincers! Ho, pull out the dog’s beard, cover his face with blood, knock his teeth in! Wait, Ruchul; wait and see! *Oi!... Oi!... Oi!... Oi!*”

Rabinowicz wailed into the long mourning-cry which in many tongues is the only heritage of the Chosen People. Little Habakkuk turned and nestled, gave signs of wakening.

“Here, you! Shut up!” growled a steward, shuffling along the narrow prison-aisle between the rows of bunks. “Cut that out, now! You sheenies make more trouble ’n all the rest of the cattle put together. What th’ devil you yammerin’ about? If I hear any more out o’ you——!” The steward shook a large fist, and slatted along.

Rabinowicz lay silent a long time. He did not understand the steward’s words, but the tone and the fist spoke a familiar language. The boy slept uneasily; the woman dozed. Once in a while the man coughed, in spite of smothering efforts to restrain himself. Tears rolled down along his hawk-like nose, buried themselves in his curly beard. Near the centre of his sodden cheeks two pink spots waxed and waned with the fever of his thoughts, his prayers, his tears, which were as tears of blood from the heart.

Toward midnight he shook Ruchul gently by the shoulder.

“Ruchul, woman, wake up! My cough, it is bad, my throat is as the dust; this air stifles my breath.”

She sat up, startled.

"What? What?"

"The air, it chokes me; it is very hot."

"Yes, it is hot, Aaron; but what can I do?"

"Let us go up on the lower deck and breathe some fresh air."

"Oh, by such a cold night? And Habakkuk—can we leave him alone? Also, it is forbidden to go on the outside at night, *ai-yo?*"

"Forbidden, yes—of course! Everything is forbidden! Still, let us go. I cannot sleep; I am choking. Come with me, Ruchul, woman, and we will carry the little one; that will be good for us all. Perhaps we shall all sleep better, after that. The night will not be cold; for a few minutes, at least, it will not be cold."

The wife, drowsy, timorous, argued a little, but her husband would not be gainsaid. She yielded finally, and they crawled noiselessly out of the bunk, cramped and dishevelled. Rabinowicz gently lifted the boy in his arms; even that small weight was heavy to him as he held the lad against his hollow chest. The steerage was quiet, almost empty; here and there a trembling light, turned low, hung swinging in its gimbals. No steward was visible as they dragged up the companionway stairs. They passed down the dark aisle toward the aft door, silent, vague as hunted ghosts.

"You see?" asked Ruchul, with a touch of impatience. "You see? It is locked. No use; we cannot get out. No air for us. They lock us in like——"

"Like the dog-brood we are, yes, yes. It is well; we shall see."

Carefully and without noise he retraced his steps. The roll of the ship made the task hard for him; his strength was very little. The boy still slept; the woman trailed along behind.

They made their way slowly onward till they reached the first lateral gangway, turned down it, and came to another door.

"Ah, *this* is not locked!" said Rabinowicz, sliding it back with an effort, crouching (as he held the boy) to get his hand to the catch. Ruchul passed through; he followed, and the woman, grumbling a little, closed the door.

They found themselves on the lower deck, well aft on the port side, in a narrow run-way between the second cabin and the rail. As they moved toward the rail a gust of roaring sea-wind staggered them, but Rabinowicz turned his back to it, sheltering his wife and the boy. Their thin clothes flapped about them like flails.

"Brr-r-r-rr!" shivered Ruchul, her teeth already chattering. "Come back in! It is too much, the cold—it cuts like knives! Little Habakkuk will take cold, and it is not good for your cough, the night air!"

But Rabinowicz, staggering with his burden and the roll of the

vessel, only pushed her toward the rail. The boy opened dull eyes and began to whimper, half-awake.

"Come back in!" pleaded the woman. He restrained her.

"Look, Ruchul! Look! Freedom, strength! *There* is no Jew or Christian or inspector or czar—nothing but the sea as it came down out of Jahveh's hands!"

She cowered back, shivering violently. Alongside the speeding ship green-black waves swirled astern; they could hear the slide and hiss of foam that tumbled out, away into darkness. Far, far over the unmeasured dark Atlantic burned pin-points of white flame, the free, calm, beautiful stars of God.

"See, *mein Teure!*" said the man again, as Ruchul stood half-stupefied. "Off back there somewhere is the Eden where they turned us out. Somewhere ahead of us is Holy Russia again—off there in the dark—with all its priests and ikons, the Black Hundred, the torn flesh, bleeding faces. There waits dishonor for you; there waits death for Habakkuk and me, in Russia—Holy Russia. See, is not freedom better?"

He strained the little son in both arms; kissed him on forehead, cheek, and mouth. "Oh, my son!" said he. "*Geh, und gieb' deine Schumme zu Gott!*" ["Go, give thy soul to God!"] The boy, terrified, clutched at him, screaming, "Father! *Father!*" but Rabinowicz raised his face to the night, said, "God, this soul was mine and is Thine!" and flung the frail body out, down into the creamy rushing slather. The body splashed; there was a glimmer of a white face, of hands that battled; then the surge caught little Habakkuk, and he faded into nothingness, like some forgotten dream.

"*Gott! Gott!*" screamed Ruchul, leaping to the rail, her long hair whipping round her face.

She felt a hand over her mouth, heard a hoarse "*Adye!*" and then was lifted, suddenly—she was whirling down, down—something was icy cold—something tossed and strangled her—gave beneath her, choked, bubbled, annihilated.

Rabinowicz, alone, peered over the rail with bloodshot eyes.

"There, they are free. It is well," said he, without emotion. He carefully took off his coat, folded it neatly, laid it on the deck, and placed his lamb's-wool cap on top.

"Those are good for some one," he said. "Some one may use them. They cost me eight rubles in Kherson—or was it eight and a half? I forget."

He clambered with an effort over the rail and stood outside it, holding on with his left hand.

The ship rolled surgingly to port.

"Now, God, I go, too," he remarked, as to a friend. Then he let

go, not jumping at all, just falling outward, downward; and the sea, our primal Mother, took him gladly.

"Where th' devil are them three sheenies, I'd like to know!" growled the steward next morning. Later he found the neatly-folded coat, and at some distance the cap, where the wind had rolled it. He pursed his lips into a long thin whistle, scratching his head the while. "So *that's* it, eh? Well, well—forty cents a day saved on rations, any way—an' transportation all paid in advance, at that!"

Then he carried the things to his locker (for they might prove salable), and went to have the incident recorded in the log-book.



## TO ONE SERENE

BY EDITH BROWNELL

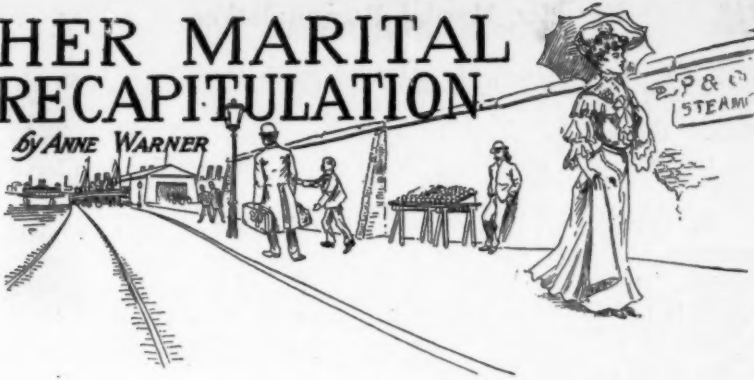
**D**EAR, steadfast heart, and cool, unclouded eyes,  
 In thy simplicity I rest, and lean  
 My tired life against thee. Calm, serene,  
 Thou shut'st me in like God's great, placid skies;  
 From out my blurred complexities I rise,  
 And once again my wind-torn feathers preen  
 For joyous flight. From petty things and mean  
 I slip away to where great quiet lies.

The gusts of temperament that o'er me sweep,  
 The troubled seas of impulse and of mood,  
 Obey thy restful presence, and a deep  
 Still peace above my tumult seems to brood.  
 In thine unbroken calm my soul I steep,  
 And stretch my hands to thee in gratitude.



# HER MARITAL RECAPITULATION

By ANNE WARNER



**E**LEANOR CARRICK was a very bright and original woman. She had been a bright and original child, and she never left off as she grew older. From the day when she cited the Quoit-player as an early example of the nude, "because he had nothing on him except the quoit," until the day when she finally accepted Julius Reed for her husband, after putting him off for years "because she already had one husband," her record was one of continual brightness and originality.

She began life without any parents. Her father died some months before she was born, and her mother died directly after learning that "it" was a girl. Her father had wanted a boy, and her mother had been desirous of pleasing him even though he was not there to be pleased. When she found that if he had been there he would have been anything but pleased, her sorrow caused her to depart this life directly. So the baby fell to an aunt and a grandmother to raise. They were religious and conventional, and the baby was lively and obstreperous. Everything was hard for everybody in consequence, and as soon as they could they sent the child away to boarding-school. It seemed no time at all before she was through boarding-school and back on their hands. Then they remembered that they had a distant cousin—a Mrs. Maisey—in London, and to Mrs. Maisey the aunt appealed and appealed again. In the end, Mrs. Maisey undertook Eleanor for a season, and—Mrs. Maisey being a skilful lady—Eleanor was disposed of before spring.

It was Mr. Carrick who took her off the family backs and unto himself.

Mr. Carrick was an indolent gentleman of five and forty, who was lounging and yawning his way through life without any very active content or discontent with anything or anybody. He had faded blue eyes, sparsely settled hair, and a long, pale mustache that he dragged opposite ways with his two hands when he was really exerting himself to make an impression. He had never stayed

very long in one place, nor attended much to any one idea. Of marriage he had certainly never thought seriously; therefore Mrs. Maisey thought he might be easily captured, and, being clever, she thought right, and, being thrice clever, she captured him forthwith.

Mr. Carrick and Eleanor were alike guiltless of their mistaken marriage. Neither one nor the other had the slightest designs thereto. It was Mrs. Maisey who did it all, and it was she who never halted in her well-doing until in the spring the bride and groom were actually off for Brighton. Then she drew a long breath and returned to her usual routine of living.

As to the bride and groom——! Well, it must be owned that it is one thing to be a clever match-maker, and quite another thing to be those whom she has matched.

Mr. Carrick and Eleanor discovered this fact before they reached Brighton. Eleanor did not know just what she had expected, but learned on the train that, whatever it was, she had not gotten it. Mr. Carrick's position was still sadder: he did not know either what he had expected, he did know that he had not gotten it, and he also learned in addition that he *had* got something that he had not expected into the bargain.

They spent a fortnight in Brighton, piling up marital souvenirs of the most trying kind, and at the end of the fortnight Mr. Carrick, who had never in his life done anything sudden, suddenly left for Colombo.

"When is he coming back?" Mrs. Maisey asked.

"I don't know," said Eleanor. "He can't come back until he gets there, and he can't get there for a month and a half, thank Heaven! Why didn't you tell me that he couldn't see a joke before I married him?"

"You speak as if he was disabled," said the friend.

"I consider that he is," said the wife. "I'd quite as soon marry a blind man—really."

"You are frivolous," said Mrs. Maisey severely.

"Perhaps it wouldn't be fun," Eleanor reflected. "I suppose a wedding trip with a blind man might be a bit trying. You'd have to teach him where everything was before you could go to bed yourself."

"Eleanor!" cried Mrs. Maisey.

"But it would be nice mornings—you could tell him it was pitch-dark, and keep him turning over for another nap till doomsday."

"Eleanor!" cried Mrs. Maisey again.

Mr. Carrick wrote his bride one letter from Port Said and one

from Colombo. Then he did not write again for a year, and then she heard no more for three years. In the mean time Julius Reed had come upon the scene and fallen in love with her.

Julius Reed was a thin, tall man, with brown eyes and no mustache. In appearance he suggested a lean and civilized Arab, and that joke was not built through which he could not see.

Mrs. Carrick had an apartment, and her aunt to live with her, If she had not also had Mr. Carrick, she could easily have had Julius Reed instead of the aunt. Everybody (with one exception) knew that. The aunt knew it. Eleanor knew it. Julius, of course, knew it. Society in general knew it. The one exception was Mr. Carrick. Mr. Carrick might also have known it if anybody had known where he was; but no one knew. Therefore he was left in ignorance.

The situation was very exasperating to Julius Reed, because it had not needed Mrs. Maissey to put the idea into his head that he wanted to marry Eleanor. He had had it, and had had it strongly, ever since their first meeting. She suited him exactly. She was a constant joy to him.

"Why don't you get a divorce?" he had asked the third time they met.

"How egotistical you are!" she had replied.

In the mutual laugh that followed lay his first declaration and her reply to it.

After that months passed by, but Julius Reed never did—he always came in. He came in, and when he came in he always stayed in, and when he stayed in he always grew more than ever sure that what had come into his life with Eleanor's coming had also come there to stay. He asked Eleanor many questions—some blunt and some artful—as to the state of her own feelings, but being married, even to a man in Colombo, is a liberal education in keeping one's affairs to one's self, and Eleanor hoarded her affairs like a miser.

"I should think that you would know that if I didn't like you I would never have you here so much," she said one day, when he was uncommonly importunate.

"But you don't have me here," said Julius Reed. "I just come."

"That's true," she said.

"But then you *do* like me," he continued, "since you allow me to come?"

"Oh, yes, I like you," she said, and then she added: "I like you more than my husband, and quite as well as any other man."

"My——" he began with great force, but she stopped him.

"If you're going to say 'My God,' you mustn't, because it's irreverent," she said; "and if you're going to say 'My love,' you mustn't, because I'm married."

"I know *that*," said Julius, with a groan.

"Do you?" she asked sweetly. "I thought you had forgotten."

They looked at each other, and in the conflict of their glances the man felt his helplessness and let the question go over again.

But he did not give up, and so the months rolled into years and still the situation remained as before.

Then, one night, just as she was dressing for a ball, Mrs. Carrick received a letter from Rohilla Land, stating that her husband had died some time previous.

"Now, this is a nice time for me to hear of it!" the widow reflected. "My skirt's on, even my waist's off, and I'll have to pay for the carriage anyhow."

She reread the letter and found that it was over four months since the sad event had transpired. The news appeared to have been forwarded by donkey-post.

"I'm sure I don't know what to do," she reflected further, and then she allowed the maid to finish dressing her while she read the other letters.

When all was finished she locked the whole mail away and put off further consideration until to-morrow.

"It's nobody's business but mine, any way," she said to herself, and went on to the ball. The news seemed to give an added zest to her anticipations, which were always high where pleasure was concerned. And in a little while she found herself reasoning that, since she had been a widow without knowing it for four months, she might very justifiably go on being a widow without any one else's knowing it.

Julius Reed was at the ball.

"If he knew!" she thought, and the thought solidified her glimmerings of reservation into a most utter intensity.

She told no one of the letter, and continued the usual routine of her routs and routes. Her sense of humor soon seized on the salient features of the case and supplied a new form of spice in life.

"Have you heard from your husband lately?" Julius Reed asked with a jerk one day. Any reference to her husband always came out of him like a sneeze.

"Not very lately," she said.

"How long since he's written you?"

"Years"—and that was quite true.

"Do you suppose he'll ever write again?"

Eleanor considered a little. "I should be awfully surprised if he did," she said at last.

"You could get a divorce now," said Julius Reed. "You really could."

"I shouldn't think of that," said Eleanor. "It would be too silly—all things considered."

"I don't see that," said Julius hotly. "I think it would be decidedly the best thing to do. Do you know where he is?"

"No, I don't."

"Have you any idea where he is?"

"I have a general sort of idea that he's somewhere——" She pointed down.

"India or China," said Julius, nodding. "Yes, I suppose so."

Then the kettle began to sing, and he rose to make the tea. He liked to make tea himself, and Eleanor liked to have him. She was fond of contemplating his capabilities, and the fact that her husband was dead added a new charm to the contemplation.

Julius made the tea very nicely. When it was made he poured her out a cup and brought it to her.

"Now, about him——" he said, going back for his own.

"About whom?" she asked, stirring gently and smiling.

"When I'm speaking to you," said Julius, with emphasis, "I should think that you would know that I meant your husband."

"How should I know that when you spoke to me you meant my husband?" she asked in surprise. "No one ever confused us before. Have you always meant my husband whenever you spoke to me?"

At that he gave her a terrible look.

"Don't lose your temper," she said sweetly.

"I'm not losing my temper," he replied hotly. "It's only you are so foolish. It's no use your pretending to be witty. It is really a very serious matter."

"I didn't know that I was pretending to be witty," said she, becoming sober that instant. "I thought that I was really witty. Please don't tell any one else how you've been fooled. I shall lose my reputation for cleverness at once."

Julius sipped his tea and controlled himself.

"Don't you really ever expect him back?" he asked finally.

"No," said the widow; "I don't."

"Then you *are* deserted," said Julius, "and you have a right to your freedom."

"I have all the freedom I want."

"That's nonsense."

"But I mean it."

"Fiddle-sticks!" said Julius Reed.

"I'm just as free as a woman can be," Eleanor murmured

"In one sense, yes; in another, no."

Then she looked out of the window and smiled.



"Your position is a horrible one," the man declared.

"But I like it."

"Nonsense!"

"It just suits me," said Eleanor.

"You can't marry——"

"But I don't want to marry."

"But if you did." Julius rose in search of more tea. "I tell you," he said, after he had gotten it, "this whole affair is getting on my nerves. I can't live this way forever, even if you can."

"I can," said Eleanor. "I like to live calmly. I like to contemplate life from the standpoint of the mule upon a towpath."

"Well, I don't like to contemplate life from the standpoint of the driver," said Julius.

"Speaking of drivers, I don't just follow," said the lady. "Are you mixed in your genders, or referring to my husband?"

"Oh, curse it all!" exclaimed Julius, "I'm going mad, that's all. Don't mind me."

"I'll wait till you are through," said Eleanor prettily. "Don't hurry."

Then he laughed. And then he set his cup down and screwed his glass firmly into his eye.

"If your husband was dead——" he said slowly.

"Yes, I know all that," she interrupted. "I have known for a long time. It would be no news to me, I assure you."

"Would you marry me then?"

"I've been wondering that ever since I first knew."

Julius's eyebrow took a fresh grip on his glass.

"What do you think about it?" he asked hoarsely.

She looked at him. It was now a full year since Mr. Carrick's demise.

"Your husband really cuts no figure in your life," said Julius presently. "To all intents and purposes, he's dead."

She nodded.

"If any one was to tell you that he really was dead, you would not receive any shock."

"No, that's true," she said thoughtfully.

"It wouldn't alter your daily life at all."

She shook her head.

"Then why not get a divorce and marry me?"

"I don't like the idea of a divorce—it seems so unnecessary."

"You couldn't be married legally without it."

She looked at him and laughed.

"I see nothing to laugh at," said Julius Reed.

"Forgive me," said Mrs. Carrick, "but I do."

She went to her desk and unlocked one of the drawers and took out a paper—a letter with a foreign stamp.

"Suppose you announce it," she said, handing it to him. "I'll go to Monte Carlo until the worst of the blow is over, and then——"

Julius had opened the letter and was reading it rapidly. "And then?" he said absent-mindedly—for the letter paralyzed him.

Mrs. Carrick laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. "Then I'll come back to Paris and buy my trousseau," she said softly.

Julius' eye-glass fell abruptly.

So did Eleanor.



## IN A LITTLE SHANTY

BY SILAS X. FLOYD

LOVE was ol' an' Love was young  
 In a little shanty;  
 Fiddles played and banjos rung  
 In a little shanty.  
 'Cross de flo' de dahkies flew  
 Tell de mo'n come breakin' thoo,  
 An' de sweat jes' drapped lak dew,  
 In a little shanty.

Don't you think dat Love ain't sweet  
 In a little shanty,  
 W'en de dahkies shake dey feet  
 In a little shanty.  
 White man, in yo' mansion gran',  
 You an' Love ain't han'-in-han',  
 'Cause ol' Love done took his stan'  
 In a little shanty.

# WHEN THE WORLD LAUGHS

*By Marvin Dana*

AN old-time Anglo-Saxon king gave the fine manor of Walworth to his jester, Nithardus. The magnificent benefaction, Saint Bartholomew's Hospital, was founded by the fool and favorite of a later monarch. In those days the diverting of a sovereign was an important and profitable vocation. In later times, though the fool in cap and bells has passed, the humorist still holds high place in that court of courts, public opinion—which is as it should be, for wit originally meant wisdom, and he who writes or speaks most amusingly reveals subtly both sense and shrewdness. An able man often employs the joke as a potent force in argument of serious character. The jest is of vital value in polemics.

The prosperity of the jest lies chiefly in the ear of him who hears, as does beauty in the eye of him who sees. Beyond that it lies in the personality of the narrator. To analyze further is not of much avail. A request to define beauty once elicited the apt answer: "That is the question of a blind man." To him who required such a definition, all definitions would be useless. So of humor: the only one requiring a definition of humor is he who has no sense of it, and all the definitions in the world would never make him understand what it was.

Borrow, in his fourteenth sermon, says of wit: "It is, indeed, a thing so versatile, multiform, appearing in so many shapes and garbs, so variously apprehended of several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting wind."

It is equally difficult to draw any exact line of division between wit and humor, though many have tried to do so. They are, in truth, but different sides of the same thing. Humor is nature, we know; wit is art. Humor has its source in the emotions; wit in the intellect. From humor comes laughter, but wit may fail to bring even so much as a smile. Nero made a ghastly play on Seneca's name when he passed sentence on the philosopher: "*Se neca*"—a bald decree that the wise man should kill himself. Here is grim cleverness, but hardly of a kind to excite laughter.

Of one thing we are sure—a sudden contrast between the expected and the actual will provoke laughter, unless a more serious emotion intervenes. Any departure from the line of expression or deportment sanctioned by common usage has everywhere and always been a fertile source of laughter, of caricature, and of satire. Fun is often purely local in its character. An African tribe roared with laughter when a missionary told them that the world was round. One mikado is said to have died in a fit of laughter after hearing that the American people ruled themselves.

The foundations of fun are much the same everywhere; only the methods of exploitation vary. Amusement garbs itself variously at every frontier, but is always the same in its proper character. The changes in dress perplex us, for the world is still deceived by ornament, as in Shakespeare's time; but, stripped of the local manner, the essence of fun is universally the same.



The Chinese will serve as an illustration. The race is so old that they seem to have lived through all human experiences, including civilization and religion, yet the Chinese have their humorous tales that would be likely to tickle the risibilities of the people of almost any other nation. For example, one of the ancient tales is of a man condemned to wear the thief's collar.

"How on earth did you get into this scrape?" a friend asked him.

"Oh, it was this way," was the answer. "I was walking along the road when I chanced to see a piece of old hay-band rope. I knew it was of no value to any one, and as no one claimed it, I took it home with me."

"But why did they make the punishment so severe for a little thing like that?" the friend demanded, much astonished.

"I don't know," the culprit replied, "unless it was because there was an ox at the end of the rope."

The classic Greeks cracked many a jest that has provoked the laughter of the generations since. Hierocles, who was a Platonic philosopher at Alexandria, five hundred years before Christ, compiled a book of twenty-one jokes, called "Asteia." Many of these are quoted to-day as Irish bulls, which is hardly fair either to Greek or to Hibernian. It was Hierocles who told of the simpleton that resolved never to enter the water until he had learned to swim; of the man who determined to teach his horse to live without food, and had reduced the animal to a straw a day, and was just about to reduce the diet still further when the animal chanced to die, thus spoiling the experiment; of the house-owner who carried about a brick from his mansion as a sample of the building for exhibition to prospective buyers; of the

curious person who stood before his mirror with his eyes shut in order to see how he looked when he was asleep. The man who caught a crow, and determined to keep it so as to learn from his own observation whether or not the bird would really live two hundred years, and the shipwrecked mariner who clung to the anchor to keep from sinking, are also examples of this ancient philosopher's humor. Still another of the anecdotes in "Asteia" cites the case of a man who demanded of an acquaintance whether it was he or his brother who had recently been buried.

Diogenes, when asked what kind of wine he preferred, promptly answered: "The wine of other people," which utterance has in one form or another been made use of by joke-writers ever since.

The Turk is a moralizer in his jesting. In the famous tales of Nasir Eddin, which have gone far and wide over the world, there is always this undercurrent in the amusement. When a neighbor sought to borrow a rope from Nasir Eddin, he refused, because his one piece of rope was in use: he had used it to tie up some flour.

"But you can't tie up flour with a rope," cried the puzzled neighbor.

"I can tie up anything with a rope when I do not wish to lend it," was the calm reply.

Again, when one came for his ass, he declared that he had already loaned it. At that instant the ass brayed from its stable.

"But the ass is here," the borrower exclaimed.

"What!" cried Nasir Eddin. "Would you take the word of an ass instead of mine?"

As to the Spanish, it would almost seem as if Cervantes in his "Don Quixote" had written all the best humor of the race. That wonderful book is full of drollery beyond its satire. But since Cervantes there is little of wit or fun to command attention. The Italians, too, are lacking in the better sorts of humor, though there is plenty of buffoonery among them. Among all the Latin races, a great part of the merry-making deals with subjects that are unwholesome.

Among the Germans, we find a humor and wit extensive and admirable. The chief characteristic, so far as one exists, is a certain quality based on investigation into the reason of things; it is almost metaphysical—sometimes quite physical—as here:

A little boy, strolling with his mother along Unter den Linden, observed with interest the young misses of a seminary taking their daily parade. The girls were walking two by two. In front were the youngest, their skirts to their knees; after them came the others in the order of their ages, their skirts increasing with their years; last of all came the young ladies, whose skirts reached even to the pavement.

"Mamma," questioned the little boy, "why is it that the girls' legs grow shorter as they grow older?"



Yet the best characteristic of German jesting is its excellence, which must appeal to all the world. Though the story has been claimed for both French and English writers, it was a German, Heine, who wrote to an author from whom he had received a book:

"I shall lose no time in reading it."

Wit, rather than humor, is distinctive of the French. They by no means lack humor, but much of it is of a questionable sort. Of course there are exceptions, as in a picture I remember of a trombone player, a huge man, in a rage, shaking his instrument at a caged canary in the room with him. Beneath the picture were the words:

"That's it! Just as I was about, with the velvety tones of my instrument, to imitate the twittering of little birds in the forest, you have to interrupt with your infernal din!"

The typical French wit is caustic—it draws blood. Voltaire was a wit of wits, and he always displays this quality. "Nothing," he said, "is so disagreeable as to be obscurely hanged." There is a sermon in the saying, and a bitter one.

Voltaire said of England that it had sixty religions and only one gravy; in which saying, again, there is much food for sad reflections; but it is better to have sixty religions than none, and I prefer the roast beef of old England without any gravy to Paris horse with *sauce béarnaise*.



Apropos of food, I am reminded of the striking comparison made by another Frenchman, the *gastronome* Brillat Savarin, that a dinner without cheese is like a beautiful woman with only one eye.

Often French wit is of the merely absurd sort, like much of our own. Thus it was a French courtier who said of a man famous for obesity that he found him sitting all around a table by himself. That is really better than our modern American jest on the approaching fat man: "Here comes a crowd."

Even more American in character is the remark of the boasting Gascon, that a man boxed him on the ear—he was buried the next day.

Here is a French joke that is rather English in character: The Marquis de Favières, notorious for his impecuniosity, called on a man of means named Barnard, and said:

"Monsieur, I am going to astonish you. I am the Marquis de Favières. I do not know you, and I come to borrow five hundred louis."

"Monsieur," Barnard replied, "I am going to astonish you much more. I know you, and I am going to lend them."

Yet the typical French story always has a sting in it, like the famous one of the wife who died, which has gone over the world in varying guise. In the village of Poitou a woman fell into a trance.

After the Poitevin custom, she was wrapped in a sheet to be carried to the cemetery; but as the procession was passing through a narrow road a thorn of the wayside pierced the sheet, wounded her so that the blood flowed, and she awoke. Fourteen years later the woman really died, and again was borne towards the grave. As the procession passed through the narrow road, the husband called:

"Not so near the hedge, friends! Not so near the hedge!"

Dutch humor and wit are not of a sort to appeal to us often. The people of Holland are rarely sarcastic; their fun-making is of a most ponderous kind. Once on a time a controversy started between Holland and Zealand, and the argument continued for two years. The thrilling question at issue was: Does the cod take the hook, or does the hook take the cod? Let this illustration suffice.



As to the English, they are not dull, as we sometimes contend; they are merely different. For the rest, the English, or rather the British, wit and humor are the most comprehensive and the best in the world, next to the American. Indeed, in the colonies we are apt to find the spirit which we claim as essentially American in the fun of every-day. A Canadian story is told of a raw Irish girl who went to a clergyman and asked to know what fee he charged for marrying. She was told, a dollar and a half. After an interval of a few weeks, she appeared again, presented the specified sum, and bade the minister go ahead.

"Where is the bridegroom?" the clergyman inquired.

"What!" cried Bridget, in amazed indignation. "Don't you furnish the man for a dollar and a half?"

As a rule, humor, rather than wit, is the British characteristic. The fun is found in absurd situations that have no suggestion of malice towards any one. Dickens tells of two men who were about to be hanged, and who were together on a scaffold erected in a public place. All about them, below, an immense concourse waited. At this moment a bull which was being taken to market ran amuck in the crowd, and began goring persons right and left. Bill, on the scaffold, turned to his companion and said:

"I say, Jim, it's a good thing we're not in that crowd."

Another English joke is of a vegetarian who proposed to a woman, whereupon she delivered herself of the following scathing words: "Go along with you! What? Be flesh of your flesh, and you a-living on cabbage? Go and marry a grass widow!"

I doubt if more of wit and humor were ever put into a single word than in *Punch's* famous advice to those about to get married: "Don't!"

In the same line of thought is the remark of a London woman of the East End who went to a hospital for treatment.

"Who did this?" asked the surgeon. "Some of these bruises and cuts are very serious. Was it your husband?"

"Lor' bless ye, no!" came the answer. "W'y, my 'usband 'e's more like a friend nor a 'usband!"

So of the two intoxicated individuals who solemnly went to bed in the gutter at an early hour of the morning. After some time one of them spoke indignantly:

"I shay, le's go t'nuzzer hotel. This leaksh."

Quite different, but equally harmless, is the reply in the following: A tramp with a very red nose begged alms of a severe spinster, who asked bluntly: "What makes your nose so red?"

"That nose o' mine, mum," said the tramp haughtily, "is a blushin' with pride, 'cause it ain't stuck into other folks's business."

Yet while wholesome humor is dominant among the British, there is no lack of wit as caustic as was ever the French. Sir Robert Walpole defined gratitude as "a lively sense of future favors." Salisbury, with the brutal frankness that sometimes distinguished him, once scathed his partner at whist by answering to one who inquired concerning the progress of the game: "Oh, I am doing very well, considering that I have three adversaries."

Lamb was often withering in his wit. Once Coleridge said to him:

"Charles, did you ever hear me lecture?"

Lamb replied instantly:

"I never heard you do anything else."

In a letter Lamb wrote that Wordsworth had said to him that he did not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare, if he had a mind to try it. "Clearly," Lamb adds, "nothing is wanting but the mind."

An excellent illustration of sarcastic cleverness has been variously attributed to Doctor Johnson by his biographer, to Lord North by Earl Mount-Edgumbe, and to Monk Lewis by the Reverend Philip Smith. As a matter of fact, it can be traced to Tudor times.

A concert singer who sang not wisely but too often was once executing—or perhaps "butchering" were the better word—a number remarkable for its trills and other musical pyrotechnics when an admirer of the performer remarked that the piece was a difficult one.

"Difficult!" came the retort. "I wish to heaven it were impossible!"



The grotesque in humor is not so common among the British as with us, but one of the best examples of it was Thackeray's reference to an oyster so large that it took two men to swallow it whole. But let us pass to the puns, of which the British are notoriously fond.

It is usual to sneer at the pun. As a matter of fact, a pun may be very clever and amusing, or it may be hopelessly dull and imbecile. Lamb said that the pun was a noble thing in itself, and that it filled the mind. Johnson said that the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. Perhaps both are right to a certain extent. No one can question the cleverness of Nero's pun, which I have quoted, or of Napier's despatch, when he had captured Scinde. He sent the one word, "*Peccavi*" ("I have sinned"). Yet, while we appreciate the wit of these, they do not inspire laughter. It is otherwise with a punster like Hood, who declared that, though a man of many sorrows, he had to be a lively Hood for a livelihood. In his punning, wit and humor mingle. To quote but a single example:

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms,  
But a cannon ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms.

And as they took him off the field,  
Cried he, "Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-Second Foot."

There is no occasion to study separately the wit and humor of the English, the Scotch, and the Irish. It is a vile calumny that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman's skull; and some of the brightest of Britain's wits have been Irishmen. It is characteristic, however, that most of the jests anent the Scotch have to do with their penuriousness, while those about the Irish are in the form of bulls. An illustration of the former is the story of a Scotchman who, when beset by three footpads, made a desperate resistance and injured his adversaries severely. When at last he was overpowered and searched, all they found on him was a crooked sixpence. One of the robbers said:

"If he had had eighteenpence he'd have killed the three of us."

There is, too, that classic in *Punch*, of the Scotchman returned home from a visit to London, who said:

"I had na been there an hour when bang! went saxpence!"

An Irishman, asked to define a bull, replied:

"If you see thirteen cows lying down in a field and one of them is standing up, that's a bull."

Sir Boyle Roche, who was famous for his slips in the use of language, wrote in a letter: "At this very moment, my dear —, I am writing this with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other." He declared in a speech before the Irish House of Commons that "single misfor-

tunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is usually followed by a greater."

Another well-meaning Irishman said to a distinguished man on whom he hoped to make a good impression: "Sir, if you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there."

Again, one gentleman remarked to another, referring to a third: "You are thin, and I am thin, but he's as thin as the two of us put together."

But there are plenty of others besides the Irish who make bulls. One of the most extraordinary ever made had its birth in the mad brain of an Italian. A lunatic called on a gentleman in Venice and announced himself as the angel Gabriel.

"But," said the gentleman, "when I saw you a year ago you said that you were Lucifer."

"So I am," said the lunatic, "but by different mothers."

I do not believe that I am guided by prejudice when I declare American humor to be the best and the most comprehensive in the world. The older nations joined to give us birth, and their blood has gone constantly, as it goes to-day, to the upbuilding of our race. It is therefore inevitable that we should draw from every source of wit, every spring of humor. And our own atmosphere of youth gives to all a new vitality.

We have the meditative humor of the German, as where the widow, brooding over her deceased spouse, remarked plaintively:

"If John had n't blowed into the muzzle of his gun, I guess he'd 'a' got plenty of squirrels. It was such a good day for them!"

We have even the moralizing of the Turk: A little girl, having been naughty, was told by her mother to add to her usual prayer a petition that God would make her a better girl. So she said: "And please, God, make Nellie a good little girl." Then, with pious resignation: "Nevertheless, O God, Thy will, not mine, be done."



Often we are cynical, like the French. A husband said that when he was first married he so adored his bride that he wanted to eat her. Afterwards, he was sorry that he had n't.

And, happily, we have an abundance of the harmless English fun. An old lady, on entering an elevator, said to the boy attendant:

"Don't you get awful tired, sonny?"

"Yes, m'm."

"What makes you so tired, sonny? Is it the going up?"

"No, m'm."

"Is it the going down?"



"No, m'm."

"Then what is it makes you so tired, sonny?"

"It's the questions, ma'am."

"What would you like to give your cousin for his birthday?" a mother asked her little son.

"I know," was the answer; "but I ain't big enough."

Josh Billings declared that one hornet, if it was feeling well, could break up a whole camp-meeting.

The late Doctor Ridpath told me a story—whether his own or another's, I do not know—of Homer. Once when the poet was taking a walk through the streets of one of the seven villages where he was born, the small boys threw mud at him. With extraordinary presence of mind Homer at once retired under a horse-shed and wrote the Iliad—to get even.

It is recorded that during the Civil War a man claimed exemption from the draft because he was a negro, a minister, over age, a British subject, and a habitual drunkard.

The one characteristic that stands out most distinctly in our American humor is its quality of exaggeration, of grotesqueness. It is always appearing in Mark Twain's work, it is always appearing everywhere else. "Talk of Vesuve," the American boasts: "Niag'll put her out in three minutes." Irving declared that Uncle Sam believed the earth tipped when he went west. In a state paper Lincoln, referring to certain Mississippi gunboats, said that their draught was so light they would float wherever the ground was a little damp. It was an American who described the pigs in his neighborhood as being so thin that the owners had to tie a knot in their tails to keep them from crawling through the chinks in the fence.



Ward abounded in similar absurdities. It was he who said to the conductor of the slow-moving train: "Why don't you take the cow-catcher off the engine and put it behind the car here. There ain't anything to hinder a cow from strolling into the car and biting a passenger."

A story with the same moral is told of a conductor who asked a hoary-headed, white-bearded passenger for his ticket.

"I gave it to you," said the old man.

"I guess not," the conductor replied. "Where'd you get on?"

"At Buxby's Crossing."

"Why," the conductor cried, "there was n't anybody got on at Buxby's Crossing except one little boy."

"I," said the aged one, "was that little boy."

In our puns we have as good as the best elsewhere, perhaps even

better. Certainly, I know of no double pun more clever than one told in connection with Mr. Joseph H. Choate. That distinguished gentleman was once arguing a case in Westchester County, when his adversary referred to the Chesterfieldian urbanity of Mr. Choate. Thereafter, Mr. Choate made mention of the Westchesterfieldian suburbanity of the other gentleman.

One less elegant, though quite as effective, is known in the Lambs' Club. On one occasion, a member, notorious for his aversion to "treating," strolled into the café just as two other members were about to refresh themselves. They invited the penurious one to drink, and he accepted.

"You don't know what I'm doing now," he said pompously. "I am writing my autobiography."

"Ah!" remarked one of the two. "With the accent on the 'buy'?"

"No," amended the second; "with the accent on the 'ought to.'"

But there is no need to multiply illustrations. There is hardly a paper we pick up that has not its quota of amusing and clever sayings. We abound in wit and humor, and this is as it should be. They cracked few jests, our Puritan forebears, amid the rigors and bleakness of the New England wilderness. But to-day we are at peace, and prosperous. We are well fed, well clad; we do not have to toil too much. Therefore we can laugh, and that with a good conscience. We have the brains for wit, we have the prosperity that makes laughter easy. Let us make merry!



## SISTERHOOD

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

HE never knew a mother. It was I  
 Whose arms he reached for, waking, shadow-scared,  
 By vague child terrors that I all but shared.  
 Mine were the nights of travail, when his cry  
 Moaned low with pain, or fever-wild and high.  
 Mine were the love songs that he learned to know,  
 Mine all his mother-watching to bestow,  
 With little pleasures that my purse could buy.  
 He never knew a mother. All his life  
 To me he brought his honors and his woes;  
 He has but crowned his manhood—and he goes  
 Unto this other woman—to his wife!  
 Ah, God, forgive me! these are loving tears;  
 And I have wept so little through the years.

# THE WOMAN WHO GAVE NO QUARTER

*By Caroline Lockhart*

“W<sup>H</sup>OA, now! Keep quiet, you sheep-herder! You roan cayuse, do you want to kill us both?”

Bronco Bess's epithets were not complimentary, but there were affection and understanding in the touch of the firm hand which patted the neck of the chafing roan she rode. She had reined in where the canyon widened sufficiently to permit the passing of vehicles, and waited for the four-horse stage from the railroad terminus, forty miles away, to crawl up the steep and dangerous incline. There were four passengers, one of whom she recognized as the wife of the owner of the General Merchandise Store in Bear-Tooth, the Wyoming town huddling on the side of a foot-hill like a herd of dingy sheep. She knew Mrs. Atkinson's two-story bonnet. It had lace streamers which sometimes floated gaily in the breezes and sometimes made a fat bow under her chin. The bonnet had an ivy wreath around the second story, and a frill of lace drooped over her weather-beaten face from the ground floor. It had been freighted in with a load of hardware from Billings, and Mrs. Atkinson always referred to it, complacently, as her “French creation.”

Bronco Bess half turned in her saddle and, with one hand resting carelessly on the horse's rump, watched the approaching stage and Mrs. Atkinson's towering head-dress with indifferent eyes. It occurred to her vaguely that the other passengers must be the new professor, who was to take charge of Bear-Tooth's pride, the public school, and his wife.

“That's one of our local characters,” tittered Mrs. Atkinson. “She *calls* herself Mrs. Wentworth, and you'll see her little girl in school. She breaks and sells horses for a living. My husband, Mr. Atkinson, says she can ride anything that wears hair. We don't call on her at all, because, of course, she doesn't go into society, and really, you know, it wouldn't be possible to recognize her socially.”

In those misty days “back East,” Mrs. Atkinson had been a visiting dressmaker for the rather reasonable hire of one dollar a day.

"One need not be *too* democratic even in the West, do you think so, Mrs. Atkinson?" replied the smug voice of the woman on the rear seat of the stage.

The man beside her leaned out to look at the woman on horseback silhouetted against the cloudless blue of the Wyoming sky.

The man's eyes widened as he looked, and a nauseating faintness drew the color from his lips. He stroked his brown beard with a hand which was seized with an uncontrollable fit of trembling.

"Gad!" he breathed through teeth which he shut hard to keep from chattering. "There's only one woman in the world sits a horse like that!"

As the stage drew nearer, Bronco Bess straightened herself and sat slim, erect, picturesque in her sombrero, blousing flannel shirt, divided skirts, and high-heeled cowboy boots. Her level gray eyes hardened as she prepared to return the frosty bow of the social leader of Bear-Tooth. The stage was close, and her cold glance wandered from Mrs. Atkinson's ossified countenance to the new professor on the back seat.

Her eyes met the cringing eyes of the man. Her lips parted in astonishment for the one brief second that she stared, and then a swift and terrible anger leaped into her face. She checked the staccato-like exclamation which was almost out, and gripped the steel pommel of her saddle hard. With a kind of gasp, she spurred her horse past the stage, and, seeing nothing but the coward's face behind her, plunged down the mountain road over which pedestrians picked a cautious way.

She rode, she knew not where—out upon the wind-swept hills, through the deep sand coulees, across the sage-brush flats—anywhere, blindly. She cursed him as she rode, her bosom rising and falling with the passion which possessed her.

"You coward! You traitor! You Judas Iscariot!" she cried aloud, turning her white, tense face to the squalid town on the foothill.

Out of twelve years of suffering a calmness had come which was near enough peace to satisfy her, and now *he* must come to undo what she had accomplished through tears and heart-aches and long night hours of anguish. She had had no solace but her child and the freedom of her life among the hills she loved.

Only the rare women of her sex could understand the heart of Bronco Bess. Her physical courage was the courage of a lioness; her nature was that of the Indian in its craving for outdoor life. The occupations of women fretted her, their petty interests bored her. They could not understand her, so they ostracized her, and,

with the meanness of small natures, "dealt her misery," as she phrased it.

She rode till she was breathless and her willing horse lagged, then she dismounted, and, throwing her arms about the roan's neck, buried her face in its mane and sobbed out her misery to the uncomprehending dumb brute.

The new professor saw Bronco Bess's child at school, as Mrs. Atkinson had prophesied, and the child fascinated him. She had brown hair and eyes and a dimple in her chin, and bore little, if any, resemblance to her mother. Bronco Bess's hair was black, and her small, feminine features as clear cut as the profile of the Goddess of Liberty. For days he waited in a state of almost hysterical nervousness for some word or sign from Bronco Bess. He thought he knew her too well to believe that she had forgiven him. She had the vindictiveness of a Sioux.

From the door of his square, ugly house on the hill above her he could see the stockade of hewn logs which enclosed her corral. It became a habit with him to stand in his doorway, looking at the log house and wondering what she was doing and thinking.

"Sooner or later," he told himself frequently, "she'll ruin me."

And Bronco Bess, looking through her window at the figure in the doorway of the house above her, as often whispered:

"When the time comes, I'll knife you *right!*"

So the new professor cursed the fates who had sent him to this God-forsaken town among the foot-hills, and waited with a species of desperate courage for the woman's attack.

As the weeks went by, and she made no move, he grew more confident. He saw with greater clearness how complete was her ostracism because of her extraordinary occupation and her stubborn silence regarding herself and her past. The man tried to make himself believe that she was afraid to speak, thinking not to be believed, and thus to subject herself to further ridicule, but in his heart he knew that Bronco Bess was not afraid.

The dislike which the wife of the new professor took to this woman, whom she did not know, amounted to a mania. The fertility of her spiteful suggestions and insinuations dazed even Mrs. Atkinson, who herself had never been at a loss for theories when she did not know the truth. Yet while the wife of the new professor stared at Bronco Bess with a sneer which was openly insolent, inwardly she shrank from something she read in the calm, level eyes of the woman she affected to despise.

The months passed slowly, enlivened only by rows in the two local churches, tongue fights over new rules at afternoon card parties, and an occasional shooting affray over boundary lines and wire



fences. Whatever picturesque features the town had once possessed in the primitive frontier days when Bronco Bess had built her stockade as a protection against timber wolves and coyotes had passed with the arrival of new-comers from the Middle West, whose possessions generally consisted of a few hundred dollars, a milch cow, and an overwhelming ambition to convince Bear-Tooth that their departure had left a great gap in the social life of the towns they had forsaken. Moved by a common impulse to down a woman whom they deemed already down, the new-comers lined up against Bronco Bess in the attitude of unfriendliness to which she had long been accustomed. And Bronco Bess broke broncos and sold them to the new-comers, preserving strictly her taciturnity and going unfalteringly her own lonely way.

The school year was about to close. The sage brush had turned a brighter green, and the wild roses along the creeks were odorous banks of loveliness. In spite of those first weeks of frightful suspense, the year had been eminently successful, the new professor thought, as he blue-pencilled averages on the final examination papers. The sword of Damocles had been suspended by a stouter thread than he had believed, and now he had almost no fear of its falling.

An innovation he had introduced as an incentive to study was the Honor Scholars' Picnic, to be given at the close of the school year to those pupils who had attained a certain average. The new professor noted with some dismay that the bright minds who had acquired the average could easily be crowded into one wagon. It was a distinct relief to find that the offspring of the belligerent Mrs. Atkinson was among the number. He looked long at the childish scrawl in which Bronco Bess's daughter had laboriously set forth her knowledge. His pencil wavered above the paper. He had seen her poring over her questions, and the anxiety in her childish face had not escaped him. Her soft brown eyes seemed to plead with him for the mark she had so fairly won, but there came to him also the shrill anger of his wife. Again and again he would have marked the paper below its deserts, but the shadow of manhood in him stayed his hand.

"By gad!" he muttered at last, straightening himself from his attitude of slouching indecision, "I am a cur, but I can't cheat a child."

Bronco Bess knew that her child was shunned, and resented it savagely in her heart, but even she had no idea of the brutal slights to which the girl was subjected. The child inherited her own fierce pride, and she would not tell even her mother of the gibes and insults heaped upon her day by day. She never condemned her mother, for, in some vague way, she thought that only she was to

blame because she was not liked. If the sobs she choked back as she trudged alone from school behind her giggling schoolmates made her throat ache, no one knew it, or if she crept away and threw herself face downward on the sand and moaned aloud, no one knew that, either. So when her name was written on the blackboard as one of the Honor Scholars her heart beat fast and her face was radiant. She was as grateful as though a favor had been conferred upon her; it seemed, in some way, like a recognition. She ran until she was breathless to tell her mother the splendid news. Bronco Bess was working among her horses, but she quickly left them and hugged the child to her heart.

"I am so proud of you, Old Sweetness," she whispered softly. "Mamma's own little girl!"

It was dusk when the blacksmith's grinning urchin brought a sealed note to the door. Bronco Bess took it wonderingly, and saw that it bore the signature of the wife of the new professor. The note read:

DEAR MRS. WENTWORTH:

We ladies have discussed very thoroughly the advisability of your child attending the Honor Scholars' Picnic. While we do not wish to seem harsh, we have decided that it would very much simplify matters if she should remain at home. For reasons which I need not here mention, popular prejudice is so strong that I fear that, should you persist in sending her, the attendance at the picnic would be limited. Trusting that you will understand our feelings in this matter, I am,

Sincerely,

ANNA BEAMISH WILSON.

Bronco Bess looked at the blacksmith's urchin and again at the note. Inside the house a childish treble was singing happily.

"Go to your professor," said Bronco Bess slowly, and her eyes like cold steel sobered the youth—"go and tell him Bronco Bess wants to speak to him. Not to-morrow, nor after supper, but *now*." And the youth scurried away.

"Run up-stairs till I call you—your professor is coming," said Bronco Bess.

"Here?" exclaimed the child in delight.

"It is not an honor," replied the woman coldly.

The new professor came. The face above the brown beard was pallid, and suppressed excitement hampered his breathing.

"You knew of this?" Bronco Bess handed him the note, and he took it with a hand which trembled noticeably.

The professor frowned as he read.

"I didn't think she would do it," he faltered. "My wife——"

"Your what?"

He shrank from the scorn in her voice and her blazing eyes.

"Have you lived a lie so long that you have forgotten the truth, Frank Wentworth? Have you forgotten that *I* am your wife? Have you forgotten that you spent my inheritance and left me penniless with your child and mine upon a desolate Nebraska homestead? Do you not realize that you are a fugitive from justice—a bigamist living under an assumed name? Do you for one moment believe that I have forgiven you, or that I do not mean to make you pay with your heart's blood for the insults and indignities I have suffered because of you? I have waited, and am waiting, till you shall have established yourself more firmly here, that your fall may be the greater when it comes. I shall show your 'wife' the mercy she has shown me. I neither give quarter nor take it.

"I meant never to blackmail you into doing anything you did not do of your own free will, but the child—I cannot see her unhappiness, so I do not ask, I *demand*, that she shall go with the rest of the children as your especially honored guest."

The man cowered before her cold fury and held out to her both his shaking hands.

"Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth, for God's sake, don't ruin me! I was young and wild, and I meant to come back to you some time. I am weak, you know that—it is not my fault. You are strong—have pity on me, and forgive me! I will do what you ask—and more. Only, have pity!"

"Yes, you will do what I ask—and more—but I have no pity. Now go!—for I hate your cowardly face with a hatred which burns me. I could kill you where you stand, but your miserable life is not worth the penalty I should pay."

She opened the door and closed it behind him; then she called at the foot of the stairway:

"Come down, Old Sweetness. Let us talk about the picnic."

The morning of the Honor Scholars' Picnic promised a fair June day, and the wife of the professor saw with chagrin that the attendance was not so limited as she had asserted it would be because of Bronco Bess's child. Even the fastidious Mrs. Atkinson was there, and Mrs. Gladys Cecilia McGowen closed the Iowa Notion Store so that she might eat devilled eggs and sport in innocent glee among the pines for a few hours. The wife of the professor flushed angrily as she saw her husband take Bronco Bess's child in his lap as the wagon rumbled away. She had never known him to be so obstinate as in the matter of this woman's child. She had raged, but he had merely shrugged his shoulders and replied quietly:

"She shall go, Anna."

The wagon had been gone but a few minutes when Bronco Bess

came out from her stockade and followed the road up and around the mountain over which the picnic party had passed. It was the same road upon which she had waited for the stage months ago. She remembered the shock of that meeting as though it were yesterday. When she caught sight of the picnic wagon she strained her eyes to see what horses they were driving. They were mostly "bronces," those livery horses, and that man Jim was not always sober.

"It's a mighty bad road down which to take a load of children," she muttered, and she increased the roan's gentle amble to a trot. The dangerous part came when the top was reached and the descent on the other side began. It gave her a strange sensation, as she rode closer to the wagon, to see her child's glowing face looking up with eager, questioning eyes into those of the professor. She saw also that he smiled down upon the little one with tenderness in his glance.

Bronco Bess looked at the purple range which towered to the sky, snow-capped and jagged; at the red sand-stone buttes and the green foot-hills, and off to the sage-brush deserts, where, somewhere to the eastward, the "world" was. She breathed deep of the stimulating air.

"If one had only misery in life, a day like this is in itself a compensation for living," she murmured, and leaned forward to pat the arched neck of the roan.

At a turn of the road where it steeped to a dangerous angle, and where always the brakes were thrown hard, the chorus of voices in the wagon changed to shrill, discordant screams. For one sickening second Bronco Bess sat limp in her saddle, the reins almost dropping from her nerveless hand. Then she gathered herself and rode down upon the wagon.

"Throw the brake, Jim!" she cried, but the man could not hear her for the screams of the children. There was not at that point an extra foot on the narrow road to enable her to pass. Below was a jagged precipice, and a tumultuous stream roared at its base.

The driver held the reins over the plunging horses with one hand and fumbled wildly for the brake with the other. He threw it with all his might, but it was old and rickety and bound carelessly with baling wire. It was as nothing against the weight of the heavily loaded wagon. The tongue had slipped from the neck-yoke and alternately buried itself in the ground or bounded high in the air, crazing with fright the half-broken horses. It looked, to Bronco Bess, like sure death for all that she had or loved in the world. They were running in the road, but there would come a curve where the horses would not turn, and all would be over. They were going at a terrible pace to escape the wagon which was upon them. Without the tongue they could not have held it back if they would.

In his blind fright, the driver cursed and sawed the horses' mouths.

"Oh, God! if they'll only keep the road!" Bronco Bess's prayer quivered through bloodless lips as she rode close to the wagon. Even in her agony she saw that the professor was holding her child to his heart, and was awaiting the inevitable with a certain desperate calmness which dignified him. She watched the edge of the road bordering the precipice, in anguish. If only it would widen, that she might pass! If she could get to their heads! There was one place, if she would be quick enough. The road widened next to the mountain, and there followed an open space. It was only a chance. She saw it coming, and swung her horse to the inside of the road next the mountain. When she reached it she dug the spurs deep and shot by. She had only a few jumps in which to reach the horses' heads, but the roan responded, and she did it. Her grip on the bit of the inside horse was iron, and with all the superhuman strength which came to her she dragged them—literally dragged them—till they swerved from the road and swung into the clearing with their heads up-hill! But, as they swung, the roan's feet slipped where a seepage moistened the steep side, and in trying to recover he fell hard, crushing Bronco Bess beneath the saddle with its steel pommel. The horse scrambled to his feet and shook himself, but the woman did not rise. She lay a crumpled heap in the mud of the seepage. She heard the professor's voice, and opened her glazing eyes to see his face above her.

"Elizabeth!" he cried. "Oh, Elizabeth!"

A strange smile softened and beautified the face of Bear-Tooth's woman outcast. For a moment she forgot.

"Frank," she murmured caressingly, and put up a weak hand to pat his cheek. "Old Sweetness!"

Mrs. Atkinson sobbed aloud—and Bronco Bess remembered.

"The child——" she said, and her face hardened. "Your——" She checked herself and looked from Mrs. Atkinson to him. It was her moment of vindication and revenge. Her lips parted, but she did not speak.

"I have never taken quarter," she said at last, "but—I'll give it. Take her," she continued slowly, "and treat her—as though she were your own."



Honk! and the world honks with you; walk and you walk alone.

A mighty man may have strength for mighty deeds, but a great man must have patience for little ones.



# THE VACUOUSLY VIVACIOUS GIBBS

*The second of the series of humorous sketches of neighborhood types, "On Our Street."*

*By Marion Hill*

WHEN one is in the Gibbs' house it is no unusual thing to hear a conversation like this:

"Belle, will you bring the canny-blobs, Seetie?"

"Why, ep! Where iddy, Moms?"

"In the agony-corner of the blue-beard, I s'ink-I-dunno."

"Aw yight."

These are grown people talking. Belle goes off, looks vainly in a cupboard, goes further, and comes back with a plate of candy in her hands and a smile of surprised triumph on her face, as she cries:

"It was not in the blue-beard at all; it was in the hunny-bunny-box."

"Why, who puddy canny-blobs in hunny-bunny-box?"

"Peekalorums did. Nanky bad Peekalorums!"

Then the assembled Gibbs go off into fits of helpless laughter. The joke is evidently excellent, but to the outsider the point has to be explained before he can in the least see it, and even then, to his poor, untrained taste, it is apt to lack particular sharpness. The Gibbs have a language all their own. It is a compound of old puns, remnants of baby-talk, and allusions to family affairs which have been adjudged funny in their time. To the Gibbs each word is funny still, though to the uninitiated all is the veriest jargon of bosh. "We talk Gibberish!" says Belle, with a scream of laughter. Then all the others lop over and cackle.

They are a people very sociably inclined, and they fairly drag visitors into their home. But it is a tiresome place to spend an evening. For one thing, the Gibbs have no conversation, though they pride themselves particularly upon that very accomplishment; but the women merely banter, and the men can only argue. Bantering is pricking conversation to death with pins, and arguing is knocking it senseless with a club. When the Gibbs find that conversation lags, they charitably impute the fault to the visitor's stupidity in that direction, and very kindly begin to play games. It is an awful house for games.

If you don't play cards they look astoundedly at you, as if you were an anomaly—a three-legged chicken, or a double-headed calf—but they are prompt to suggest other games, all supposed to be intellectual. For instance, have you ever played "Buzz" at the Gibbs? If enough of you are there, you are set to counting, and you are warned that "three" is "buzz." So you begin, "One, two, *buzz*, four, five," and all goes safely till "thirteen" is called, when with a delighted shriek a Gibb points out to the victim that he should have said "buzzteen," so he is singled out to pay a forfeit, and the counting continues. At the thirties, it becomes a veritable intellectual orgy—buzzty-one, buzzty-two, buzzty-*buzz*, buzzty-four, and you wonder why you were born, or, having been born, why you ever called on the Gibbs, knowing them as you do.

On the occasions when you absolutely refuse to buzz, you are sent out of the room and have to do something psychic or other when you come back, either divine which book in the bookcase has been taken out and replaced in your absence, or gather in twenty questions that the assembly had agreed to put their thoughts upon a fly on the finger nail on the little finger of the left hand of Rossetti's Blessed Damosel. To prove their intellectuality, the Gibbs are ever playing the fool. They are palmists, and if you are a man they will hold your hand for a quarter of an hour (the girls will) and reel off for you a character reading relating very much to your heart and affections and soul, and that sort of thing. They are artists, too; that is, they will turn out the gas, bring in a candle, and (sitting very close) will cut shadow pictures of you in profile out of brown paper. These pictures are mostly nose. The things are pinned up in the parlor and stay there—fly-roosts—for month upon month.

The Gibbs have one custom not wholly uncommendable: they have supper for you at about ten o'clock; but even then they spoil it by making you do puzzles on the table-cloth with toothpicks. Is there *any* hope for people who play tricks with toothpicks? The Gibbs think it a delightful touch of bohemian brilliance to insist that you give or guess a conundrum before you can take a bite. After they are refreshed by a meal, the Gibbs become intellectual to the point of virulence, and they set you to saying "Peggy Babcock" very quickly six times in succession—the crisis of which is reached, and reached swiftly, when you say "Pebby Bagcock." Then each Gibb puts its head down on the table among the crumbs in a helpless fit of laughter. And not one has taken a drop of anything to drink stronger than lemonade, either. Next comes Shakespeare. You are goaded to accomplish *Hamlet's* soliloquy in this wise: "To, one, be, two, or, three, not, four, to, five, be, six, etc.," and by the time you have got it to sound like the wreck of a cash-register and a type-writer, you

have performed your pleasant mission and are permitted by the shrieking Gibb family to desist.

Bunched, the Gibbs are certainly rabid; taken singly, they are quite bad enough. Mr. Gibb is the teller of anecdotes, and the point of every one is a profane expression. Ben Gibb is the punster, and you think he is the worst of the lot till you meet Jack. Jack Gibb does legerdemain. He grabs your handkerchief (if you are a woman), pats it to nothingness, and then flutters it an inch at a time out of his ear; or he seizes your umbrella, swallows it with fearful choking contortions, then forces it slowly out of his trouser leg. Mrs. Gibb—heaven help us!—is the unwearied chronicler of her children's "brightness." Belle's specialty is occultism; she does the palmistry, the psychic force, the thought-transference, hypnotism, and spirit-rappings. Nell is the coon singer. Nell is undeniably hard to stand. "Ma baby," "ma lady," and "ma honey" seem to stick out all over her like rays on the pictured advertisement of electric belts.

The six of them feel that they are the life of the neighborhood. And so they are, perhaps, if life means gabble, giggle, glitter, and gibberish. They also honestly feel that they are literary, artistic, and musical; whereas in literature they confine themselves to novels and the short story magazines, in art to the collecting of posters, and in music to popular songs and comic opera. From the mighty, on-rushing current of human events, the Gibbs scoop only the froth. They can make "bright" remarks (ending in "ski") about the Russo-Japan war, and they are rich in mosquito jokes when the yellow fever situation is mentioned, but they have never been heard to express an intelligent opinion in regard to any one of the thousand items of public interest which engage the attention of the thoughtful.

The Gibbs name their dog "Perchance" and their cat "Guess." Both names are supposed to be exquisitely funny, and both show an exercise of that peculiar type of intelligence which seems to appeal to the Gibbs as worth while. "Our dog is named after Lord Byron's canine," they say. "Lord Byron's?" you ask. "Yes. Don't you remember his touching line, 'Perchance my dog will whine in vain till fed by stranger hands'?" You are expected to laugh heartily at this. Then, should you ask the name of the cat, they reply in lively manner: "Guess!" If you are unwary, you *do* guess. They permit you, like Byron's dog, to howl in vain a long list of names, then explain the matter to you, and more cachinnation is expected.

With the Gibbs' humor, the cream of the joke is always the discomfiture of the other fellow. They want to be amiable and friendly, and would be hurt and angry to hear it hinted that they are not. With them, smartness is the prime essential. So keen are they on the trail of a joke, that when they discuss their acquaintances

justice is often crowded to the wall. Piety is always sacrificed to a pun. They are entirely too anxious to be clever ever to be the least bit sympathetic. They make you laugh, it is true; but after you leave their lively home you remember that you have mostly laughed at their exaggerated description of another's idiosyncrasies, and you are uncomfortably sure that by now they are keeping the roomful giggling at *you*. It is then that you begin to question the kindness of the Gibbs' high spirits. You question it also on the score of economy. For instance: as the years go by, Nell's voice will fade, and the coon songs will fade, too; where then will be Nell? Belle will weary of the mystic, or her friends will; and where then will be Belle? Business, matrimony, birth, and death will unpun Ben and take the necromancy out of Jack. That done, there will not be much left of Ben and Jack but cuffs, collars, and patent leather toes. Looking to the future, one seems lugubriously forced to admit that Old Gibb has chosen the safest cult; he can go on his profane way to the end of the chapter. But at the end of the chapter—what?

We, the neighborhood, encourage the Gibbs shamefully by asking them to all our parties, because they make such a big noise and laugh so easily and uproariously that they make our affairs sound very successful from the outside. Nobody ever snubbed the Gibbs but Edith King. But that was only when she knew she was going to move out of the city.



## MUSIC

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

THERE is an organ in my elm,  
 A harp within my maple tree;  
 And Maestro Wind from each compels  
 An equal harmony;—

At morning a sonata clear,  
 A symphony superb at noon;  
 And with the soft descent of eve  
 A pure and pensive tune.

What need have I in crowded towns  
 To seek for grand orchestral scores,  
 When daily through my casement drift  
 These airs of out-of-doors!

# SEÑOR JIM

*By Will Levington Comfort*

LET us be commonplace for a minute and begin with a spring night and a college campus, garnished with moonlight, maple-buds—and a man and a maiden standing closely together.

"But, Nettie, if you don't think I'm worth waiting for, I'm sure I don't know just what to do about it," the man said dismally.

"You are worth waiting for, Jim," was the soft answer. "I believe in you and like you—better than anybody I ever knew; but, Jim, you know you *are* slow."

"Yes, there seems to be a general agreement on that; but you wait two years, Nettie, and I'll go out into the Southwest and make a bunch of money and come back and marry you. In two years——"

"But how are you going to make this bunch of money?" she asked, with sweet scepticism.

"Oh, the Southwest, you know. They're rushers out there. I'll hustle."

Nettie was silent for a moment. It is possible that she was trying to conjure to her brain a picture of big Jim Quest in the act of hustling. But the moment was a stolen one, and she made haste to add: "Oh, I hope you do, Jim—just to fool these folks who think there is nothing in you but good intentions and a lovely temper. And then I——"

"Yes, dear," whispered Jim; "I'll think of you always out there while I'm banging about, piling up dollars."

And so it came about that Jim gritted his teeth at the Southwest, vowing to manhandle the same out of a competence for two. Some of his energy was intact when he reached the border country, where the days are still, hot, and eon-long. Had he been a cook by profession, he might have caught on in a Tucson restaurant. Somebody with telegraphic qualifications was needed back in a shanty a couple of stations this side of Santa Fe; also an elevator boy in St. Louis. Apart from these, he had wrung the trail dry for life openings.

After many days, he strolled over into Mexico and discovered Corazel, which was concealed like a yellow-brown chameleon on the yellow-brown sand. The day was shaking down her shadows



when Jim Quest came, and the little people were awake. Many children, also yellow-brown, bare to the world as the pebbles on the trail and as unembarrassed, darted out of the dobies and followed the stranger through the *pueblo*, with glimmers of laughter and yammerings of fear. Because he was a-hungered and very hot and weary, the people ministered unto him—brought him milk and choice portions of goats, fragrant bouquets of red wine and coffee black.

One lithe-fingered, marvel-eyed maiden rolled cigarettes for him, as you would imagine Mother Nature would make roses if she set about doing a half-dozen blossoms a minute. And another girl—so wondrous that Jim thought she must be a mirage at the edge of the sunset, until he heard her voice—swung a hammock for him at the window of the house. Then a young moon detached itself from some mountains, and a guitar from somewhere began to drip enchantment.

"I knew it—I sure knew it," murmured Jim. "If you keep on going, you're bound to find something to do. I think I am going to like this."

It transpired that he was in the house of Quesada, to whom all Corazel bowed. A very old Spaniard was the señor, with some riches, caprices, venoms, and affections. When the last century was in its high noon, Quesada had come over from Spain into Mexico. He had found silver; and it was a stately tradition in Corazel and the province that the old man had a paper which pointed out the mouth of the Lost Lode, a tooth of almost solid silver, known to be somewhere among the Diablo peaks, though lost for decades. Señor Quesada also possessed two daughters: Magdalena, who swung Jim's hammock, and whose beauty would have startled Madrid; and Juanita, the little sister, who loved to roll Jim's cigarettes and serve in the shadows.

Quesada and his family treated the American with great deference, until Jim began to believe that he was a Messiah long-expected. Without stirring from his hammock, he could learn Spanish. There was infinite peace in the prospect of the wilderness of mountains to the south and east. Plainly Corazel was his destiny; for, as he had proved, there were no fortunes to be made behind.

Jim filled some great need, and had not the heart to depart. Weeks elapsed, and his Spanish permitted him to learn the manner of his service. Señor Quesada, dim of mind and dismantled of body, bent over the young man's hammock one morning. The eyes were burning in the ancient sunken face.

"Señor Jim—you come!" was whispered.

"Surely," said Jim, and he arose, noting that a pair of saddled burros were leaning against the outer wall.

They mounted in silence and rode out into the tinted mountains together.

"Here's where I get shown a short cut out of Paradise," Jim thought. "My home life is broken at last."

The sun told heavily upon the old Spaniard, but he kept his seat. Hours afterward, in the heart of the lower range, he led the way to an untrailed cleft.

"I am rich as a king!" he gasped, clutching Jim's arm.

"Good for you, señor!" Jim said genially.

"You must stay here with me—in Corazel!" Quesada commanded, his limbs twitching pitifully.

"Indeed—I have been making a little stab at it——"

"You must stay—I have enemies. They dare not descend while you are here!"

Quesada scraped away the moss-grown face of the cliff with a jagged stone. Jim stared at the formation of the rock under the clinging roots.

"Silver ore," said he.

"Richer than the Cordilleras!" croaked the other.

Jim had to hold the old Spaniard in the saddle on the way back to the *pueblo*. He believed Quesada mad, but this was not altogether true. Across the border of the southern mountains lived a young Mexican bandit, who from time to time, even as his father before him, was accustomed to throttle the desuetude of Corazel with lively raids. In the old days Quesada and the senior outlaw had crossed swords. The encounter left behind in the brain of the Spaniard a poisonous hatred for all tissue and effects bearing the name of Costa, which was jauntily worn by the bandit son.

Now, just here the plot bears down. Jose Costa coveted not only the possessions of Quesada, including the map to the Lost Lode, but he had looked upon the elder daughter, Magdalena, and ridden away with a star in his eyes. In the failing brain of the old Spaniard, the length and breadth and thickness of our Jim were adjusted to a design. He was to act as a moral force to the existing defenders of Corazel in the event of a raid; and also, by his considerable presence, he was to act as a preventive against any extreme measures on the part of Jose Costa.

"So I'm a defender," mused Jim, and he scanned the southern mountains, restored by the novelty of a purpose.

But, alas, days and weeks of unvarying sunlight and eternal stars faded the realism into a vague, mythical story. The morning ride to the Lost Lode, the ardor of the toil of defence, and even the existence of Jose Costa, partook at last of the hush of dream-stuff. But the wines of Quesada were not dream-stuff, nor the eyes of

Magdalena, nor the memory of Nettie in the blowing campus—Nettie, to whom he surely must write presently—nor the smiles of Juanita from the shadows, as she poured his wines and toyed with her miracles of cigarettes. The serenity drew on and on. Then came the morning that Señor Quesada screamed.

The Spaniard was sitting upright in the bed from which he had not moved since Jim placed him there, after the ride from the Lode. Just now, as the American answered the call, the vacant eyes rekindled. The daughters drew back into the midst of the foliage of the court. Quesada picked at his throat, and a paper shook in his hands.

"Listen, big man," came harshly from the gray visage. "All this is yours—only kill Jose Costa when he comes, and *you* marry my daughter, Magda——"

"But——" Jim began.

The old man fell back and heard, nor was heard again. Death crept upon him from beneath and silently—as a spring fills its basin in a rock.

From the paper which made him rich, Jim glanced out into the court where the fountain tinkled. He met the eyes of Magdalena there. Somehow, he thought about that breezy night in the campus, and how Nettie's eyes were lit. Presently he dropped into his hammock, and his mind played with the puzzle, until slumber drew on apace. When he awoke he wrote to Nettie. Here is part:

I've got a world of money in a silver mine, but I don't see how I can keep it. The old man who left it to me wasn't right upperarily, and I think I'll negotiate the stuff and turn it over to the daughters. Sit tight, little girl; I'll get a-hold of another fortune somewhere. Don't forget that I'll happen in upon you one of these Sundays with a preacher and a coupling-pin; also finances for two. I've been thinking about you every minute.

Yours until life's sunset,

JIM.

After this heavy effort, Jim meditated a long time. The paper covering the possessions of Quesada was made out to him, so he couldn't turn it over to the daughters just as it was. He must go to Amadillo and sell the Lode, dividing the proceeds between the Sisters Quesada. He wished that the old man hadn't gone crazy at the last. He didn't see how he could very well reimburse himself for his services as the chief of staff of Corazel's defenders, at the expense of the girls. It would be holding out on the defenceless. But there was no need to hurry. The days were very hot for travel, and so he put off his journey to Amadillo. He was vaguely sorry

to keep Nettie waiting. Her answer came at last. Here, in full, is the intelligence it bore:

Why, you dear old Delayer, I'm married and have a baby. Nobody but *Evangeline* could wait forever without any help from the postal service. I don't mind telling you, Jim (if you'll burn this letter), that I might have waited a bit longer, except that there is no redemption for a woman when she begins to reflect the glow of "life's sunset." It isn't mean to tell you that I'm happy, because I know you are. Jim Quest couldn't help being happy.

Yours on the other side of the sunset,

NETTIE HOLDING.

Jim drew out his match-box, scratched a Vesuvian, and dutifully ignited the letter. "It's a fact," he reflected. "I suppose I should have written to her. After all, Jerry Holding is a good fellow." At the end of a long pause, he dismissed the subject with the reservation, "I'm a turnip if I shouldn't like to see Nettie's baby!"

Magdalena came with broom and dust-pan and swept up the charred paper from the floor. How simple and restful it would be now, with Nettie dead to him, to carry out the wishes of Señor Quesada! What a gorgeous creature Magdalena was!

There was moonlight in the little court that night. Magdalena stood at the edge of the fountain, utterly innocent, without a doubt, that old Mother Mexico had cast about her the details of a most entrancing picture. For a moment Jim felt that it was time to speak, but he put it from him. He would go to Amadillo and take care of his business first. Magdalena vanished from the court with low laughter.

The next day he set out upon his journey. Word that the Lost Lode had been found startled the sleepy city. An expert and a representative of capital accompanied Jim back to the mountain treasure. All that Quesada had dreamed was true. With a sum of money that would cause certain men to turn a foe to their race, Jim rode into Corazel one jewelled dawn after an absence of four days. It was right good to be home again, he was thinking—home to the hammock, the wines of pressed starlight, and Magdalena.

The natives gathered about his pony near the edge of the village, and it was gradually borne to Jim that Jose Costa, bandit and son of a bandit, had descended while he was away, and that Magdalena was gone.

"Do you mean that you allowed that robber to come in and loot the town of its lady?" Jim questioned reproachfully. Spanish was of course being spoken.

"But, Señor Jim," they told him breathlessly, "Señor Jose did not enter Corazel. He remained with his men out on the mesa and whistled. It was in the dusk, and long after he had ridden away we found that Señorita Magdalena was gone, with her entire *torzal*."

"Huh—'torzal'?" Jim repeated dully. His little Spanish dictionary gave light in the word "trousseau." "I'm afraid I should have done no better than you did, neighbors," he declared at length, spurring on toward the *casa* of the late Señor Quesada.

Slowly the old bell in the little cathedral turned over in the blinding sunlight, reminding him that this was the Sabbath day, which in its turn made him think of Nettie and Nettie's baby. The ache of these memories associated itself with another, having to do with a moonlit court, a tinkling fountain, and a low, melodious laugh which he had entirely misinterpreted.

"I guess I'll have to go down deeper into Mexico," he muttered. "Corazel is getting too heady and tumultuous for me."

Some one was standing in the doorway of the Quesada house—a figure with which his mind had grown unfamiliar in the late furious days. Since the old Spaniard died, this figure had kept to the farthest shadows. Because there was no other, strange, shy little Juanita came forth to welcome him. Bereft of her father, her sister lost, and yet she smiled! In staring at the maiden, Jim forgot to dismount. Never was a rose wreathed in such a setting as the rose in Juanita's hair, half in the sunlight, half in the shadow. Old Spain would have recovered its lost youth and hurled itself forth to world-conquest under those eyes. She ran to get him wine, as she used to, and swung his hammock in the coolest shadow, giving commands to the servants meanwhile. Jim regarded the hammock—the ease-lover's treasure—and pined for it, but resisted. Juanita came with wine, and the inimitable fingers fluttered over a cigarette. Jim shook his head. The bell turned over again.

"It's a terribly hot morning, and I've ridden long, *cara mio*," he said at last, "but if I put it off until next Sunday, some earthquake or volcanic visitation will get you first. Won't you please go to church with me?"

She vanished to make ready, and from out the shadows came a low laugh. Jim rubbed his eyes and unlimbered the hammock, for the sight disquieted him.

That night they stood together in the moonlit court. Through the gate of the *patio* they could see the southern mountains, white like the castles of Spain.

"There's only one cloud in the world ahead," Jim said softly. "I've got to find that interesting bandit——"

"But you would not kill poor Magdalena's husband?" Juanita implored.

"Gracious, no!" said Jim; "but half of all this money belongs to Magdalena."



# THE QUARREL

*By Minna Thomas Antrim*

DON'S face reddened painfully, and his eyelids quivered. Finally his tongue broke leash.

"Sit down, Eiffel—please sit down," he blurted.

The pink-clad child poised her pretty body defiantly. There was a piquant challenge in her dainty face. Finally, with a little tinkling laugh, she seated herself upon the grass beside her cavalier. For a moment or two the children were silent, engrossed by a passing butterfly. Then the woman-child spoke.

"For why must I sit down, 'cept I don't want to?"

"'Cause," answered Don, "I'm too tired getting up so many times."

Ethel stared. To her, etiquette was a comparatively non-existent factor. That Don should invariably rise when she did filled her only with wonder.

"You are a doosey-dander to keep detting up," she said disdainfully; "you're a dirl-boy——"

Being occupied in smoothing her sash ribbon carefully, she was unaware of the small demons that peeped from under the lashes of Don's dark eyes. "I'm not a dirl-boy," he interrupted indignantly. "You're a boy-dirl; you climb trees, you—you——" He stopped, shocked at himself. Never before had he spoken ungently to her.

The vision in pink rose swiftly, shook out her petals, and looked her companion squarely in the face.

"I'm never doin' to tum over to your house adain—never!" she flashed.

For one instant the boy's rosy world became gray. He knew naught of threats that were discounted by time, nor of promises unfulfilled. To him, joy was quenched. Ethel his beloved was passing out of his life forever. The vista beyond he foreshadowed. His eyes, as expressive as a doe's, dilated painfully, his lips quivered.

"Ain't you never comin' over—not ever—jes' once?" he asked piteously.

The little maid sniffed, whirled her small person around teetotum-like, then—

"No, not even once," she said firmly; "an' I ain't doin' to marry

you, eider," she snapped; then, without farewell, ran fleetly down toward the gates, which stood open. In a moment she had crossed the road and entered her father's house.

When Don's chum, Keith, had persuaded Don's mamma to marry him and "be happy ever afterward," the little fellow was unspeakably content; but the past two years had brought into Don's life its crowning happiness. To begin with, directly from Heaven the Good Man had sent him a baby sister. So devoted was he to the tiny creature that he decided to marry her when both grew up. Knowledge bringeth sorrow, however, even to little ones, hence when Don learned that his baby sister could never become his wife, he mourned. After a solemn hour of renunciation, he concluded to bear this disappointment manfully. Destiny, meanwhile, was already preparing a recompense for him.

It happened that there came to the country place directly opposite a new family, the jewel of whose house was a girl near Don's own age. Moreover, her father and Keith were friends of long standing. That the children should become playmates was inevitable.

To Don, the coming of Ethel seemed even more wonderful than Baby's advent. He was country-bred, and had always lived far from cities, and in all the country round had been no girl-child of tender years.

Keith, his stepfather, had been his sole companion from infancy. Indeed, before his marriage, Keith had lived across the way, in "Ethel's house."

Speedily this fairy-like child became the light of Don's life. Every day, for the past six months, the children had spent countless happy hours together.

Since in "Don's house" everything that great wealth, combined with love, could contrive for the boy's pleasure, was bountifully provided, Ethel's visits to Don were as ten to one. She ruled her cavalier absolutely. She was just four, "doin' on five," she proudly informed the inquisitive, and Don was her "sweetheart."

The boy divided his heart impartially between his baby-sister and Ethel, loving each with fine loyalty, but, alas for the little knight, he wore his heart upon his sleeve. Ethel, being very woman, abused his impulse toward personal sacrifice. With the aplomb of a tiny queen, she consented to be "first" in all games, and the preferred one in every instance.

From some remote ancestress the child had inherited a charming coquetry, which, added to exceeding beauty, dazed the unaccustomed Don, who decided an hour after meeting Ethel that, since it was obviously the proper thing for big folks to marry, she, and none other,

should be his wife. Upon her second visit he solemnly asked her to plight him her troth, which, with finger coily in mouth, she did. Keith and Don's mother were speedily informed of the betrothal, as were Ethel's papa and auntie (she had no mother). Thereafter the children were seldom apart, hence when the last rosy flutter of Ethel's skirts faded through the colonial doorway opposite, Don's spirits sank dolorously.

With leaden feet he sought the cool spot near the big oak where he and Ethel usually spent their afternoons. Down he lay in the long grass, his small head propped by two sturdy elbows. A grasshopper began an itinerary across his small person, but Don had no eyes for small things; he had entered the Valley of Grief, and thought mastered him. Painfully he rehearsed all that had occurred during the last few hours. He and Ethel had lunched together. Keith, his mamma, and Baby had gone out in the "car," over to see Keith's uncle, a poor sick man, and, since Ethel could not go, Don had begged to be left at home. His indulgent nurse had set them a little table out under the trees, and there the two children had eaten strawberries and cream, broken bread together, and drunk milk to their stomachs' content. Afterward they had gone off through the orchard to the old oak tree, where for a while they sat watching "Jennie Robin," building a nest. Then Ethel became restless, jumping up every few moments, only to sit down again.

"Be polite, be a manly little gentleman, always"—thus his mother had instructed him, and Don had tried—he was always trying. So earnestly did he endeavor to imitate his ideal, Keith, that, like older zealots, he soon outran his model.

His keen little eyes had noted that Keith invariably arose when his mother or another lady did, hence under all circumstances Don emulated him.

The futility of all things darkened his soul. Had he remained seated, he would not have been cross with Ethel, and she would not have miscalled him so ignominiously, nor would he have rudely retaliated.

Dolefully he turned his somber eyes toward the house across the way. Never again would swift flying feet make of distance a mock. A lump kept working its persistent way up into Don's throat. Over the landscape a mist was slowly gathering. The sun was hot and still high in the heavens, but Don knew it not. The world was chaos to him. Suddenly he harkened. In the distance he heard the unmistakable honk, honk, of an auto approaching. It might be Keith, and, if so, help, or at least comfort, was at hand. Closer sped the motor. Yes, it was Keith and his mother and little sister. Don remained where he was. Keith was driving. Don knew that he would presently

take the car to the garage. He would wait. There! Keith was turning the car. He shouted to his stepfather, who called to him to come and jump in.

"And she said she would not marry you?" said Keith sympathetically, the while turning his twinkling eyes away from the boy.

"And she sayed she would never come here no more," added Don.

"And then what?" asked Keith gently.

"She quossed over home, and—did n't—say—'good-by,' " faltered Ethel's adorer.

"Cheer up, Kiddy! Girls will be girls. Maybe she will——"

"Oh, Keif," interrupted the boy, "look!"

The man's glance followed the chubby pointing finger. Upon the lawn opposite, in a swing, sat an exquisite figure, freshly frocked in white and sashed in heavenly blue.

"It's Effel," said Don, gazing at his love with reverent, wistful eyes. "An' she ain't never comin' to my house any more," he quivered.

A throb of genuine pity thrilled the man, whose sensitive nature was strangely at variance with his powerful frame.

"Cheer up, old chap," he said again; "it will all come right. You'll see."

But Don, alack, had not one scintilla of hope. As the sun sank lower and lower, so trended Don's heart. For a long while he sat brooding. Suddenly he had an inspiration. He wondered, if he would go over and stand outside her gate, would she let him come in? She had not said that he could never come over to her house—why, perhaps she would let him in!

A pang of misery shot through him. Suppose she would not—would not even speak to him.

He stared, with sharply focused eyes, through the gloaming. Yes, she was over there, sitting on the lowest step of the piazza. Her Aunt Helen was sitting in a rocking chair, and her papa, Mr. Darrow, was smoking among the roses. He would try—he must. An Ethel-less life appalled him. Without further hesitation, he trotted swiftly across the lawn and down the carriage-path toward the big gates; then, with slowing steps, walked as far as the low, iron-barred entrance that led up to the Darrow house. He stopped and forlornly gazed in, outcast from love, yet a penitent.

Meanwhile, a fire-fly had for some moments been attracting Ethel's entire attention. She rose from where she was sitting, and ran gaily after the lanterned creature of the night. Like a will-o'-the-wisp it flashed now an inch from her pretty eyes, a moment later many yards away. Finally its course led directly toward the gate, through which a sweet, earnest face was peering. Ethel ran shouting after it. Sud-

denly she stood stock-still, her heart a-throb. What—*who* was that standing with sad eyes looking in at her?

"Effel," a voice whispered, "Effel, can I come in?"

"Don, Don," chimed Ethel, dancing about joyously, "tum in—huwwy! It's a fire-fly. I tan't det it."

Could he have heard aright? wondered Don. Was she indeed not wroth with him? With glad, trembling fingers, he lifted the iron latch of the gate, his paradise regained.

"See!" shouted the white-clad elf. "See, Don, dere, 'way up in de sky."

Don looked, then with infinite tenderness said he:

"Effel, you are goin' to marry me when I'm a gwate big man, ain't you, Effel?"

The woman-child stared. No memory had she of their long ago quarrel.

"In course I'm doin' to," said she carelessly; then, "Let's hunt more fireflies!" she cried.

Which they did.



## YEE-SANG-HIP

A Tale of the Panama in Verse

BY ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

*"Ching ching Chinaman stole my wood,  
Ching ching Chinaman ain't no good!"*

YEE-SANG-HIP, th' dirty ole rip,  
Skin drored tight on his monkey head,  
Opium-stained to th' finger tip,  
Looked like a mummy a thousand year dead;  
Shy o' teeth an' short an eye,  
Skin th' color o' a punkin pie;  
Minded best to th' crack o' a whip—  
Yee-Sang-Hip, th' dirty ole rip!

We picked him up at Colon when th' corps was short o' help,  
An' many a time we cussed him fer a lazy, worthless whelp;  
He couldn't do no liftin', an' he couldn't even cook,  
An' mostly he was smokin' dope in some sequestered nook.



Hoppy-eyed an' full of hash-sheesh till his skin was like to crack,  
He stumbled on behind th' camp—we couldn't drive him back;  
He wuz cussed in seven lingoos, an' he often felt th' boot,  
But only grinned an' grinned again an' didn't care a hoot.

We had elbowed through to Bisqua, an' th' fever grabbed us there,  
An' it took away th' fellers 'fore they'd time to breathe a prayer;  
Then th' coolies in their terror one by one give us th' slip,  
Till th' only one who stayed with us was one-eyed Yee-Sang-Hip.  
Fever stink in all th' quarters, not a man could raise a hand;  
Death a peekin' 'round th' corners in a God-forsaken land;  
Not a man could even amble, an' no help in twenty miles—  
When up bobs ornery Yee-Sang-Hip, with bland an' dopy smiles.

Fever touch him? Well, not so that you could notice it,  
An' strong men layin' 'round so sick that they could hardly spit;  
Yee-Sang-Hip, th' pie-faced Chino wot along to then had shirked,  
Sudden rose to th' occasion an' jest hopped right in an' worked.  
"Fixee you," was all he said, an' by day an' night he toiled  
A-workin' with us fellers while th' hellish fever boiled;  
An' th' same Yee we'd been cussin' fer a worthless Chinaman  
Had a touch upon yer forehead jest as soft as woman's han'.

Twenty men a-layin' helpless as he tireless lookout kept,  
An' all believe this very day that Yee-Sang never slept.  
Many funny draughts he brewed us; funny things he brought to eat;  
An' one by one he worked us till he had us on our feet.  
Now it would be a pretty tale to say Yee took down sick  
As soon as all th' men wuz up, an' say he cashed in quick;  
An' mention with some pathos how we watched him as he died,  
An' strong men stood around his couch, an' detail tears they cried.

But I am bound to state that Yee most firm declined to die,  
An', though we wondered at his work, we found th' reason why:  
He grinned at all our feverish thanks, an' little had to say,  
But "touched" each feller fer a ten when next we got our pay!  
An' I regret to say that Yee still stumbles at our back,  
Hoppy-eyed an' full o' hash-sheesh till his skin is like to crack;  
As a horny-handed worker there couldn't be no worse,  
So we cusses him as usual an' we keeps him fer a nurse.

## FOR POLLY'S SAKE

*By Dixie Wolcott*

THERE was n't a prettier little rebel in the Colonies—at least, so Captain Devon thought as he came dashing up that summer's morn, with five or six of his red-coated troopers behind him.

"Good morning, pretty mistress," he called out, and, lightly dismounting, he tossed his rein to an orderly.

"The top of the morning to you!" was the gay response, as Polly leaned back in the only rocker the piazza could boast.

"Heigh ho! An Irish maid, forsooth! Well, little traitor, that is not so bad as if you came direct from bonny England."

"But I did," she replied. "I only said 'the top of the morning' because that is the most disagreeable part. I never could bear to get up early."

"Take care," he said, "how you speak to an English gentleman; one, moreover, who is a soldier."

"A gentleman!" she repeated. "Methinks a gentleman despises tyranny, and therefore gentlemen to-day fight against, not for, your 'bonny England.'"

"Enough!" he cried. "I did not come to bandy words with a saucy maid, but to search the house for a rebel spy—one Francis Winfield. Come, fair mistress, you yourself shall lead us to where the traitor hides."

"And who is it says that Polly Filthrow *shall*?"

"Even I, Mistress Polly—Jonathan Devon, captain of dragoons, in the service of his royal highness, King George III. of England."

"Well, Jonathan Devon, captain of dragoons in the service of his royal highness, King George III. of England, I shall not!" she cried mockingly, leaning back in her chair. "Moreover, I could not if I would."

She looked so provokingly pretty, and the defiant air sat so incongruously on one so slight, that the officer laughed in spite of himself. The girl was quick to perceive her advantage.

"You see"—assuming a confidential tone—"he was my sweetheart, and last night when he came riding up——"

"Then he was really here?" broke in the captain.

"Yes—don't interrupt. He came riding up all warm and tired, and seemed gladder to see me than ever, but he said he must away that very hour, and when I coaxed him to stay he told me his business was most urgent. And I believed him till I found a note from Prudence Hayden, which he had dropped, and then"—with a scornful toss of her head—"I knew why he fain would hurry on."

"And where does Mistress Prudence live?" he asked eagerly.

"Mayhap 't will teach him a lesson," she said musingly. "But first you must swear you will not hurt a hair of his head."

"Not a hair of his head," the captain repeated.

"Prudence——" she said hesitatingly, and then in a firmer tone: "Prudence lives at Redfield, thirty miles away. Ten to yonder mountain, four miles up, and from the top you can see the village off to the right."

"Come, my boys; 't is a long ride and a rough one, but 't will be well worth the while."

"First let me give you some food," she said, all animosity toward the British apparently forgotten. "It will be many a mile ere you reach a house, and my mother will bake you one of the puddings for which she was famed as a girl in Cornwall."

The captain would have hurried on, but appealing glances from his men, together with his own longing for a good old English pudding, won the day.

"'T would be most welcome, Mistress Polly," he said; "and meanwhile, with all due respect to your honesty, we shall take a peep through the house."

As they started off, an hour later, Polly stood on the steps, waving her handkerchief.

"Good-by, Captain Devon!" she cried. "When you capture Francis Winfield tell him 't were better in future not to trifle with a maiden's heart. But remember—'not a hair of his head'!"

"Aye," he called back; "not a hair—for your sake, Mistress Polly." She turned slowly and entered the house.

"Polly," she said, shaking her finger at her reflection in the mirror, "if you had done as good service on the battle-field as you have rendered your country here at home this morning, you'd be a major-general by night. Thanks to your tongue and mother's pudding, Francis must be ten miles away, and as yon British are galloping in the opposite direction he will have his despatches safe in the general's hands ere they discover their error. But oh!" she added, "when they return—though, if it come to the worst, better I than Francis."

Two days later Captain Devon and his men rode wearily back, vowing vengeance on the lying little rebel. Mistress Polly met them at the gate with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Have you heard the news?" she cried, the moment they were within hearing.

"What news?" was the gruff response, and, pressing forward, Captain Devon grasped her roughly by the arm.

"Our victory, our glorious victory!" she went on. "The news came just an hour ago. Your men have been utterly routed. As soon as Francis reached headquarters with his despatches, General Washington decided on an immediate attack. They marched out stealthily that night, and the red-coats were taken completely by surprise. Four officers were killed in the first onslaught. Your men fell into hopeless disorder and retreated with great loss. Francis has been made a major—the youngest in our army. You, Captain Devon, may owe your life to Francis Winfield's sweetheart!"

She paused for lack of breath. The officer had released his hold, and the men were staring at her with drawn, white faces.

"She lied before, captain," one of them cried; "mayhap she lies again!"

"You doubt me?" she said. "Then look for yourselves!" And even as she spoke there appeared on the brow of the hill a troop of Continentals, far outnumbering the petty handful with Captain Devon.

A handsome young officer dashed down the hill, and threw his arm around Mistress Polly.

"Francis," she exclaimed, "these men are my prisoners, not yours, and I shall release them. See that not a hair of their heads is hurt."

"Aye, not a hair," he said, turning to the red-coats—"for Polly's sake."



## ABOUT WOMEN

No game suits the curious woman so perfectly as playing Priest.

Women prefer ruffians to cads, just as men prefer shrews to gossips.

It takes a Bachelor a deal longer to "see double" than it does a Spinster.

Women are always looking toward the sunset of Love. Men, toward a rosier Dawn.

Woman hates skeletons; but tell her one's in the closet, and she'll go quaking to listen to its rattlings.

*Esmé Allison*

# WALNUTS AND WINE



## COULDN'T FOOL HIM

A traveler was passing through the mountains of north Georgia, and as night approached he sought shelter at the cabin of a native. He was made heartily welcome. When supper had been prepared, the larger of the two rooms of the cabin began to fill with children—the traveler estimated that there were at least twenty of them. They were denied participation in the chicken, but were provided with cornbread with which to “sop” the grease in which it had been fried.

“You have a very fine family,” he said to his hostess. “They are all yours?”

“Oh, yes,” was the reply; “an’ thar’s three mo’—I sont ’em over ter Miss Polly’s fer er jug of buttermilk this mornin’. They ain’t had much chance fer travel, an’ I want ’em ter git a good eddication.”

It developed that “Miss Polly’s” was the home of a well-to-do woman who lived in “the big house,” located some twelve miles away.

Presently the three “travelers” returned, and were at once deluged with questions.

“Did she let yo’ all eat in the dinin’-room?” the mother inquired.



## Walnuts and Wine

"Sho' she did!" the eldest replied, patting his belt in recollection.

"Have anything yo' all didn't know what 'twas?"

"Wall," the boy said doubtfully, "they done had something they called 'grave-eye,' but it looked like sop, an' hit taste like sop, an' I b'lieve in my soul 'twas sop!"

*Emmett C. Hall*

## FAILED ON THE SECOND JUMP

Some years ago there was a political campaign in Illinois in which a certain candidate was so certain of his election as sheriff that he actually arranged for the distribution of the subordinate offices that were to come under him. Some one was telling "Uncle Joe" Cannon of this. The grim old veteran of many a political battle smiled and observed:

"I trust that our friend's case will not be like that of a man I knew in Indiana. This fellow went on a hunting trip accompanied by his faithful retriever. Things went on finely up to a certain point; then the expedition suddenly ended in disaster. The dog undertook to jump over a deep well in two jumps."

*Edwin Tarrisse*

## A TERRIBLE MOMENT

Dr. Blinkins was prone to stutter under the stress of excitement. Not long ago, this worthy practitioner had occasion professionally to officiate on an interesting mission, and his vocal infirmity was the cause of a funny misapprehension.

Mr. Muggins, who had set his heart on a son and heir, was nervously pacing the drawing-room when his physician entered.

"Doctor," began the husband, with a gulp, a gasp, and finally a sickly smile—"doctor, what is it?"

"Tr-tr-tr—" began the doctor.

"Triplets!" shrieked Muggins. "Merciful heaven!"

"Qu-qu-qu—" sputtered the physician.

"Don't say quadruplets!" moaned the distraught man.

"N-n-no!" finally the doctor managed to articulate. "Qu-qu-quite the contrary. Tr-tr-try to take it ph-philosophically. It's just a girl!"

*Edwin Tarrisse*

Walnuts and Wine

B



Pears

P

E

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.  
"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### HARD HIT

*Caller:* "What's the matter, old man? Has anything happened?"

*Host (groaning):* "Oh, nothing—only, when I was called upon at the club for my maiden speech last night I began, 'As I was sitting on my thought a seat struck me,' and spoiled everything!"

*Eleanor Root*

### BAKING DAY

*By Katharine Forrest Hamill*

Say, baking day's jest lots of fun—  
Though Liza Ann she gets so mad  
And says we're orful, orful bad,  
And chases us, and makes us run—  
Still, baking day's jest lots of fun,  
For when she has her cake all done  
And in the oven baking, she  
Calls to brother Dick and me:  
"Come 'long, now, boys, you two rogues can  
Lick the spoon and scrape the pan;"  
And then—gee-whiz, how we do run!  
Say! baking day's jest lots of fun.

### ONE HE'D MISSED

*Borrowby:* "Let's see—do I owe you anything?"

*Morrowby:* "Not a cent, my boy. Going round paying your little debts?"

*Borrowby:* "No, I was going round seeing if I had overlooked anybody. Lend me five till Saturday, will you?"

*F. P. Smart*

### AN IMPORTANT QUESTION

While little Christabel and her yet smaller sister were playing, her mother was announcing to grandma: "Our neighbor, Mrs. P., has a new baby."

Instantly Christabel turned in eager excitement.

"Oh, mamma," she asked, "what is she going to do with her old one?"

*Isabel S. Robinson*

## Coffee Tremors

One of the sources of nervous tremors that annoy so many persons may be found in the use of coffee as a beverage.

A well-known medical authority says:—"It would be no easy task for me to indicate all the maladies that, under the names of debility, nervous affections, tremors, and chronic disease, prevail among the coffee-drinking set, enervating humanity, and causing degeneration of mind and body."

How many business men know what it is to feel cold, cheerless, and apathetic on "going down to business," and how many appreciate the fact that the bad heart and worse nerves are, in most cases, caused by coffee or its contained alkaloid—caffeine.

Men of clear brains—men who are wide awake, alert, energetic, are sought to fill the best positions and put in line for promotion.

The man who *knows* he must depend upon a clear brain to get up in the world is far better off without coffee—because it contains a treacherous nerve-racking drug.

There is a *certain practicable* way to get rid of the bad effects of, and the craving for, coffee; that is to quit short off and drink well-made

## Postum Food Coffee

This contains no poisonous drugs—is made from whole wheat, including the outer coat, which contains the valuable Phosphate of Potash that combines in the blood with albumen to rebuild the nerve cells.

Postum (when boiled properly—see directions on pkg.) has a delicious flavor and coffee snap of its own, and is emphatically wholesome.

It works both ways when you quit coffee and take on Postum: The old nervous tremors, headaches, indigestion, etc., disappear with the coffee, and Postum builds up new energy so that life is a joy and work an appreciation!

**"THERE'S A REASON."**

POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD., BATTLE CREEK, MICH., U. S. A.

## Walnuts and Wine

### WANTED PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT

Old Sam had been seen for several days patiently sitting on the bank of the Rappahannock River, near the dam, holding his shotgun in his hand.

Finally he attracted the attention of a passer-by, who asked: "Well, Uncle Sam, are you looking for something to do?"

"No, sah," answered Sam; "I's gettin' paid fo' what I's doin'."

"Indeed!" answered the stranger. "And what may that be?"

"Shootin' de muskrats dat am underminin' de dam," answered Sam.

"Well, there goes one now," exclaimed the stranger excitedly. "Why don't you shoot?"

"S'pose I wants to lose my job, sah?" answered Sam complacently.

*Abigail Robinson*

### THRIFT

Tim Dolan went West and took up government land. A few years later his brother Tom visited him, and as they were going over the somewhat unkempt farm Tom said:

"And how are ye getting on, Tim?"

"Sure," replied Tim, "and I'm doing well. I'm holding me own. I had nothing when I came here, and I have nothing now."

*Charlotte J. Stone*

### MORE THOROUGH

Bobby had gone to Canada to visit his English aunt, and was trying to be on his best behavior all the time, but at luncheon, when his aunt asked him if he would like some curried chicken, he was speechless with surprise.

"What is the matter, Bobby?" asked his aunt. "Don't you like curried chicken?"

"I don't know," answered Bobby. "We don't *curry* ours; we *pick* them."

*Abigail Robinson*

### THE REASON

In a Fifth Avenue Sunday-school.

*Teacher*: "Why must we always be kind to the poor, Ethel?"

*Ethel* (slightly mixed): "Because among the sundry and manifold changes of this wicked world we don't know how soon they may become rich."

*C. A. Bolton*



Walnuts and Wine

## Quaker Rice

(Puffed)



shows the value of Quaker Quality in cereal foods. Crisp and dainty, delightful and wholesome, it is the highest development of rice as a food. See

recipes for confections on each package.

## Quaker Oats

is the best oatmeal made.

That is Quaker Quality—the best always. Cooks easier, tastes better, digests quicker than any other oatmeal or rolled oats.

## Quaker Corn Meal



The finest, purest, most delicious corn meal you ever ate. Quaker methods make Quaker Quality—and Quaker Quality is the highest quality.

All of these Quaker Products are 10 cents the package.  
(Except in the extreme South and far West.)

The picture of the Quaker is a guarantee of Quaker Quality—look for it, and get it.



# Quaker Quality

Made by

## The Quaker Oats Company

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### DOUBTLESS HE DID SO

A certain young preacher was much disliked by his congregation for his foolishness and conceit. He considered himself greatly persecuted, and, meeting an old German friend of his on the street one day, began to tell his woes, ending up by saying, "And Mr. Brown, the churchwarden, actually called me a 'perfect ass'; my cloth prevents me from resenting insults, but I think I should refer to it in the pulpit next Sunday. What would you advise?"

"Mein friendt," said the old German, with a twinkle in his eye, "I know not, but I tink dat all you can do vill pe youst to bray for them, as usual!"

*Robert Elliot*

### SO MANY ARE

"Bragley was boasting to-day about the air-ship he has invented. Know anything about it?"

"Well, judging by Bragley's past performances, I am inclined to think it is a hot-air ship."

*Emmet C. Hall*

### DE WITCH BELL

*By Victor A. Hermann*

Gran'mammy say in de deepest woods,  
When deh am half a moon,  
En de cypress trees weah long gray hoods,  
Lak de ghos's ob de swamp lagoon,  
En glow wuhms shine in de fiel's ob dew  
Lak teensy, blinkin' eyes,  
En de lights in de bog am creepy blue,  
En de mouhnful night win' sighs—  
She say det den ef yu lis'en well  
Yu'll heah by de ol' moss spring  
De dreamy-chime ob de ol' Witch Bell  
Go "Ding-a-ling, Ding-a-ling."

Sumtimes when we pass de ol' grabeyahd  
In Uncle Jaspeh's caht,  
Our hearts dey thump en beat so hahd  
En de gray mule gib a staht.  
He balk en bray en won't go 'long,  
Dess lak ol' Baalam's ass;

## The Heart Is Right

### WHEN THE STOMACH IS RIGHT

—and when the heart is right there is smooth sailing on the Sea of Matrimony. Nuptial ardor is cooled and domestic life embittered when a poor digestion sends thin and impoverished blood through the body.



¶ Life is sweetened, and the jarring discords of conflicting temperaments are mollified by **SHREDDED WHEAT** because it is easily digested and has in it the elements for making red blood and sound tissue.

¶ It is something to lean upon when cooks fail and servants fail—a boon to young housekeepers.

¶ **SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT** is delicious for breakfast with milk or cream.

¶ **TRISCUIT** is the same as the Biscuit except that it is compressed into a wafer and is used as a toast in place of white flour bread. Both the Biscuit and Triscuit should be heated in oven to restore crispness and flavor.

All Grocers Sell Them.

**The Natural Food Co.**

Niagara Falls, N. Y.



**"Its All in the Shreds"**

## Walnuts and Wine

En den we know deh's sumfin wrong,  
Bekase he won't go pas'.  
En Uncle Jaspeh staht to yell,  
En det long brac lash he swing;  
'Tain't no use foh de ol' Witch Bell  
Ring "Ding-a-ling, Ding-a-ling."

One night when we was all awake  
En de room was dahk es pitch;  
De ol' pine bed began to shake  
En de quilts began to twitch.  
Ah lay so still, en hel' mah bref,  
En wished det et was mawn;  
Ah reached foh Sam, mos' skeeped to deff,  
En foun' det he was gon'.  
En den dess es de footbohd fell  
A gong began to ring;  
Ah shook en shook, foh de ol' Witch Bell  
Went "Ding-a-ling, Ding-a-ling."

### HOW DID SHE KNOW?

The local Woman's Club had offered a prize for the best essay, by any member, on "How to Make a Husband Happy." It was a cash prize, and summer expenses were in the near distance, and the competition was large and warm.

The winning paper was just three words long, and, stranger even than that, it was submitted by a spinster of fifty-seven. Her dictum was merely this:

"Feed the brute!"

*Warwick James Price*

### SPEED VS. CAPACITY

At a recent dinner given to the newsboys of a great city, one of the gentlemen in charge of the feast noticed a "newsy" stowing away the food at a rate that boded ill for the immediate future of his digestive apparatus.

"Why do you eat so fast, sonny?" he inquired.

"So's I kin get a hull lot down 'fore I feel full," was the choked reply.

*Ed. Moberly*

Walnuts and Wine

# Rambler

## The Ideal Runabout for Daily Service

A simple, accessible and convenient two-passenger runabout with all the comfort and road qualities of the most powerful touring car.

Equipped with the Rambler unit power plant—the most efficient, compact and accessible ever built.

Our catalog giving full description of this and three other models is at your service.

Write for it *now*; read it carefully, then see our nearest representative for a practical demonstration of

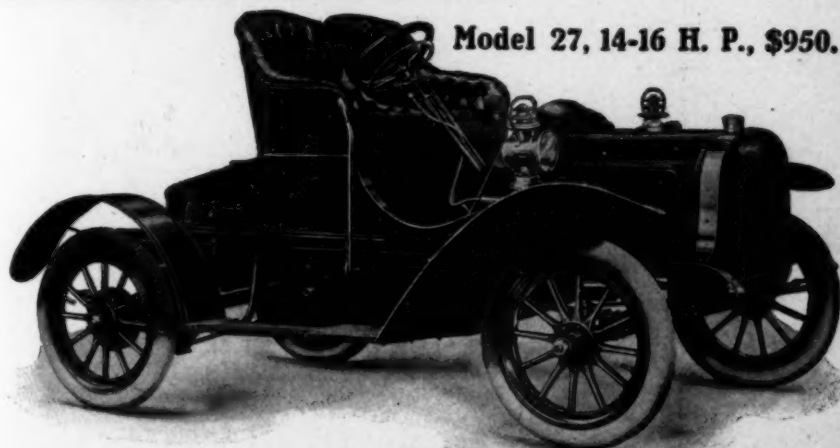
## The Car of Steady Service

**Main Office and Factory, Kenosha, Wisconsin.**

### Branches:

Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, San Francisco.

**Thomas B. Jeffery & Company**



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.



## Walnuts and Wine

### ABOUT AS USUAL

A short time ago a wealthy Chicago lady took a new and vivid interest in foreign missions. The tribes in Central Africa suited her fancy best, and soon she was actively engaged in "supporting" a missionary of long experience and great success in that field.

When a bundle of photographs from the mission, some of them representing the missionary and his wife in European costume, arrived, she felt that a little advice would be of value. So she wrote a kindly letter, praising him for his good work, but suggesting that he might be able to get far nearer to the natives through his wife, if she would wear the native costume, rather than the European dress.

In the course of a few months she received through the mail a package containing a strip of grass cloth about two inches wide and two and a half feet long, accompanied by the following letter:

DEAR MRS. N—:

In reply to your much valued suggestion, I am sending you herewith a full-dress costume worn by the native women here. My wife is willing to leave the question of changing to this dress entirely to your judgment.

*Tom Anthony*

### CONCEIT

*By Harold Susman*

Whene'er you find Conceit is nigh,  
There's but one thing to do:  
For inflammation of the I,  
Just use a little You.

### WITH FEW EXCEPTIONS

Wilton Lackaye says that while on a down-town L train one morning recently he chanced to overhear portions of an interesting conversation between two young women occupying adjoining seats.

"I see by the paper," observed one of the young women, "that Mr. Blank, the octogenarian, is dead. What on earth is an octogenarian, anyhow?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the reply, "but there's one thing certain—they're a sickly lot of people. You never hear of one unless he is dying."

*Edwin Tarrisse*

Walnuts and Wine

# MILLIONS USE

FOR THE HANDS



DAILY SHAMPOOS



FOR MOTHER AND BABE



TENDER FEET

SKIN IRRITATIONS



AUTO RASHES



TOILET




WINTER WINDS



Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, have become the world's favorites for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for winter irritations, eczemas, rashes, frost-bites, chafings, redness and roughness, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, and itching, tender feet, for baby rashes, itchings and chafings, for sanative, antiseptic cleansing, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

Cuticura Soap combines delicate, medicinal, emollient, sanative and antiseptic properties derived from Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, with the purest of saponaceous ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors.

Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27 Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5 Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; South Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; Russia, Ferren, Moscow; U. S. A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.  Post-free, Cuticura Booklet, 48 pages.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### MIXED VOICES

Alice had been to Sunday-school for the first time and had come home filled with information. She was overheard to say to her six-year-old sister, as she laid a wee hand over her heart, "When you hear something wite here, you know it is conscience w'ispering to you."

"No such thing," responded Six-year-old; "it's just wind in your tummy."

*Dora May Morrell*

### THE TALE OF A DOG

*By James H. Lambert, Jr.*

When my little dog is happy,  
And canine life is bliss,  
He always keeps his joyful tail

s  
i  
h  
t  
e  
k  
i

A-standing up l

When my little dog is doleful,  
And bones are scarce, you know,  
He always keeps his mournful tail  
A-hanging 'way d

o  
w  
n  
l  
o  
w  
.

### IN MASSACHUSETTS

*The Unsuccessful Hamlet* (wiping the gore from his features):  
"Those eggs feel harder than ordinary hens' eggs."

*Horatio*: "Perhaps they were Plymouth Rocks!"

*G. T. Evans*



## STOPS FALLING HAIR

It is now positively known that falling hair is caused by a germ, hence is a regular germ disease. To stop this falling, the first thing to do is to completely destroy these germs.

Hall's Hair Renewer, revised formula, does this quickly and completely. The principal ingredient for this work is the sulphur. Properly prepared, properly combined, and properly applied, sulphur is a perfect specific for these germs. Other ingredients in the Renewer give aid.

Dandruff is also a germ disease, and may be promptly remedied by the same preparation.

We have just made a complete change in the Hall's Hair Renewer of sixty years' standing; style of bottle, contents, and manner of packing—all completely changed. Ask your druggist for "the new kind."

### REVISED FORMULA

Glycerin. Chemically pure glycerin acts as a local food to the hair-bulbs, has marked healing and soothing properties.

Capsicum, Bay Rum. Stimulants and tonics to all the tissues and glands of the hair and scalp.

Tea, Rosemary Leaves. Domestic remedies of especial value in falling hair.

Sulphur. Modern specialists, at home and abroad, tell us this is absolutely essential for the prompt cure of falling hair and dandruff, destroying the germs that cause these diseases.

Boroglycerin. An antiseptic of high merit.

Alcohol. Stimulant, antiseptic, preservative.

**DOES NOT CHANGE THE COLOR *of the* HAIR**

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### A WONDERFUL COUNTRY

An Irish contractor in San Francisco sent to Ireland for his father to join him. The journey was a great event to the old man, who had lived in rural districts all his life, and he reached San Francisco much excited.

After several days of sightseeing, his son resumed his business, and suggested that his father should visit the Presidio.

"And phwat's the Presidio?" asked the old man.

"The Presidio, father, is the government reservation for the soldiers, a fine bit of a park, and you'll enjoy yourself."

At the end of a strenuous day the old man stood gazing at the big buildings, comparing them with the small huts of his old home. Seeing a soldier near, he tapped him on the shoulder.

"Me bye, phwat's that string of houses forninst us?"

"Why, those are the officers' quarters."

"And that wan with the big smokestack?"

"That's the cook shanty."

"Shanty, is it? Well, 'tis a great country! 'Tis palaces they're using."

The young man offered to show him the new gymnasium. On the way, the sundown gun was discharged just as they passed. The old man, much startled, caught his companion's arm.

"Phwat's that, now?"

"Sundown," replied his friend, smiling.

"Sundown, is it? Think of that, now! Don't the sun go down with a terrible bump in this country!"

*Louisa Mason Semple*

### COMFORT FOR MISSY

Not long ago a young lady of Macon, Georgia, visited the home of her fiancé in New Orleans. On her return home, an old colored woman, long in the service of the family, and consequently privileged to put the question, asked:

"Honey, when is you goin' to git married?"

The engagement not having been announced, the Macon girl smilingly replied:

"Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I shall never marry."

The old woman's jaw fell. "Ain't dat a pity, now!" she said. "But, after all, missy, dey do say dat ole maids is the happiest critters there is, once dey quits strugglin'."

*Edwin Tarrisse*



Walnuts and Wine

# MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM

# TOILET POWDER



## WRITE TO MENNEN

if your druggist does not sell **Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder**, and receive a **free sample**.

Most dealers **do** sell Mennen's, because most people know it is the **purest** and **safest** of toilet powders—preserves the good complexion, improves the poor one.

Put up in **non-refillable boxes**, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's **genuine** and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. **Sample Free.**

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh-cut Parma Violets.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### BRINGING PERKINS ROUND

The managing editor of a New York paper tells of an ingenious measure he once employed, while running a paper in Omaha, to convince a refractory merchant that it paid to advertise.

"I had been trying for a long time," says he, "to get my friend, a fairly prosperous business man, to insert an ad. or two, but he would invariably reply:

" 'I don't believe it's any use. I never read newspaper ads. myself, and I'm not sure that anybody else does.' "

" 'If I can convince you that people read the advertising pages of my sheet, will you advertise?' suggested I.

" 'Of course—if you can show me that it will do any good.' "

"The very next day I ran the following line in the lightest-faced agate in the office, and stuck it in the most obscure corner of the paper between a couple of patent medicine ads.:

" 'What is Perkins going to do about it?' "

"The following day the man who was averse to advertising hurried into my office and advised me that people were worrying the life out of him asking for an explanation of the line. So he begged me to explain the matter in the next issue. This I promised to do if he would let me write the explanation and would stand for it. He agreed, and I wrote:

" 'Perkins is going to advertise, of course.' "

"And he's been advertising ever since."

*Fenimore Martin*

### A REALISTIC LAY

*By Inez G. Thompson*

Come out and dine with me, my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
That cunning chemistry doth yield  
In usurpation of the field.

I'll carve thee haunch of mutton hung  
When we were both scarce one year young;  
And I will dress thee crispy weeds  
With lucent oil of cotton seeds.

To tempt thee with a verdant hue,  
Alum and copper shall imbue  
The tender lentils on thy plate.  
Fruits shall glow fresh with benzoate.

Walnuts and Wine

# Road of a Thousand Wonders

## California and Oregon

### Southern Pacific



**February**  
**Out-of-Doors**  
**at San José**  
**on the**  
**Road of a**  
**Thousand Wonders**

**OVER A HUNDRED  
BEAUTIFUL FOUR-COLOR VIEWS**

of California and Oregon scenes along the Coast Line—Shasta Route—are in the "Road of a Thousand Wonders" book. The century-old pathway of the Padres, Fremont's California trail, the old Franciscan missions and their earth colors, the world-famous resorts of California, the scenery of the Mt. Shasta Region, Cascade and Coast Mountains, the Big Trees and fir and pine forests, the upbuilding of San Francisco, the rich and beautiful fruit valleys of California and Oregon, are here all faithfully reproduced in colors. For copy, and copy of "Sunset," Magazine of the Wideawake West, send 15 cents to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company, Dept. I, Flood Building, San Francisco, California.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

Thy lips shall tingle with such wine  
As ne'er was pressed from earthly vine;  
Of ethers, gases, and glucine,  
Alight with aniline's sun-gleam.

The lab'ratory shall devise  
For thee a 'mingled-acid ice;  
Or serve thee gelid near-cream, blent  
With test-tube whiffs of Orient.

I'll sate thee with similitude,  
With mystic, chemic plenitude;  
Then, if thine hunger these things move,  
Come out and dine with me, my love.

### THREATENED

"Private" John Allen tells some good stories of a man in Jackson, Mississippi, who, so far as his financial notions go, is of the type made famous by "Colonel Carter of Cartersville."

The cashier of the bank at Jackson, with which the Mississippian did business, one day very politely intimated that the gentleman's account was overdrawn. Thanking him profusely for the information, the Jackson man left the building, promising that the situation would be remedied the following day. But nothing was heard from him then, nor for some weeks after. Then, when the cashier had an opportunity to do so, he again referred to the matter, remarking that the gentleman was now even further indebted to the bank than before. Again came the polite assurance that the matter was to be adjusted that day; and again did the Jackson man fail to keep his promise.

On his next visit to the bank the president himself took occasion to call the depositor's attention to the situation.

The Mississippian became very indignant. "Look here, sir," he exclaimed, "this makes the third time the officials of this bank have pestered me about that measly overdrawn account. If you don't quit bothering me about it, I'll take it to another bank!"

*Edwin Tarriase*

### FISHY

"He claims the baby scaled fourteen pounds."

"That sounds fishy."

*G. F. Morgan*



## That taste for Havana tobacco

once formed can never be satisfied with anything less. In order to get a bit of Havana flavor, economical men will put up with rank and often bitter taste of the ordinary cigar-store cheap Havana.

Don't do it. You don't have to. If quality rather than quantity appeals to you, here is a little cigar as fine as any man need smoke—the kind that will make you cock your feet on a chair and lean back to enjoy it.

We sell our **Baby Grand Cigar** to you direct from our factory, cutting out the jobbers' profit and the retailer's profit. It is high-grade, value in a short cigar that cannot be had over any retail counter. We can make a living factory profit on it at \$3.75 a hundred, —3¾ cents apiece.

The filler and wrapper is clean, clear Havana of choicest selection. The Baby Grand will be sent anywhere on receipt of price. If you can match it in quality for anywhere near the price in your own town we will return your money.

Or, send us no advance payment, simply write us on your letter-head, enclosing your business card. **We will send you a box of a hundred Baby Grand Cigars on trial.** If you like them send us \$3.75. If for any reason you

do not care for them, return them immediately at our expense, and no charge will be made for those you smoked in making the test. We pay expressage both ways.

We sell to bankers, lawyers, doctors, business men, and clubs everywhere. We make cigars as high as 15c. apiece. (*25c. Perfectos in the usual retail way.*)

The Baby Grand is our special card of introduction. If you want a cigar made of clean stock—no factory scraps, dust, or stems—rolled by clean workmen in a clean factory, if you know tobacco, appreciate a free-smoking, fragrant Havana, rich in aroma and that tastes good *all the way*, send to-day for a sample box—no advance payment, no risk if you don't like them.

### La Reclama Cuban Factory

1955 FIRST AVENUE  
NEW YORK CITY

References: Union Exchange Bank—Dun—Bradstreets



## Walnuts and Wine

### THE DOCTOR AND THE LUNATIC

The managing physician of the St. Lawrence Insane Asylum, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., relates how that he was out taking an early morning constitutional through the hospital grounds. The day was yet too young to admit of his seeing other pedestrians—either early rising patients or employees coming to work—so he walked rather athletically, enjoying the sight of the great institution in the golden sunlight of dawning day.

Finally he thought he heard the sound of footsteps behind, and, looking around, he saw the big, giant-framed negro lunatic whom he had, some days before, placed in the incurable ward as a vicious and very dangerous patient. The big lunatic was following, in exact imitation, the doctor's manner in walking. Rather annoyed, the physician accelerated his pace a trifle, but his mimic immediately followed suit. Then he walked his fastest, and tried to take no further notice of his pursuer. Arriving suddenly at the termination of the grounds, where the road plunged through a dense woods, the doctor wheeled boldly to retrace his steps.

He stopped abruptly. The mad negro was now crawling toward him, slowly and cat-like. The doctor paused just long enough to compare his diminutive and frail proportions with those of the big lunatic, and then started sprinting ardently through the woods.

Yet, run as he might, the separating distance between the doctor and his pursuer remained for a time invariably the same. At length the lunatic began to gain appreciably. The doctor, though almost winded, ran for his life. He pictured vividly his utter helplessness in the hands of the frenzied madman. He fancied being clawed, bitten, and torn limb from limb, as would probably be the creature's mode of attack.

At last the doctor collapsed completely, and fell in a trembling heap to the ground. He shuddered fearfully as the mad negro rushed pantingly upon him. The maniac's glaring, meaningless eyes narrowed, cat-like, to piercing slits, and he grinned hideously. A brawny, claw-like hand reached toward him. The big black giant laughed an uncanny, unearthly laugh; then he touched the doctor lightly on the shoulder, cried: "You're it!" and nimbly started off in the opposite direction.

A. D. Conger

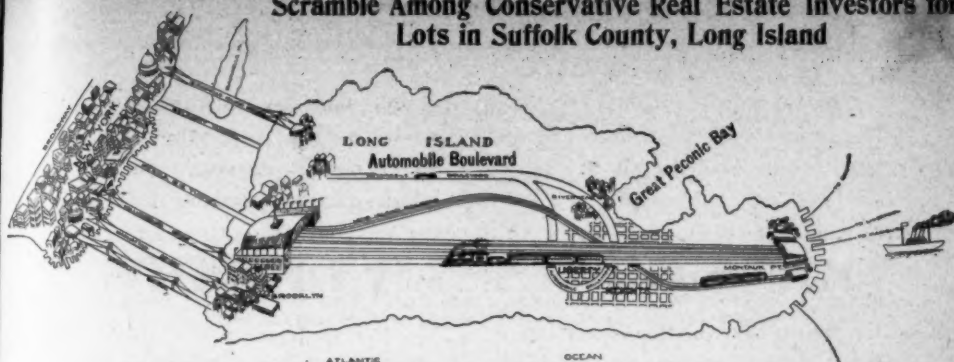
### THE EXCEPTION

*Binks:* "Laugh and the world laughs with you."

*Jinks:* "Not if you've been eating onions."

G. F. Morgan

## Scramble Among Conservative Real Estate Investors for Lots in Suffolk County, Long Island



Long Island real estate has founded many fortunes. An old Long Island farmer has just sold his 25-acre truck farm for \$200,000. An \$8,500 farm sold this year for \$400,000. These are but two instances out of **many hundreds**. Long Island real estate is **going to found the fortunes** of thousands of others. Those who invest **now** will reap **splendid returns**. Buying in the past was in lots on the Western part of the Island. **All that is changed now**. Investors are investing their money in lots further East. **This army of investors has been led by the richest men in the country**, who have bought large tracts all over Suffolk County. Small investors are following their lead and are now investing in Suffolk County real estate. Lots in Suffolk County are now cheap—**but they will not be so very long**. Why have the richest men in the country—the men who know what is being done **and what is going to be done** in Suffolk County—bought up those tracts of land?

**THE REASON WHY** is shown by an impartial extract from the "Railroad Man's Magazine":

### A GREAT NEW SEAPORT:

"It must be remembered that the **Pennsylvania Railroad owns the whole of the tip end of Long Island, Montauk Point**, and has been holding it in reserve for years, allowing no improvements, but just keeping it free of incumbrances—for what purpose? **THAT PURPOSE IS NOW IN SIGHT**. It is that Montauk may be made one of the great seaports of the country. The port of New York is already inadequate to the demands of ocean steamships. Why not develop Montauk as an auxiliary sea-terminal for the Penn system and save the difference in time between steamships and railroad speed?"

"Since, by means of its new terminal in New York and its tunnels, the Pennsylvania can soon run trains straight through to Montauk, who knows but what ocean steamships may **IN A LITTLE WHILE** dock at Montauk and send travelers and the hordes of immigrants thence by all-rail routes to any place in the Union?"

**This tells the whole story** when you add that New York is the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere and **grows** at the rate of **half a million souls a year**. The greater part of all the trade is carried on from New York. Every year hundreds of thousands of immigrants land, and a **very large proportion live on Long Island**. It means that any one who owns a lot in Suffolk County, on the line of the railroad from Montauk to Brooklyn, **has one of the most profitable investments in the world**.

**LIBERTY HEIGHTS** is in Suffolk County, Long Island. It is **directly in the line of march of these vast new transportation improvements**. The hundreds of thousands of immigrants **will pass directly through Liberty Heights**. All the enormous export trade **will be carried along these lines**. We laid out Liberty Heights before this was made public. **We got in ahead** and are able to offer lots at lower prices than we could had we bought later. The value of lots at Liberty Heights **increased 100 PER CENT. within three weeks after we bought them**.

**IMPROVEMENTS AT LIBERTY HEIGHTS** Every train on the Long Island Railroad carries great loads of passengers and prospective investors. These are mostly New York people **familiar with the ground and who know what they are buying**. The largest number of our lots have been sold to New York City people. The improvements at Liberty Heights are modern and up-to-date. Magnificent wide streets—splendid electric-light service is about to be installed—a modern method of pure water—sewers, boulevards, parks, grand old trees—**everything** is done to make it the **GARDEN SPOT OF LONG ISLAND**.

### SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO FIRST PURCHASERS

To early investors we offer very special inducements. **No taxes or charges of any kind** for three years after purchase. Lots can be bought on **very easy terms**. Any one who can save **\$1 a week** can afford a lot in this **model and beautiful suburban spot**. In case of death before lots are full paid, we issue **free deed** to your heirs. **No mortgages or interest** of any kind. **Special inducements** to those who build within a year from purchase. **All improvements** at expense of the company. Lots are all high and dry—level enough to build upon, with sufficient gentle slope to make **an ideal drainage**. Fine sea bathing on the beautiful beach below us. Splendid transportation facilities. Besides lying **directly** on the line of the Long Island Railroad—the finest equipped railroad in the United States—between Montauk and Brooklyn, over which will be hauled the greatest amount of freight, and the largest number of passengers of any Railroad in the world—there has just been surveyed through the property a new electric line. This will be splendidly built, and the **highest grade of high-speed steel electric trains** will run over it. The \$2,500,000 Automobile Driveway from New York City—the finest and costliest in the world—will pass through Liberty Heights. This one feature alone will again double the value of lots within the year.

New York State has appropriated \$50,000,000 for improving its highways. A large portion will be spent on Long Island and it is intended to dedicate our main street to the State of New York. This will then be **maintained forever at the expense of the State**. It will be a "show street" as grand and beautiful as the magnificent streets of Paris and Berlin.

The present first prices of lots, 25 by 100 feet, \$35 to \$100 according to location, cannot remain in effect long.

If these brief facts interest you, write to us to-day for our free booklet, "**NEW TREASURE ISLAND**"—The Land of Golden Opportunities. It will show you how to lay the foundations of your fortune in the Millionaire's County. Do it to-day. There is nothing to be gained by waiting.

**LIBERTY HEIGHTS IMPROVEMENT CO., Suite 300 Bourse Building, Philadelphia**

COL. W. C. BROWN, President.

New York Office, Suite 2000, 60 Wall Street.

## Walnuts and Wine

### NOT IN THE RANKS

In the course of an official investigation made by one of the Departments at Washington, into the strength of private schools, letters were sent to all of the institutions known. Among them one was sent addressed "To Private Kindergarten," naming the city and state where it was a vital power of youthful instruction. Some month or more later it was returned to the Department, the envelope covered with disclaimers from forts and stations all over the South and the final assertion:

"No private or non-commissioned officer of this name can be found."

*Willard French*

### GUESSED RIGHT

When Governor Frazier of Tennessee attended the launching of the battleship named in honor of that State at the ship-yards in Philadelphia, he entered into a discussion of that city's projected filtration system.

"But what do you do for drinking water, meantime?" asked the visitor.

"We boil the water," was the reply.

"That always seemed to me to take the life out of the water," said the governor.

"That's what we boil it for," replied his informant.

*E. W. M.*

### TWO WAYS OF "SETTING"

A pupil in a school near Chatham Square, New York City, thus defined the word spine: "A spine is a long, limber bone; your head sets on one end, and you set on the other."

*M. M. Hansford*

### TO PREVENT A FLOOD

A well-known Philadelphia rector, having a parishioner of great fluency of speech and also somewhat addicted to profanity, considered it his duty to talk to the man about his fault. The man listened for a while respectfully, and then replied seriously: "I know it is a bad habit, but, you see, my words flow so rapidly that I have to throw in a 'dam' now and then to prevent a flood."

*Charles Lee Sleight*



## WHITING PAPER COMPANY

The Largest Makers of Fine Writing Papers in the World

The superiority of WHITING PAPERS is so generally known and accepted that the fact barely requires a passing mention.

It is a pleasure to call attention to some varieties of these popular papers, which may assist the choice of the purchaser.

WHITING'S FRENCH CHAMBRAY, FRENCH ORGANDIE and ORGANDIE GLACÉ are the daintiest and most perfect of fabric papers. They are ideal correspondence papers for feminine use.

For men, whether for home or club use, WHITING'S WOVEN LINEN is unequalled for character and refinement.

Obtainable from leading dealers in stationery.

### Whiting Paper Company

148-150-152 Duane St., New York

Boston

Philadelphia

Chicago

Mills: HOLYOKE, MASS.

## Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary

THE great strides in every field of human activity during the century just closed have added thousands of new names to the lists of those whom the world delights to honor, a fact which the publishers of "LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY" have recognized by giving that notable work of reference a thorough and extended revision.

The biographical notices included in previous editions have been brought down to date, and a great number of new names have been added; so that the book in its latest edition is complete to the opening year of the twentieth century, and stands to-day—as always since the publication of its first edition—without a peer among works of similar intent and scope. Among the many features of excellence which have called forth the highest praise from hundreds of men prominent in the affairs of mankind may be cited specifically the admirable system of Orthography, repeated on every page for the sake of convenience; and the comprehensive plan of Pronunciation, the data for which were secured by Dr. Thomas during an extended sojourn in Europe and the Orient.

Subscription Edition in 2 large 8vo vols. 2550 double-column pages.

Buckram, \$15.00; half russia, \$17.50; half morocco, \$20.00

Publishers—J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY—Philadelphia

## Walnuts and Wine

### TO PHYLLIS

*By Karl von Kraft*

I ask not for a lock of hair,  
O Phyllis, ere you go away,  
Nor kiss to lighten my despair;  
But, Phyllis, grant me this, I pray—  
Don't leave until the new cook's here, O Phyllis!  
Have pity on our emptiness—O fill us!



### THE DEACON'S INDISCRETION

The deacon called in at the smithy for the chain which the blacksmith had been welding together. Seeing the chain on the floor, the deacon lifted it, and, finding it red-hot, dropped it with an explosive "H—l!" then, recovering himself, hastily said, "I like to have said."

*F. B. N.*



### HOW WARS BEGIN

"Papa, how do nations get into war with each other?" asked Harry.

"Sometimes one way, sometimes another," said the father. "Now, there are Germany and Spain. They came near getting into war because a Spanish mob took down the German flag."

"No, my dear," put in Harry's mother; "that wasn't the reason."

"But, my darling," said Mr. M., "don't you suppose I know? That was the reason."

"No, dearie, you are mistaken. It was because the Germans tried——"

"Mrs. M., I say it was because the——"

"Peleg, you know better. You are only trying to——"

"Madam, I don't understand that your opinion was asked in this matter, any way."

"Well, I don't want my boy instructed by an old ignoramus."

"See here, you impudent——"

"Put down your old cane, you brute. Don't you dare bristle up to me or I'll——"

"Never mind," interrupted Harry. "I think I know now how wars begin."

*Charles S. Gerlach*



Walnuts and Wine



# FROSTILLA

For the little chaps

Nothing else compares with it for keeping the children's faces and hands soft and free from the irritation of wintry winds. An application before and after every outing will keep the most delicate skin in ideal condition.

**Exquisitely Perfumed**  
*Not greasy nor sticky*

For more than twenty years *Frostilla* has been constantly gaining in favor. Thousands have found it far better than any of the high priced substitutes. Marion Harland says there is nothing so good for chapped hands, sore lips and chafing; beside which it is "a most delightful toilet article for general use." To the many persons who cannot use glycerine or greasy creams, *Frostilla* has proven a great boon. It soothes any irritated surface quickly and surely.

**Sold Everywhere**

If your dealer has not got it, send 25 cents for bottle by mail postpaid.

CLAY W. HOLMES. 14 Gray St., ELMIRA, N. Y.

### A BRONZE MEDAL CALENDAR.

The 1907 calendar of N. W. Ayer & Son, the Philadelphia advertising agents, is just out, and, as usual, it is one of the season's best office calendars.

They have followed the same design used in 1906, but their famous medal and motto, "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success," appear on a bronze background, which gives it an exceedingly rich appearance. While the calendar is arranged with a month on each flap the figures are clearly legible across a large room. The blank spaces on the flaps are filled with new and pointed epigrams on advertising and business-building in general.

The calendar is too expensive for general distribution, but while they last, Ayer & Son will mail a copy to any address upon the receipt of twenty-five cents.



*For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.*

## An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHCEA. Sold by all Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

**TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.**

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

## Walnuts and Wine

### HE HEARD TOO MUCH

The public is invited to sympathize with a quiet and retiring citizen who occupied a seat near the door of a crowded Chicago street car when a masterful woman entered.

Having no newspaper behind which to hide, he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eye. He rose and offered his place to her. Seating herself—without thanking him—she exclaimed in tones that reached to the farthest end of the car:

"What do you want to stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap."

"Madam," gasped the man, as his face became scarlet, "I—I fear I am not deserving of such an honor."

"What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you."

*Charles S. Gerlach*

### TWO SIDES

*By Herman Da Costa*

De debble come eroun' an' tap on de glass—  
Right in de street whar de white fo'ks pass!  
G'way dar, you Satan!

He come eroun' de back way—de fo'ks all abed—  
Knock on de do' an' poke in him haid—  
Hab a cheer, Marse Satan!

### PURE PARADOX

Art may be long; artists are usually short.  
The shortest road to a soft snap is hard work.  
The lover slowest in going is usually farthest gone.  
It may take two to make a bargain, but only one of them gets it.  
Many a travelling premier danseuse carries her trunks in her satchel.

*Warwick James Price*

### CLEVER CHILDREN

*Fond Father:* "Well, professor, how are my children getting on in their studies?"

*Professor:* "Finely! Arthur is a very clever boy, and Mary is, too!"

*Emma G. Dowd*

Walnuts and Wine

# ORANGEINE "Talks"

Through Its

## Perfect Formula and Prompt Results

A Great Physician says: "You don't have to talk **ORANGEINE**. Your Perfect Formula *talks* to everybody who has any medical skill or medical sense."

Acts quickly, thoroughly normally on

### Formula Since 1892:

Acetanilid	2.4 Gr.
Soda Bi-Carb.	1. "
Caffeine	.6 "
Homeopathic Trituration of Mandrake, Blue Flag, and Nux	
Vomica	1. "
Total only	5. Grs.

Colds  
Grip  
Headache  
Neuralgia  
Indigestion  
Brain Fog  
Common Ills  
Offsets Chill and Exposure

**Prevents Sickness!**

**Secures Good Health!**

## 25c Package Free for Honest Test

Orangeine is mailed anywhere, on receipt of price. 10c package (2 powders), 25c package (6 powders), 50c package (15 powders), \$1.00 package (35 powders). We will mail free, one 25c package, on receipt of request, with assurance of honest test, under suggestion of our directions.

**The Orangeine Chemical Co., 15 Michigan Ave., Chicago**

### Selected from Thousands of Similar Testimonials.

Mr. Edmund Murray, a well-known lawyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have been using Orangeine for the past six years, and my experience has led me to believe, in spite of sensation mongers, that it is infallible. My mother, now in her 86th year, finds Orangeine very beneficial, and any effect, other than benefit, would certainly make itself felt in a person of her years. I conscientiously recommend Orangeine to all my friends and acquaintances."

Mr. J. W. Tillinghast, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "Orangeine is wonderful, for all sorts of disorders,—a ready and sure relief. Since we became acquainted with Orangeine, the expense for medical attendance in my family has been practically nothing."

Rev. Fred'k W. Hamilton, Boston, Mass., writes: "Orangeine Powders have been in use in my family for about three years. We have found them a most useful and reliable remedy. I can recommend Orangeine for brain workers who need a harmless and effective restorative."

Dr. Milo H. Aspinwall, Mgr. Keeley Institute, London, Eng., writes: "We find it quite impossible to get along in this treacherous climate without Orangeine Powders."

Rev. L. N. Wagner, Macon, Mo., writes: "It does me good to relieve people with Orangeine, and to see the change that comes over them in half an hour."

Mrs. Paul Kennicott, Wood Lake, Neb., writes: "Orangeine Powders are still our family friend. We call them the 'little golden-winged fairies', 'peace-makers', 'household helps', etc."

Maj. J. A. Olmsted, U.S.A., Retired, Des Moines, Ia., writes: "I certainly do live well by Orangeine,—take it when necessary, which is not often, and it enables me to always feel well."

Col. Jo. W. Allison, Ennis, Tex., writes: "After seven years' occasional use of Orangeine, I am so nearly free from all ill as scarcely ever to need it, but it still is a never-failing source of relief when needed."

*A New Novel by the Southern Writer*

**HARRIS DICKSON**

*Author of "The Ravanel"*

## GABRIELLE Transgressor

An Intense & Unusual Romance

COLONIAL NEW ORLEANS

**FOR SALE EVERYWHERE**

**Publishers J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co. Philadelphia**

## Walnuts and Wine

### LOOKING OUT FOR THE FUTURE

A young member of a Sunday-school was soliciting recruits to her class, and called upon a newly married couple who had moved near her home. After a few pleasant remarks of a general character, she said:

"I am trying to get new scholars for our Sunday-school. Will you send your children to our school?"

She was much disappointed when told that the lady had none, but in a moment her face brightened and she asked:

"Will you send them when you *do* have them?"

*Milford W. Foshay*

### COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

*By John Wilkes*

Said Sunny Sam to Groucher,

"What is there wrong with you?

You look full cross enough, I swear,

To snap a nail in two."

Said Groucher unto Sammy,

"If you say more, a breach

Between us two will widen, quite,

I've got a boil—a peach!"

Said Sunny Sam to Groucher,

"A little hard to bear,

But just be mighty thankful, Grouch,

That peach is not a pair."

### STRANGE BUT TRUE

"Why is a poodle on a frozen pond like a kiss?" asked one bachelor girl of another.

"Because it is dog-on-ice," said her slangy friend.

*C. J.*

### AN EFFECTIVE QUIETUS

Wagner's dog was buried with him. No doubt Wagner's friends thought that as he was a composer this was the best way to quiet the dog.

*L. V. G.*



LUSCIOUS

IN

FLAVOR

Walnuts and Wine  
WHOLESOME

AS

BREAD



## MACKINTOSH'S Old English TOFFEE

The most perfect candy and a sustaining food. Handy packages for shopping, calling, the matinée, outdoor sports, or for school-children at recess. 5c., 10c., or \$1.60 (tin). Dealers have it or will get it for you, or write to Dept. N.

**JOHN MACKINTOSH**

78 Hudson Street,

New York

## Kenilworth Inn

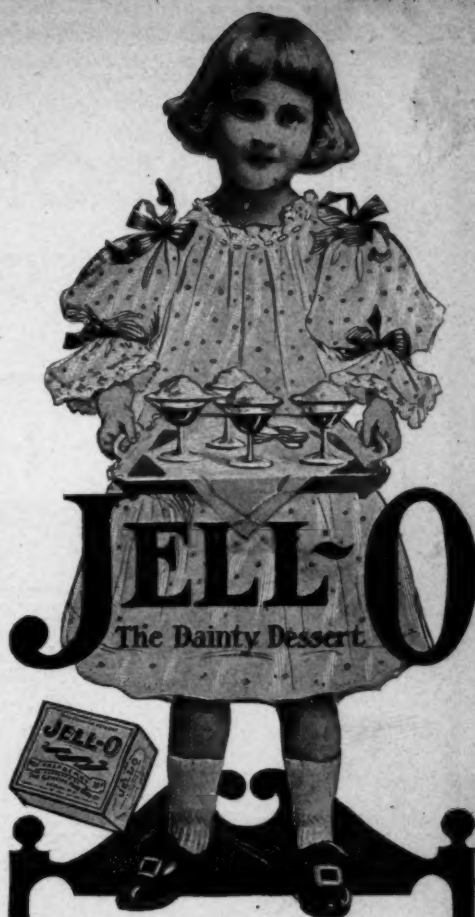
Biltmore

Near Asheville, N. C.

ONE of the most superbly furnished Hotels south of New York City. 2,400 ft. above the sea level; surrounded on all sides by magnificent mountain scenery, with Mt. Pisgah, 5712 ft., and Mt. Mitchell, 6717 ft. high, in full view. Adjoins and overlooks the Vanderbilt Estate. The air is dry, crisp, and bracing. Excellent golf links. Magnificent macadamized roads in every direction. Good livery, orchestra, and tennis. Cuisine unsurpassed. Pure water. Consumptives not allowed.

FOR RATES WRITE

EDGAR B. MOORE, Proprietor



The Dainty Dessert

I Am Coming with the Dessert.

It's JELL-O.

Pure, Wholesome, Appetizing,  
Delicate, Delightful, Dainty

Do not accept any similar preparations when you ask for Jell-O. Don't run the risk of having your system filled with coal-tar dyes, borax, and corroding chemicals. Don't take any chances where your health is concerned.

Jell-O is Absolutely Pure

Every Package Approved by Pure Food  
Commissioners and so Stamped

Stands the test of the National Pure Food Law and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Easily prepared. Simply add boiling water and set to cool.

Received Highest Award at

ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION 1904.

PORTLAND - - - - 1905.

BIRMINGHAM - - - - 1906.

7 flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Strawberry, Chocolate, Cherry, and Peach. At Grocers everywhere.

10 cents per package.

Leaflet in each package, telling how to get fancy Aluminum Jelly Molds at cost of postage and packing.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.

Le Roy, N. Y.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.



# HADDON HALL

## ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

---

CENTRALLY LOCATED

OPEN ENTIRE YEAR



---

**Golfing      Automobiling      Driving**  
**Horseback Riding**  
**Roller Chair Riding on the Boardwalk**

---

Booklet and Rates on Application

**Leeds & Lippincott**

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.